

## Crittenden Melodie

### "Who's the Man?"

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Oh yes this is special  
This is direct from what we call The Funk House  
This is a total dope phat one, knowhat! I'm sayin?  
And this is how it's done, UHH!

Verse One:

I did good in my hood as a youngster  
The Heavster was never a punkster, no sir  
No ma'am, hot damn, me and Michael Jackson jammed  
I dug Soul Train, not American Bandstand  
The bigger nigga is back and I'm on the right track  
As a matter of fact, I'm ALLL THAT  
So ring around the Rosie, oopsy-daisy  
Topsy turvy, you never heard of me you don't deserve  
me  
Fly like Kinievel, drive like a BMW  
You never knew I could bring trouble to  
a cordless you can't afford this don't get aboard this  
flavor  
Unless you got the fever flavor for a Pringle  
Come be a single, let me see you mingle jingle dangle  
Sammy Davis Jr. was Mr. Bojangles  
(Here is something you can't understand)  
Tell me y'all, who's the man?

Chorus: repeat 4X

Who's the man? (The Heavster)  
("Time keeps on slipping...")

Verse Two:

Yes, too many brothers be fakin moves, or frontin  
grooves  
Peace to all the brothers on the block, drinkin and  
passin brew  
Money tried to flip but he got flopped  
Said it was his corner let him know his corner's on my  
block  
I know your fantasy, don't Stay, I ain't Jodeci

When I used to juggle y'all was crumbs who didn't  
notice me  
But now you see me in a magazine, on your TV screen  
On the radio liver stereo lookin clean  
All of a sudden I'm attractive, I'm handsome, I'm  
gorgeous  
But back in the day you used to say you can't afford  
this  
I wreck shops and got props from New York to Cali  
I'm Big Willie, you silly Sally from the valley  
Ain't nuttin changed... wait a minute, I'm a liar  
The crib is definitely dooper and the girls a lot flyer  
(Here is something you can't understand)  
So tell me y'all, who's the man?

Chorus

Who's the man? (3X)  
Phenomenon one, phenomenon two  
Who's the man?  
Like I said, this here, is official

Verse Three:

Back in the day I used to punch clocks now I'm drippin  
props  
And countin loot, and shootin hoops, and lookin cute  
in tailored suits, made for the Over-weight Lover  
undercover, over cover  
You know my MO I do damn well on the stage show  
I'm gettin paid by the pound and I got mad flow  
Flip flop who's the bigger one, quick to figure one  
two, three two one, ahhh!  
Keep a pen and a pad on stash  
I used to crab the last, now I flow for dough, and I  
rhyme for cash  
I'm glad to say goodnight to Johnny Carson  
And brother where you rub it 'fore you catch the Magic  
in your Johnson  
Honeydips, money grips  
I know the difference cause I learned tricks in the  
ghetto mix  
(Here is something you can't understand)  
So tell me y'all, who's the man?

Chorus

Everything here, is phat, knowhat! I'm sayin?  
Don't take it the wrong way, but I'm lettin you know  
For the last time, this here is official  
This is fat

Chorus \*repeat to fade\*

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