

Who Do Man

Robert Earl Keen

I ride around in a Cadillac
Three fancy ladies dancin' in the back
A million dollars in the trunk for fun
And a Bengal tiger ridin' shotgun

I'm the who do man, the who do man
I got the fire, the fryin' pan
Hot dog I'm the who do man

Now I was born my momma's child
The angels sang and the good Lord smiled
I tipped the doctor, the doctor says
Who in the hell does he think he is

I'm the who do man, the who do man
I got the fire, the fryin' pan
Hot dog I'm the who do man

I got the skinny, I got the goods
I got the antenna on the neighborhood
I know your baby, I know her cuz
I know who doesn't and I know who does

I'm the who do man, the who do man
I got the fire, the fryin' pan
Hot dog I'm the who do man

If you want the dirt on so-and-so
Don't go askin' just any old Joe
Jack or Jimmy or Boudreaux
Don't waste your money 'cause they don't know

The prosecutor told the deputy
Have the police pin a tail on me
How I lost 'em, they never knew
'Cause they ain't dealin' with just any who

I'm the who do man, the who do man
I got the fire, the fryin' pan
Hot dog I'm the who do man

So when you're sittin' on your porch at night
You spy a shadow in the long moonlight
You hear a rumble, a tiger growl
Ask for who, don't ask me how

I'm the who do man, the who do man
I got the answer, a perfect plan
No use in tryin' to understand
Got the fire, the fryin' pan
Hot dog I'm the who do man
The who do man
The who do man, oh