

## Ritchie Valens

### "Man's World"

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(James Brown sample) "This is a Man's World!"

Verse 1:

Lies and rumors, money and hoes  
it's the World that I'm attached to, the World that I know  
influential, never stable in the mental  
but clever, spittin' that same shit niggas is into  
I'll bleed for the craft if I have to, think rational  
lovin' money and weed, pussy and fast food  
tattoo a dead Man's name on my arm  
I'm a thug in the street that's still afraid of his Mom's  
everyday I watch a player get robbed, player get  
popped  
I try to drink the pain away and pray that it stops  
in the mornin' head straight to the spot, the juice bar  
niggas tried all that other shit and what's the use God?  
for the paper Nature takes it too far, perfectionist  
rep the bridge, where everything's foul except the kids  
we get it on, and contradict livin' long  
though the clock will still tick when you gone.

Chorus

(This is a Man's World!)  
Now if you a Man be a Man (you need a plan)  
if you fall (I'ma put you on your feet again)  
when you starve (I'ma show you how to eat again)  
and through it all (I'll show you how to be a friend)  
now when you in charge be in charge (you need a  
squad)  
if you bored (I'ma show you how to be involved)  
I give 'em more (niggas know they can't see the God)  
I can't believe it God (I gotta eat or starve)

Verse 2:

Keep the livest image, high percentage  
Four in the mornin',  
niggas blitzin' on corners like the line of scrimmage  
convicts turnin' confident  
enter the phase of niggas and they feminine ways  
love my Timberlands, cinnamon suede  
bottles mo' proof

for all the problems that a nigga go through  
it's forever real  
'cause some scars can never heal  
I'd rather throw the cards in and pray I get a better deal  
guns excite me, keep atleast a hundred Wifey's  
my duns up in the pens ya'll need to write me  
street cadets, alias names and re-arrests  
it doesn't take much to know that wrieffe helps relieve  
the stress  
we make moves or get caught for the loot  
wild niggas on the block look for more to recruit  
gettin' chips from an alternate route  
but the same breed  
It's been Twenty-somethin' years now,  
I'm still lookin' for the same dream.

Chorus

Verse 3:

In my World police recognize names  
know us niggas by the walk or the size of their chain  
you know the motto  
we live for today, there's no tomorrow  
we're only makin' time for the hoes that swallow  
fuck a role model, I need therapy  
seven nights out the week I jump out my sleep breathin'  
heavily  
keep my head up, only the strong survive  
livin' in a Man's World, still belongs to a tribe  
took the family along for the ride  
watch 'em eat  
now I'm movin' with the same cats that'll rock me to  
sleep  
never close your eyes, learn to roll with the wise  
'cause some niggas 'll talk shit and play close to the  
sides  
while I call the shots  
and stay supportin' the block  
we livin' above the law until all of it stops  
I still open doors, a thug nigga overall  
and if you ain't know then black Man go for yours.

Chorus 'till fade...

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