

Assholes By Nature

"Who's the Man"

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(Chorus - Lil'Keke Repeat 6x)

Who's tha man - who's the mouse
who's the nigga that paid the cost
I really don't give a damn
cause I ain't the one who's gonna take the loss

[Verse 1 - Z-Ro]

Uhh I remember strugglin way back when
but now I lay back in Maybach Benz
eighteens in the trunk with pass packed in
he's real he is not one of these fake black men
I never been a hater, hatin ain't where it's at
my finger where the seven and a half karats at
you ain't even gotta wonder what the women starin at
they ready to fuckin set me up - to get my ass jacked
but they don't know about Joseph Wayne
physco path gangsta slash solider mayne
he's rides on niggas and disguise on niggas
and feels nothin like he's full of novocaine
that's why you never see me on B.E.T
when I beat up a rapper he'll file charges on me
if I'm arrested again I won't get a B - O - N - D
I'd rather die then live life in the Penitentiary
but these days you gotta be strapped
even when I'm at home I go to sleep with the gat
the grave is where most of my niggas sleepin at
all the Screwed Up Click legends ain't never
comin'back
like Screw, Big Steve, Big Hawk, and Fat Pat
when you cross yo'best bet is to back back
Mo City, Texas will open up yo back
where the killers get killed and the jackers get jacked
I use to smoke sherm and sip that drank mayne
get stuck at the intersection and watch the light change
ostrich interior, hand full of wood grain
big body sittin wide enough to take up both lanes
I chunk up the duece for the North and the South
and the boys with that hard and that soft in they house
I blow alot of money when I go up in my vault
cause I'm platinum bound and I'm still hot

(Chorus - Lil'Keke)

[Verse 2 - Trae]

Trae so hood bitch I am the truth
I get paid bein broke has no use
only thing I get to give is the duece
I hit a lick and told e'm put it on my tooth
boss of the bottom with the swag of a mobb
pants sittin low with a rag or a dobb
pistol on my waist to keep drama from gettin'hard
when I ride one of these six whips out the yard
it ain't no tellin'how many niggas I writes off
I got goons in the trap for the right cost
I watch you leap out then I take a nice loss
I play it raw and I ain't leavin till ya lights off
fresh Coogi when I walk with the price off
I'm still a million dollar nigga with the ice off
I'm even raw with the mic off
and still fuck a million dollar bitch without even takin
my Nik's off
twenty eight's got my feet takin high steps
fifty grand worth of ones, work bi - ceps
tell them hoes I got alot and if I make it rain now
it ain't gon'step till Next Friday like Mike Epps
I ride 4's like my name was J - Dogg
so let the world know they ain't fuckin with Trae dogg
we hit ya whole block nothin less then a K dogg
we real in these streets, other niggas are gay dogg
they tellin me I'm blessed cause my wrist is a hot mess
I need you dickridin ass niggas to jock less
you better get ya gal, 'fore she part of the process
I have her ass pumpin like the dope in the projects
I'm still in these streets like I ain't even hot yet
I do it for the hood like I can't even stop yet
they already know I'm the man
when they see me pull up, drivin in somethin that ain't
even out yet

(Chorus - Lil'Keke)

[Verse 3 - Z-Ro]

When I get hungry I take flights out of town
to resturants in other cities just to chow down
I remember ya'll laughin everytime I came around
I'm a slave as a king, laugh as you bow down
"I always knew you would make it Z-Ro"
why ya nose growin you ain't have faith in me hoe
Pinnocchio partnas are the worse kind so
I'm alone when ever you see me in my fo' - do
any one of my cars or truck made by Lincoln
peel out on every block - wheel rubber still stinkin

don't run up on me too quick, you better start thinkin
I'll leave you havin a seizure - that eye still blinkin
anything I gotta do to win, I'm a win
I'd rather do right but if I gotta sin, I'm a sin
I repent for my sins - but I will kill again
whatever I gotta do to keep my blood in my skin
'96 to '06, ten years in it
got a steady pace, never had to switch gears in it
but I elevated from no rank to a lieutenant
I'm a be runnin the show like I'm a Warden in a minute
H - Town need me like Atlanta need Jeezy
not platinum yet but on my way please believe me
holdin young money like Baby and Lil'Weezy
bangin Juvenile, Lil'O, and Lil'Keke
they started off hot and they still hot
you other rappers wasn't and you still not
you not a emcee, just cause ya grilled out
Johnny's for nothin, droppin dollar bills out
but me I'm a gangsta from head to feet
plus I'm a pimp - cause these chicks feed my bread to
me
before Hawk died the last thing he said to me
was that I'm platinum bound and I'm still hot

(Chorus Till End)

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