

# Man Man

Juice WRLD

What, what, ayy  
Look, I'm in the studio with my mans Pedro  
My mans SB, that's blood  
My mans Jefe, that's blood, you know?  
Look, I'ma just tell you how I feel

Man man (Man man), Man man (Man man)  
I just ran up on his mans, goddamn (Goddamn)  
Dunkin' on him like it's NBA Jam, ayy  
Stomp your mans out, blood on my Timbs, oh man  
Goddamn (Goddamn), goddamn (Goddamn)  
Got the saucin' in this bitch, goddamn (Goddamn)  
Got the flossin' in this bitch, goddamn (Goddamn)  
Aw man, ayy, ayy, ayy

I told your bitch that I'm the motherfucking man, ayy (I'm the man, ayy)  
She tried to suck me up like right through my pants, ayy (Through my pants, ayy)

I pop a perc and then I swallow half a xan, ayy (Half a xan, ayy)  
I'm in your girl and I'll be gettin' in her pants, oh man  
Goddamn (Goddamn), do my fuckin' dance with the sauce  
I might dunk on your bitch, Yao Ming with the sauce (Yeah, yeah)  
I'ma catch, Randy Moss, talkin' dumb, Molotov (Goddamn)  
I might run into your crib, uh, I'ma get it off, ayy (Yeah, yeah)  
Goddamn, goddamn, I'm the fuckin' man (Okay)  
I'll pull up on your niggas in a black mini van  
Got a mask on my face and a mag in my hand (Okay)  
Got a clip on my waist, I'ma kill you if I can  
Man man (Ayy, man), goddamn (Goddamn)  
I heard your girl tryna blow me with a fan, ha (With a fan, ayy)  
I chop the beat up, then I screw it like your bitch  
You run up on me like a lick, you get hit, fuck that shit  
Goddamn, trillest out the gang  
Monkeys for banana clips, gorillas out the gang  
They been talkin' stupid, but I'm ballin' out like James (Ayy)  
I be fuckin' zooted, yeah, chillin' with your main (Okay)  
It's my thing for a minute (Okay), bang for a minute (Okay)  
Drive-by, 9s out with the windows tinted  
But I'm on that other shit, tryna fuck that other bitch (Yeah, yeah)  
Tell that pussy rest in peace, tell that kitty you'll be missed  
Ayy true, man man (Man)  
I do what I want (Yeah), you do what you can (Okay)  
It's the difference, it's a distance  
Your ho wanna fuck, I told her we was different  
It is not a friendship (Yeah, yeah), sauce, sauce, boy  
I get big with the money, Rick Ross, boy (Okay)  
You either trying to get money, get lost, boy (Get lost)  
I heard you tryna get on, don't get off, boy  
I got Suppressor on the beat, man man  
Kept on rappin' on this track, man man  
Catch me whippin' in the trap, goddamn (Goddamn)  
Run up on me if you clap good show, good show

Man man (Man man), ayy  
Man man (Ayy), high as fuck, make a jam  
I'ma put this on a mixtape, I don't really know what tape is it, though, you  
feel me? I fuck with it

Man man, ayy  
I'm the damn man, ayy  
I do what I want, bitch  
And you do what you can  
Goddamn, goddamn, man man  
Ayy, ayy, man man  
Ayy, man man, ayy, ayy  
Goddamn, goddamn  
Man man