

Fischer-Z

"Who's Tha Man"

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Geah
Hey (c'mon)
To the full degree (c'mon, geah check it out)
(check it out)
We 'bout it
Gettin' that paper
We 'bout it
Check it out

Federalies gaffling up so keep it tight
These songs to do wrong so fuck being right
Late nite hype's the fiends
Nobody serves 'em better to the letter
We gets the chedder
To the way back days
Where the Half Ounce lays
Gun tucked by the nuts
As the one time struts
Gets my bail on cause I ain't tryin' to get caught around
here
Be another nigger locked up for the next 10 years
No Shapiro, no ?Sapino?, big bambino
Roulette spends 20 G's in the casino
Hits the blackjack decked in Armani
(In a 9-6-5 I'm Clyde, my bitch is Bonnie)
Too sweet
Better yet too clean, pickin' the paper
Takin' you there like the Staples, but they ain't catchin'
no vapors
You can't see me, nobody I trust
Only the Half Ounce smokers get no cheese like us

I said do you got paper?
Check it out

I said we got paper, no doubt uh
Get your scrilla anyway you can
Floss around town, bitch who's the man...

To the days
When I used to keeps my stash in the bush

Nowadays be clientele with parents that push
In my drop top with the laptop keeping up president
straight
Ok, who gets the pick-up? Bitch touch down at 8
My niggas got the pick-up, the pager starts ringing
It's payday, ho's know, that's why they start singing
Dollar bills y'all
And me throwing away pleas
Fools got me too fucked up thinking snaps grow on
trees
Ain't no government given away free cheese
And the bitch going through anything that floss on
these D's
Better watch out cause they might have you straight to
your knees
Have a nigga stretched out to the first degree
Not me - drivin' planes to big yachts
It's getting kinda hectic, I'm shaking the spot
Chill ride, never pop, work this job, cold bitches that's
down
Married to this mob

Chorus...

Money don't come easy
24 hour stand offs pushes to clucks with ?hand off?
No bitches ever ran off
With my pocket full of gold cause we got plenty of Tec's
to unload
My perils bring paradise
West Side till I die, uh
Pocket full of ice
No Vice Squads
Ho's still
Walks the boulevards
Pimp scenes, Mac Mall and Willie Green
Got a feather in my black hat nobody can't touch
Paper pretty much that's with Starsky & Hutch
Give me the fed time
Locked away won't be nice, peep a nigga stretched out
with federal life
Hard times
No way out, better surrender
But I got clout to stay out till next September
D.A. I'll pay-pay fly away
To another country that won't extradite my stay
Me and a little senorita by the bay
Pounds of yay' Mr. Tony ?ole?
And ain't nobody got paper like this
Geah

Chorus...

Half Ounce in the house
Half Ounce in your mouth
And ain't nobody got paper like this
Geah

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