

Plies f/ Trey Songz

"I'm Da Man"

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[Verse 1] Went to sleep real, woke up realer Goon affiliated, ex drug dealer Resume solid, street cred bigger Clique full of soldiers, all of us killas Never seen one, I'm what they call a real nigga Pockets full of cash, body full of liquor Put my whips on it, but he ain't triller If I don't know ya homie.. Hands on the pistols.. [Chorus 1x: Trey Songz] You lookin' at da man.. Stacks and rubber bands (yup), action for the cameras You can ask the fans cause, they say I'm da man Watch me pull my pants (up) Watch me do my dance (yup) Stacks and rubber bands (yup) You lookin' at da man.. WhipsÂ bout 22's, toasting when I move Askin' what it do You lookin' at da man.. Watch me pull my pants (up) Watch me do my dance (yup) Stacks and rubber bands (yup) [Verse 2] Key to the city, name carry weight I don't FUCK with niggas... Most of 'em fake.. You wet behind the ears, jumped off the porch late Where I'm from homie, home of the goons aid Came up slow all off of shake Grandma dyin', hard to be straight Just left court, my dog lost his case They gave him life homie.. All for the 28's.. [Chorus: 1x] [Verse 3] Product of the hood, came from the gutta Been through it all, still remain a hustla Ride or die homie, before I fuckin' struggle Choppa game serious, got it from my brotha Learned the hard way, streets dont love ya Snitchin' at a high, dope game in trouble Whip game shaky, then you gon' suffer I'm da man homie, can't deny it sucka [Chorus]

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