

Heavy D & The Boys

"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, know what I'm sayin'?
And this is how it's done, uh

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 all that
So, ring around the Rosie, oopsy, daisy
Topsy turvy, you never heard of me, you don't deserve
me

Fly like Knievel, 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. Bo jangles
(Here is something you can't understand)
Tell me y'all, who's the man?

Who's the man?
(The Heavster, time keeps on slipping)
Who's the man?
(The Heavster, time keeps on slipping)
Who's the man?
(The Heavster, time keeps on slipping)
Who's the man?
(The Heavster, time keeps on slipping)

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?

Who's the man?
(The Heavster, time keeps on slipping)

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

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, ah

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

Honey dips, 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?

Who's the man?
(The Heavster, time keeps on slipping)

Everything here, is phat, know what 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

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(The Heavster, time keeps on slipping)
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...

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