

Queen Pen "Man Behind The Music"

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Step right up, step up, step up
Step right up, step up, step up

This is how it should be done
'Cuz this style is identical to none
How can I make you dance some more
(TR)
That's what I came here for

This is how it should be done
(And now)
'Cuz this style is identical to none
(Here's the magnificent Funkey Mama)
How can I make you dance some more
(TR)
That's what I came here for

Feel your blue flows like water
The man behind the music will make you jump
Jack you're swingin' make you shake your rump
No dick or fee tellin' me this is what you want
Baselines and snares that will make you funk
Intimidated by his 14 year old
At 97 he's a different kind of funk
We push together like a perfect hand and tongue

You pressed your luck and now your back to should be
sunk
Be coming, free the future, with yo' face punked
Forgot about the past now what you want
Platinum tracks to put you on the map
'Cuz we gotta keep it in the fam'
You had yo' chance to be down wit da man
So busy playa hatin', perpetuating, articulating
Balla's down four, you can't take me

What the deal ma
Funkey Mama plays the track so you could feel, huh?
I'll make a D, I'm all about the dolla' bills y'all
Rock the diamond Lex while I sit behind my desk and
sign the checks
If you like hits baby, got 'em going crazy on Blackstreet

You know it's plaque time when me and the track meet
Save all yo whack beats, QP and TR so precise with
mics
We should be surgeons in E.R.

The block knows, baby girl, be my diamond 'cuz she
rocks shows
See my one's ain't no way that you can stop those
Little man got your breath together
With Queen Pen, now it's hot to death, so take a look
back
What I did, what I'm doing, where I take this
It's kinda simple 'cuz it's nothing just to make hits
Peep the facts, keep 'em stacked
When the streets are black, ladies scream he's the
Mack

'Cuz I kick
(What)
Shit that make the fly chick you with my chick
And plush funds just ridiculous 'cuz I'm rich
We are TR, you see, QP, that's we, Blackstreet, gone
You can't take it
(And now, here's the magnificent Funkey Mama)

Now Teddy jam for me one time
Enforce that then I'd make my hips bump and grind
We'll just happen all this shit in this 'cuz of platinum hits
Little man be the shit, Funkey Mama represent
It ain't never been no different and we got witnesses
You account for all of this shit
Just we, and get your block knocked off
You can keep your I-pinion till you get there

'Cause it don't matter, we don't follow chit chatter
We make hits and calls, my situations get thick
Ask St. Nick, about the repertoire
For those in the past, they know who they are
If the shoe fits, trust we gon' wear it
Can we be's the baddest clique up on this planet
We paid the cost to be boss guys
'Cuz scare money don't win money, now drop it

This is how it should be done
'Cuz this style is identicle to none
How can I make you dance some more
(Little man)
That's what I came here for

This is how it should be done
'Cuz this style is identicle to none

How can I make you dance some more
(TR)
That's what I came here for

This is how it should be done
'Cuz this style is identicle to none
How can I make you dance some more
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