

Dr. Dre F/ Ice Cube

"I Ain't Takin No Shorts"

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[Master P--Talking]

Told y'all

Y'all should of never let No Limit in this muthafucka

Cuz once we get in, we be takin over shit

An we gone off that chop-suy, marinatin

Blowin switches to da world (Bitch, fuck ya)

[Silkk the Shocker]

I'm bout the baddest nigga, no doubt

From West to the South, back to ya house

Nigga in an out quickly, stick ye for ya whole fifty

(Whaaa???)

Nigga, I'm on bitches, qucikly

Niggas can't stick me they tries but they dies

They'll fuck around, I ain't lyin, fuck wit me, you out yo'
mind

I'll slap you wit my right hand and I'm still writin wit it

Hands quicker than lightnin but fuck fightin

Bread, ice is why I'm slicin cake

You niggas need to bow down to the street king

from the 3rd Ward (Caliope, hoe)

(Master P: Where dat at?) Bitch that's it New Orleans

Face like an 8th Grader, ain't the bigga nigga, a wind
might blow

But while I'm here, a deaf person won't fuck wit me if
they don't know

Man, No Limit run this bitch like a marathon

Bitch, my click is thick, deeper than a whole Southern
down baritone

How da fuck y'all gon' fade me?

How da fuck y'all gon' play me?

Thats how we made it, from knockin niggas out

Who try to fuckin play me

Y'all think y'all could but y'all can't

Thats money in the bank, how da fuck y'all gon' stop a
Tank

Chorus:

I ain't takin no shorts

Whether it be in this rap game or the dope game

Bitch I'm still the man

[Silkk the Shocker]
I say hustler, fuck these busters
Who da fuck gon' stop me? None of y'all
Bitches be in my face, I gets the gun, run all of y'all
Cuz y'all some tricks
Stop trickin these hoes stop bitchin these hoes
Punk ass niggas be havin dicks
Y'all need to have clicks you punk ass hoes
I stay posted from sun-down to sun-up, you run up, you
get done up
Best believe the spot get hot like summer
Cuz I be the man, look deep into my eyes
Bitch y'all get scared by the 6 foot 6 wise guy
Mr. like shoot it out wit the police
Mr. I gives a fuck, I gots this D seven-teen 5 a key
Birds, you haven't heard?
I'm from that 3rd, bitch when shit get bad
I put the dope up my stars on the curb
An start hittin fools, in the dice game
I might man, hit 'em all night man
Cuz I'm all night long gone off that fuckin night train
No doubts, I'm in the house, outs the back when the
police hit
No doubt they can't catch me, I'm out this bitch

Chorus

[Silkk]
I'm the man
I'm the man
I'm the man (Who's the man?)
I'm the man!

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