

Farmer's Daughter

"The Man"

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[Superb]

Fuck y'all niggas talkin about?
My flow, right?

Everytime I did this shit, you niggas got hype yo
Superb's the next nigga, respect for those before me
In these last days, I'm bringin rap glory
In the streets they hear it, some will remember the
lyrics
In my demise, some will remember me in spirit
And I ain't tryin to die like 'Pac and BIG
And lose my talent to a cultured thug life
I'm a man, seein mindstate of balance
takes years, fam', like fuck y'all plans
See, we feel like stars, shine like stars
Fuck stars, fuck y'all, we examples
Samples of the hood, thugs from the hood
Young bloods in the hood like, they love the hood
They love the young bitches, nickel bags and guns
In the benches, we see it all off the benches
I learned how to sew seein niggas stitches
And the pain, don't even ask who 'bout the pain
They killed main, I won't maintain
By the bus stop, two blocks from the dust spots
Somebody busted shots, they said Sam got got
Damn, he wildin in the back cab rap
That eat swine, fucked his arms and hold nines
That's Far Rock for you, my block for you
Y'all bitches niggas only live in jail cuz ock know you
When I come home, watch how shots blow you
Through the upholstery, even through your mom's
groceries
Little Sam died three months later
He got set up in the elevator, his cape was regulated
His name faded, he has a son by this bitch he dated
Shorty waited for two dead case kid
He'd get them niggas kids if he couldn't get them
Then one day out of the blue, BAM!
He heard shit like last names and cars rarin
The Larger Than Life niggas was about to leave here

[Masta Killa]

My people stressed out, we seventy dead and starvin
Son couldn't walk through my yard past curfew
I rose from an era of terror where it was legal
to tote guns, get red and bust a nigga head
And if pussyhole for dead, left pussyhole for dead
What the fuck was his song?
Never heard of this till niggas started snitchin
I'm still stitchin motherfuckers up
I deal with high sciences, supreme refinements
Till any wicked germ is destoryed and burned
We the Gods without question
Prove what I'm manifestin, all show ways and actions
Hopeful that, lick your cannon
I'm ill when I shoot to peal like Ed O'Bannon
In my head is a thought, perm cocked, off safety
Shots fired, follow blood trails to the stairwell
Faced down, he lay sound, rounds to his crown
Shorty hip flock was midtown, big fly holdin him down
With the dead-arm, siren sounds
Bullets chip brick, precincts followed by the ambulance
Respond to the bomb threat
I picked up his MC tray through the masters
I'm sharper than my carpentry blade
The culture carven into mountains
The faces of my eight classmates
That stomp through the streets of states for Protect Ya
Neck tapes
Wu-Tang T-shirts and bandanas
We snatch mics and snuff niggas who jack the rappin

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