

## **Big Tymers F/ TQ, Trick Daddy**

### **"Da Man"**

Visit "[Da Man](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Chorus: TQ]

All I ever wanted to do was be da man  
Get out the ghetto and feed my whole fam  
But the dirty streets in the city won't let me go (let me  
go, let me go)

All I ever wanted to do was be da man  
Get out the ghetto and feed my whole fam  
But quarter ki's make G's that's all i know (all i know, all  
i know)

[Trick Daddy]

A hit of crack frock could get ya fucked up  
A ki of coke could get you rich  
but too much of this shit can get you stuck up  
That's why it's best to deal wit a nigga that you know  
and chill wit  
Case he flip the script, you know where he live at  
Plus, the game don' came a long way  
Yeah we don' lost a lot of niggas that was speedin  
down the wrong way  
See these days these niggas squeeze triggas quicker  
than yo boys  
Cuz they got guns bigger than yours  
Plus ain't not more coppin out  
You either ridin or tellin, if you ride then you ride  
forever  
Born the son of a straight killa  
Raised by a strong woman, I'll ride for my homies  
So, can a nigga get a boooooonnd  
Or do another nigga have to come along and raise my  
daughter.....son  
Your Honor, answer this question and be honest  
If you lock me up for the summer will you support my  
momma?

[Chorus]

[Baby]

Ay ay, move on over (woooooo)  
I sit and took over

2 clips, the AK holder  
Brick taped to my bitch  
Strapped on her shoulder  
Raw grams in the trunk of a jag  
Hard ounces stashed in my cadillac dash  
It's drought season daddy, we huntin for riches  
We fly like birds go divin for fishes  
A known deep boy, the #1 Stunna  
Got a hundred brick stash in the back of the Hummer  
But on my block, a old tymer got shot  
I didn't wanna do it but he was holdin my spot  
I'm shittin on niggas, grandma got grams  
She gave me a revolver, automatics get jammed  
I'm \*Hood Rich\* nigga one feet in the sand  
I'm one of a few niggas that beat the man

[Chorus]

[Mannie Fresh]

See, check it out, the dope game is a mother fucker,  
young man  
I bet you yo lil ass ain't even got a gun man  
You in the game now you know what you don' done  
man?  
"Yeah, bruh but i gotta feed my son man"  
A cutlass supreme, still a young nigga's dream  
A solid lil bitch with a whole lot of cream  
Well lil one looky here, who you scorin from?  
Look, this some shit that'll leave a nigga body numb  
Take that, the comeback is incredible  
Get caught, then nigga it's federal  
By the way, don't say no mother fuckin names  
You listenin to me? Don't play no mother fuckin games  
You know the rules of this shit  
Fuck around and be one dead bitch  
It's money and the power  
Every second every hour  
From sco' to the flo'  
Bakin soda to the flour

Visit [Big Tymers F/ T.Q. Trick Daddy](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.