

Mc Eiht "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 cheddar

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 tecs
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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