

House Of Pain "Who's The Man"

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I used to kick it with the thugs, pushin' drugs in the park
Makin' every mark that was out after dark
Stick 'em for their loot, cut 'em up then I'd dash
And when I had to shoot, I'd nuttied up for the cash

Ran down the block with my 45 Glock
Capped off a round, everybody hit the ground
The next thing I heard was a siren
Couldn't turn around, money grip kept firin'

Runnin' for the ride, I can't go inside
I'd rather that I died, I got too much pride
I guess it's just somethin' that you can't understand
My gun's in my hand, tell me who's the man?

Who's the man with the master plan?
Who's the man? Who's the man?
Who's the man with the master plan?
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I used to sell ya yo back in the day-o
Ran with the gang, had all the homie's slang
Grams to the quarters, I'm takin' all the orders
Makin' all the runs, rakin' in the funds

I always got my gun, it's the old six-shooter
King of the neighborhood, crazy white pecker wood
Now people thinkin' Danny lost his mind
It must've been from all the wine man and all the hard
times

Like chillin' in the park in the dark with the crew
I'm always gettin' high, I saw my man die
Now I got the work and the dough
Twenty-five grand and a 5 keys of blow

I gotta' relocate and start all over

But watch it blow up like a supernova
I keep my game in tight and follow the plan
My gun's in my hand, tell me who's the man?

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I got myself locked down in the pen
I ain't got a friend, so here I go again
I gotta' get my props up and earn my respect
Gotta' shake someone up or throw 'em off the top deck

My time's runnin' out, I gotta' spill some blood
If I don't do it quick, sh*t, my name'll be mud
So I pick out a hard rock and rush him in his cell
Beat his ass down and then say that he fell

And if I gotta' do him, screw him, the convict's dead
I'll stab him in the chest, just another
Of the cell block know that I'm nobody's ho
My shanks in my hand so tell me who's the man?

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