

Katrina & The Waves

"You the Man"

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Chorus: Shyheim (Down Low Recka)
(You the man Shy) I disagree baby paw
You the man K (Who me? Uh-huh no way
You the man Shy) Nah you the rah-rah star
You the man K (Yeah but you can rip it the right way)

[Shyheim] (Down Low Recka)
Well okay if you say so I will be the man
But all I wanna do is make my record just slam
I wanna be the kid to make the real live single
To make the party people in the crowd shake and
mingle
(Yeah well Shy you can do that with ease real simple)
True cause I'm the shorty from the Wu-Tang temple
But I can't sleep you get the girls and the cash
(Yeah yeah but you're the one that got the shorties in
the smash)
Take one (take two) We comin through for your crew
(Who are you?) Talkin about you man (you can't Wu)
But you front, you all out punks on the hunt for some
beats
To make your next LP complete
(Here we come) To make the crowd scream for the
Clan
One by one (Takin out your crew cause we can
Get the gun) Better yet a knife what the heck
The job gets done (When we chop the head from the
neck)
Since I'm short they have no other choice but to sleep
underneath
The blow that be knockin out teeth
(I be the K, The Down Low Recka on the set I gets wreck
I make the calm sweat wanna bet)

Chorus

[Down Low Recka]
So wassup better duck from my ill megablast
You move too fast and your ass is in the smash
The Down Low Recka, shit I rock full clip
In my glock gets hot so stay off my block

I come down hard on cornballs who sleep talk
Cause you won't survive in New York
I flow a mad thick like the sap from a tree
I'm of the live brothers represents G.P.
I'm hot like the sun, find shade I got my rays on ya
Come near to raid my sphere and I'ma lay for ya
I see ya comin with attempts to Bougard
Peek-a-boo you ain't hard I pulled your whole card
I got flavor, you're damn right I got style
Nine yards, nah the K goes the whole mile
Whoever said I wasn't ill with the skill
One minute I parlay, the next I'm all in your grill

[Shyheim] (Down Low Recka)

Back up, gimme some room so I can flip this
You touch this, come on, and get your style busted
You lay around and watch me break the mic stand
You should know by now that I am the man
Comin through, takin my place yeah you all know
That I can't be touched by a crew or any solo
Who dares to step to this kid and his Clan
(Aww damn) Another crew done by the hand
Of the Shy (What you do kid) I did him prop
(Where's the payphone) Hell yeah, somebody call the
cops
When me and K grease somebody do somethin
Stop bluffin and frontin cause you ain't sayin nuthin
You're lyin, claimin that you rip shop up
You ain't heard it from me cause I ain't one to gossip

Chorus

Outro: Down Low Recka (Shyheim)

(Yeah, the Down Low Recka, niggaz ain't really wanna
battle)

The Rugged Child is the man to all you crab ass niggaz
(Mad flavor, no sweetness necessary, and we out)
Peace

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