

Radney Foster

"Who's the Man"

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Intro: Mark the 45 King, Ed Lover

Who's the man (yea, yea)
Who's the man (check this out)
Who's the man (four niggas)
Who's the man (four distinct styles)
Who's the man (once more East Coast)
Who's the man (shit)
Who's the man (y'all feeling this out there)
Who's the man (you better recognize)

Verse One: Ed Lover

POOOOW! Look who stepped up the back kid
Not Michael Jackson or the Ol' Dirty Bastard
Drinkin' that Shaolin tank slang I'm blastin'
The way a record but still kept the plastic
Hurry up, with styles that I've mastered
Lyn' gives me pleasure so therefore I'm fastin'
OOOH NO just can't help
So heyyea heyyea heyyea ho!
Ya catch the flow, too late I let it go
If ya didn't already, act like ya know
Five knuckle sandwich from five guys named Moe
Peace, arrivederci, I'm out the door
But before I go please say I'm your choice
My AT & T but your truuuue voice
Check it out I'm on Mista Dennis
Row row my boat through the channels of Vene
ZWAYLA! Hey Poppa the saila
To cure, to cure, I'm diggin that Layla
Hathaway, can we get away pretty
Run a hundred miles as if my name was Speedy
Gon-zalez, peace out to Harlem
I'm outta here, uh
You suckers get demolished

Chorus:

Who's the man (5 X)
Who's the man (next up)

Who's the man (I believe that's me)
Who's the man (well let your S-T-Y-L-E go free)

Verse Two: King Just

Yo I'm the man, who made me the man that I am?
What motherfucking part you ain't understandin'?
I slam tracks like King Kong Bundy
I wrestle alligators like Crocodile Dundee
Girls want me, but I ain't got no time for the drama
Fuck them bitches, I'm the man slash comma
The horror got my back, and then Dre put me on the
track
And now it's on like that
I react, like the Juice I get loose
Like one-fifty-one proof, I send a mutha off this roof
Poof presto chango, rearrange ya
Straight from the mental of the Shaolin's temple
demented
45 King put the swing in the thing
And now I sound like a motherfucking diamond ring
Swing, just like Tarzan
(Buh dah buh dah) I'm the motherfucking man

Chorus

Verse Three: Todd One

Can I be the man, can I be the man, can I be the man?
Yes I can, yes I can, yes I can can
It's Todd ONE! Y'all know my stylo
Sittin' in the back smokin' uh, shootin C-Lo
Tryin' ta make a buck, tryin' to get some butt
Time to push your luck
Betta pecka women, all y'all get stuck
And I'm dippin', messin' with them bitches
Cause you know and I know that they out to get them
riches
But I be chillin' G, just like a villain B
So when I rip it I be gettin' top billin', see
All that other shit is deaf and mute
Because you can't be the man if you ain't got loot
Gettin' money is the routine, I'm on a loot scheme
Gotta get the dough, get the dough, that's my new
theme
Todd One's little niggas got flavour
If I ain't the man, then the man is my neighbour

Chorus

Verse Four: Notorious B.I.G.

What's up y'all, whatcha gotta say
Big smoke chronic all day, all day
Split MC's that's a lesson like George Jefferson
Wheezy tried to skeez me, couldn't please me
Floor inch nex, through Detective Ralph's neck
Cause he kept on beggin' for shit
Now Big keep on wreckin' the shit
And the chronic (cough) got a nigga (cough) rockin'
shit
Castratin' like that Bobbitt bitch
And if ya don't know, now ya know my flow
Y'all pick like an Afro, wet like soooo blo
Toe to toe niggas can't match
Bullets all catch up in your necks and your backs
So Little Ceeese, pass the lot please
Give honey a pillow, she ain't got the scuffed up knees
I'm the killa, no one gets illa
Who's the man? I see him every morning in the mirror,
uh

Chorus

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