

Hotlegs

"Man Behind the Music *"

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* song is censored on the album itself; do not submit any more corrections

Chorus: Teddy Riley

This is how it should be done
Cause this style, is identical to none
How can I make you dance some more
(T.R.) That's what I came here for

Repeat Chorus

And nowwww... here's the magnificent...
funkyyyyyy momma!

Verse One: Queen Pen

Lyrical flows like WHAT
The man behind the music'll make you JUMP
New Jack your Swing and make you SHAKE YOUR RUMP
No Diggi-ty tellin me this is WHAT YOU WANT, bass
lines and snares
that'll make you hump, WHY
Intimated by his fourteen year run, WELL
In ninety-seven he's a different kind of funk, FUNK
FUNK FUNK
We pulls together like a perfect hand to tongue, HAH
You pressed your luck and now you faster shit be sunk,
ZOOM
Be combin through the future with your face punked,
AND YOU
forgot about the past, now what you want, platinum
tracks
to put you on the map, NAH
Cause we gotta keep it in fam', YEAH
You had your chance to be down wit da man, UH-HUH
So busy playa-hatin perpetratin, frauds
Articulatin, on his downfall, TRUE, you can't take it

What the deal Ma?

Funky Momma blaze the track so you can feel her

I'm Miggidy I'm all about the dollar bills y'all, rock the
Diamond Lex
All that shit behind my desk is signed in checks

[Teddy Riley]

Do you like hits baby, got em goin crazy on BlackStreet
You know it's plaque time when me and the track meet
Save all your wack beats, Q.P. and T.R.
so precise with mics we should be surgeons in E.R.
The block knows (like that) baby girl be my diamond
cause
she rocks shows (for Black) see my ones ain't no way
that
you can stop those, Little Man got your breath together
with Queen Pen now it's hot to death, so take a look
back (look back)
What I did, what I'm doin, where I take this (take that)
It's kind of simple cause a n*gga just make hits (make
tracks)
Peep the facts, keep a stack, on the Streets of Black
ladies scream he's the mack, cause
I kick, sh*t to make a fly chick you with
my chick, and plus funds just ridiculous
cause I'm rich, we are T.R. you see Q.P.
That's we BlackStreet, gone!

(You, can't, take, it)

And nowwwwwwww... here's the magnificent...
funkyyyyyyy mommaaaaaah!

[Queen Pen]

Now Teddy, JAM, for me ONE TIME
Cross that thin line make my hips BUMP N GRIND
what just happened, all this shadyness cause of
platinum hits
Little Man be the sh*t, Funky Momma represent
It ain't never been no different plus WE GOT
WITNESSES
to account for alla dis sh*t, test we
and get your, block knocked off, UHH
You can keep yappin UNTIL YOU GET HOARSE
it don't matter, we don't, follow chit chatter
WE MAKE HITS, and calls, when situations get thick
ASK SAINT NICK, about the repoitire
For those in the past, they know who they are
If the shoe fits trust, WE GON WEAR IT
And we beez the baddest click up on this planet
We paid the cost to be boss G*d [damn it]
cause scared don't win money, NOW DROP IT

Chorus (to fade)

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