

Lil' Scrappy & Trillville

"Man Up"

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EYYYYYYYYY!

["You don't wanna do dat!" is heard in the background of the whole song]

[Trillville ad-libbing in background]

YEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Chorus]

All that, talkin talkin talkin talkin talkin that shit
Talkin talkin talkin talkin talkin talkin that shit
Talkin talkin talkin talkin talkin talkin that shit
Talkin talkin talkin talkin talkin talkin that shit
Man up motherfucker, man UUUUUUUP
Man up motherfucker, man UUUUUUUP
Man up motherfucker, man UUUUUUUP
Man up motherfucker, man UUUUUUUP

[Don P.]

Now eve'body wanna fuckin have they own label
Wouldn't on the first shit to bring to the table
They in they own fantasy somethin like a fable
Handicap situations all disabled
I shut 'em down, like a computer
Cause ain't nobody fuckin wit the super producer
?Coreleone? (yea), Trill town representatives
(FUCK Don P!) Man some of y'all too sensitive
[*gun noises*]
But ya right, FUCK me! But ain't 'nam day you gon
touch me
Talkin bout, "Don P, why you buckin?
Man you need to chill out get to the money"
.....I already got it!
and I'ma Trill nigga I handle ALL my problems
Besides, I'm all about respectin
I'ma man, before anybody checkin

[Chorus]

[Lil' Atlanta]

What you starin at? This ain't no free show
You gon make me cock back, hit ya ass in the door
You don't wanna do dat, hear dem thangs clit-clak

Goes in ya thru the front, comes out thru the back
Come and make my night! Love to talk but hate to fight
Was you a bitch? I was a bitch, it don't go away ova
night
Man up motherfucker man up!
I told you once before motherfucker stand UP!

[Chorus]

[Dirty Mouth]

Now if you niggaz keep playin, you gon make a nigga
tear a hole
Right thru yo chest, is yo flesh, I can see yo soul
You don't wanna DO dat! I'ma hit you wit a bat
Talkin all dat shit nigga and I'ma hit you wit da gack
Seventeen times out da barrel on my .45
Four plus five equals nine goin thru yo spine
Sit yo ass down hoe! Make a move you gotta go
Erase you off da map and beat yo ass at yo own show
Ain't playin no games wit you lames when it comes to
gangsta shit
Throwin up my middle finger, grabbin on my own dick
Niggaz thank they slick take yo pick, which one you
WANT
bullets flyin thru yo house or goin straight thru yo door?
Make yo ass choke wit different strokes of my hand
movements
Say dat your a G, in these streets, man you gotta prove
in
Next, time I see you talkin talkin shit
I'ma rearrange yo mouth and put yo ass in a ditch,
BITCH

Chorus

["You don't wanna do dat!"]

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