

## **Mr. 3-2 f/ Quest, Troyo**

### **"Man Up"**

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[Mr. 3-2]

It's a brand new day, brand new year  
Don't be listening to that bullshit, niggaz put in your ear  
I do this I do that, hoe I get big stacks  
Break fools on tracks, and yes I do sell stracks  
We mashing that, all of love with no money  
I got too much hustle and grind, for you dummies  
Skinny and Presidential, hooked me up with Street  
Game  
Put the form in together, then we will get change  
These lames, all wanna know my pocket  
I'm a gangsta, so reality I drop it  
Broads bopping, keep me up like buffet  
Niggaz jock it, always got some'ing to say  
Hey hey, Fat Domino is a pimp  
Mob boss chop it up, eating steak and shrimp  
Evidence, dogs never find no traces  
Got my poker face on, holding all the aces

[Hook - 2x]

Presidential, is how I'm treated on front row  
Street Game, are mo'fuckers getting they do'  
This world, I have you tripping scratching your head  
Man up, take your lick and go fed

[Quest]

I'm posted on the cut, of that Mag and Dwayne  
Them FED's on my ass, cause the slabs that I slang  
Still I hustle to pimp my pockets, with mo' knots than a  
rope  
Still be busting no discussion, infra dot with a scope  
It ain't no hope for you bitch niggaz, suckers and snitch  
niggaz  
Acting like bitches with pussies, running your lips nigga  
You do the crime, you do the time  
Don't make a nigga run up in your house, and use the  
nine  
Bust two into your spine, for telling all the real niggaz  
business  
Nobody can save you, when I kill no one witness  
Swear games with scope brains, spills from a distance

Calicoes burry hoes, burn a nigga biscuit  
You on some Bennie Hill shit, talking to laws  
You gon make me come through, and put a cross on  
your jaw  
You acting like you hard, when you know you a bitch  
When we don't really bar, cause we know you a snitch

[Hook - 2x]

[Quest]

Presidential and Street Game, hooking up like feces  
A million dollar mission, knocking out buster bitches  
Cleaning clocks like dishes, peep the watch that glisten  
Stand too hard I swear to God, mayn need to stop your  
vision  
Red butter played the gutter, hustling cheese for fritos  
While these haters sucking on pussy, trying to please  
these freak hoes  
Need to get your mind right, 'fore we run in your  
residential  
Mr. 3-2 from Street Game, and Q-U-E from Presidential

[Troyo]

Old mark ass nigga, get your money get out my face  
I'm po'ing up big mud, telling out skeet taste  
A cage go for sixteen, sitting high in the sky  
Crawling on 22's, this far I'm too fly  
Troyo, showing these boys the blue flame  
Damn right I'm Street Game, till the world set flame  
Cock it and aim, leaving you on your back pocket  
Ghetto affiliated, and fools they can't stop it

(\*talking\*)

Street P-O-P mayn, ghetto affiliates  
Willie what's up baby uh, 3-2 it go down mayn  
(it go down, Mr. Mr. fucking your sister  
You know me, ok what's up with it  
We got the Juke around this motherfucker, yeah-yeah)

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