

Who's The Man

Bizzle

Switching lanes on the highway
Nearly hit a BM, I ain't see him in my blind space
Tried to apologize, then I saw the guy race up on the side
And throw his middle finger up in my face (You see this clown?)
I figured that was it, but then he goes around (Oh...)
He pulling up in front of me and slowing down
Homie, what the issue? He don't know I'm with the [?]
And my wife and kids with me in this whip, too
It's going down (It's going down!)
My wife is saying "Chill," but the man in me is saying
"How you let him play you in front of your family?" (What, you're scared?)
I threw my hands up, my wife put 'em down (Oh...)
She said: "The kids scared, baby, look around!" (Uh)
That's when she put her hand on my chest and said
"You know they gon' remember how you handled this test" (Humph!)
And if I fail it, ain't no telling what it's gon' cause (Real talk)
So I just took that L on and I drove off

Ooh, some wins look just like losses, just like losses
Or you can take an L and feel you've won
But it just might cost ya, but it just might cost ya
Who the man?
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah (Yeah)
Son, what really makes you the man?
Aww, who the man?

Now I'm at the crib trying to pray about it (Tryna pray)
'Cause I been feeling like a sucker all day about it
It's bittersweet: the more I sit and think, the more it gets to me
Then, I trip to sleep, and it plays back differently (Oh...)
He flips me off and starts speeding up
Jumped in front of us and still got his middle finger up (Alright, I got you)
Now, I'm mad, so I swing the whip back around
On the side and throw my hands up, like: "What's cracking now?" (What's up, homie?)
He crack a smile and I don't trust it, 'cause his hands are down
I go to grab the ratchet, but this cat already has it out
My wife screams, by the time I looked up he's clapping out
I dropped the gun and started gunning on the gas, mashing out (Skrt)
I think I'm hit, got blood all on my chest
Lift my shirt up, but I can't find a hole in my flesh
"Babe, I think I'm hit, just help me check! Babe?"
"Babe, get up. Babe, no!"

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It's funny, feeling like a sucker don't seem as bad
Compared to losin' wifey and being a single dad (Real talk)
He could have missed her and hit the kids
Then, how could I live, knowing they died, so I could be the man

Man, it's kinda scary, though (Scary, though)
As I sit and run through these different scenarios
Honestly, I thought I'd feel better with him hitting me
Until I've seen the misery they left with missing me (Wow...)
But what if I move quicker and I get the squeeze?
Then I live to see 'em from my cell when they visit me (That ain't cool...)
And that one ain't a win
But them other two got the first L starting to look like a W (Think about it...)
I'm guessin' it's the answer to my prayers
But peep, though
In which version was I the hero?
I guess the real question you should ask me, though is
Was I trying to protect my fam or my ego?
Biz...

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