

Man Of The Men

Styles P

Yeah (yeah, D-Block)
We ain't gon' talk this much this year, "Time is Money" nigga
We'll talk "After Taxes" (Sheek Louch)
There's a science to our shit nigga (you know this)
We love each other muh'fucker
We'll die for each other, shit is real muh'fucker

{MARIO!!!}

I'm from a place where they die for a dollar bill
Some niggaz get rich, most niggaz just go to jail
Niggaz in the hood, hit shit and they know it's real
Either get, life or some dough for the blow you sell
Which make me a hard fellow, paint the Benz the color of Carame
llos
Sky blue and dark yellow, chillin in Palm Meadows
Tryin to get some M's in my hand
Can't see the picture need to look again or get your camera a l
ens
It's the game, who the fuck let the amateurs win
I hit the wind, time to sin, pick my man up at ten
He said P (whattup dawg) get the GT if you damaged the Benz
It ain't the money it's respect that make me man of the men
He said dollars is important to niggaz
I told him holla let him earn it we extortin them niggaz (hahah
a)
Straight bodies, no slippin, no court for them niggaz
Suck my dick, is the only words I offer them niggaz
It's a new day and age, when I die throw {?} in my grave
And tell my niggaz in the cage I wasn't able to save
Sometimes the streets get the best out of men, they got a cell
for you
Crackers tryin to stretch out the pen, I go to hell for you
See like the eyes on the pyramids
They offer niggaz death, cause they see they got fear of it
Shoot niggaz in the head cause it's just an experiment
He said he was a thug to see his blood so they smearin it
What?

(D-Block nigga) Muh'fucker
Shit is crazy (You know what time it is)
Yeah (We ain't fuckin talkin too much this year)
I'm starvin nigga (FUCK niggaz)
It's my turn, "Time is Money"
Poobs we out

{Forget about it Mario}