

Ghostface Killah & Trife Da God f/ Solomon Childs, Sun God

"Man Up"

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[Intro: Ghostface Killah (Trife Da God)]
Where the DJ's at? (Yeah) that's right
What's the deal y'all? (Theodore, nigga)
Theodore's in the building, Staten Island stand up
(That's right, Gatten Island) Word up
(I'm like Ray Charles, nigga
Pay me my motherfuckin' bread in singles)
That's what I'm try'nna tell ya, it's real
(Heard me) Big Tone Starks in the building, now, come
on

[Chorus 2X: Trife Da God (Solomon Childs)]
(Man up) Somebody gon' get laid down
(Man up) Whether music or four pounds
(Man up) Ain't no need to know me well
We can get the drama popping, homey, I won't tell

[Trife Da God]
This is my year, eating like a baby in a high chair
Fly gear, versace eye wear, we the pioneers
I fuck bitches sipping on dry beer
Only rock Timbs and Air Forces, yo, oc', give me like 5
years
Fresh out the box with it, Chicago Sox fitted
Uh, if the product is banging, first hit the block with it
Set the drug charges and my criminal formula
O-5 black suburban straight from General Motors
Walk through give the niggaz the shoulder
Just fucked this bitch on the sofa
Twisted the chocha, me'll flip on the culture
Had the bird niggaz shittin' in peels, clippin' your tail
Let the four-five kiss ya, as I'm liftin' your bail
Put a hundred wolves on you, have them pick up the
trail
While I'm in the honeycomb, weighing bricks on the
scale
Sippin' old M.A., me and my protege's, cause even on
the coldest day
Your boy stil shine, giving off solar rays

[Chorus 2X]

[Ghostface Killah]

What you know about stepping out heavy, Just' jewels,
no crew hurry

My inside pants leg, I'm packing like two machetes

One ratchet, two gloves and a mask

Jumping out of green rover, niggaz ballin' me down

That's when I reached over, figured they ain't go no
matters

Young boys round here, they don't know my status

And niggaz looking for a full time jack move

But they don't know, that these blades here, crack
dudes

Give it to 'em quick, something like fast food

Take a nigga gun, like 'you gonna blast who?'

Cinderella girl frontin' in them glass shoes

Homo thug bitch ass nigga, I'll smash you

You mad, cause you rockin' the shit bag

Smellin' like piss, when it popped your click ran

You fucking with powerful niggaz, devour your
business

It ain't gravy, you pussy niggaz, you the Avon lady,
fuck you

[Chorus 2X]

[Sun God]

Niggaz better stay in they place

Cuz when I stash the plastic mask on, leave a hole in
your face

Who this young dude holding the weight

Got every drug from dope to bud, even small package
your face

Niggaz bam, look God in the face, can't look in my
eyes

I tell you why, cause this thing on my waist

Bread and butter, got it all for sale, and I'm duckin' the
cops

On every block, I ain't going to jail

I ain't the type that'll rot in the cell

Never talk or fist fight, with drama, I'll be popping
these shells

Hit your chest and your flesh get, hotter than hell

Them hollow tips make it hard to inhale, you not worthy

Vest and a white tees, and throwback jerseys

Julius Irvings, black suburban

Twisted off one-five-one, my whips swerving

Try'na see that chips, full clips, no splurging

[Chorus 2X]

[Outro: Ghostface Killah]

That's right, yeah, another Theodore production

Yeah, Anthony Acid on the beats, y'all

Ones and twos y'all, yeah, that's right

Big Ghost in the building, Staten Island in the mother-f'ing building

Nigga, yeah, man up, bitch...

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