

Prince Paul "Put The Next Man On (feat. Sha, Breeze & Superstar)"

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f/ Breeze, Sha, Superstar

[Tariq/Breeze]

What? Shit, I could definitely sell for y'all brothas
We could all get this money
Get paid, I'm just I'm just tryin to get down wit y'all
brothas
Y'all brothas got, I'm sayin y'all, y'all got all that shit
together
I'm just tryin to yo, be like y'all brothas, Big Will
yaknawsayin?
But yo I gots mines, you know niggas call me around
the way
Check it aiyyo

The Green Bandit, son the beats handed over like
jugling
And the only slight trouble is keep it up
Sleepin, what? I flips more weight than Oprah
Strips or fate than hope, my skills superb
Crills to herb, to dope I lace brothas
Butter wounds, I bless the spend-er, but test
I bend or waste mothafuckers, rules are broke
Get smoked free of charge
We not drugs but hot slugs, see I'm Large like Mister
I gots no shame, irrational nigga, the cash clouts
Shit ain't no game, it's more like a national past time
Your sales pitcher, down the pipe
Come get a hit, I never fail to get your clown types
I never quit persuing these crabs, recruiting rehabs in
churches
My search is ongoing, but yo fuck it I want the dough in
Can I please this crime, cool shit Genovese times two
Be in drug store to thug lore

Chorus2x [Superstar]

If you got some flow, and I got some flow
You gettin dough, baby doll and I'm gettin dough
We can chill on the hill, word bond
And put the next man on like we supposed to put him
on

[True/Sha]

Aiyyo, that's my son, I state that on my word
Place that nigga on a hundred-third, then make cream
off of bird

Yo I'ma watch em, he come up short and I'm gon'
smoke em

Either way you could say I'm that bronc' that broke em
He wanna learn, I say give em a chance

He fuck up and the devil'll be havin a last dance
I think he'll do it right, he knows the consequences

The fuck up after that, that shit's true extenses
Every time came we took out, he was the lookout

Wanna know how much I made?

Just ask one of them niggas to pull the book out

I state this on my word bond, just put him on

In time he'll come up shinin like a mothafuckin Don

[Tariq/Breeze]

I Gets Money like Lil Kim

Could take a facial, to make em paint skill forget it
dunn

My shit'll win you jackpots

Commishion be officially a crack spot wit a purpose

I get my service then niggas serve us

A neighborhood infested, that's the good investment

I peeps your operation, let a nigga give me most high

I never been arrested, but expect the unexpected

Wit full pre-meditation, when I run in wit po-nine I

freaks the amnesia

Or maybe like I be strung out

Catchin a damn seizure, fuck it I bites my tongue out

Nuttin to lose, cousin your crews a top notch, Lex and

Benz

Run through niggas blocks like hop scotch

Chorus

[Outro]

[Tariq/Breeze]

I'm sayin, complete and total detriment to society

Yo, a match made in hell, word is bond

A wonderful day for the organization

It's just gon' be perfect for everybody involved

You get money, I get money, everybody get money

Everybody shine, as neighborhoods decline

("How could anything go wrong?")2x

("Whooooaaaa") ("How could anything go wrong?")

