

# ABN, Who's Tha Man

(Chorus - Lil'Keke Repeat 6x)

Who's tha man - who's the mouse  
who's the nigga that paid the cost  
I really don't give a damn  
cause I ain't the one who's gonna take the loss

[Verse 1 - Z-Ro]

Uhh I remember strugglin way back when  
but now I lay back in Maybach Benz  
eighteens in the trunk with pass packed in  
he's real he is not one of these fake black men  
I never been a hater, hatin ain't where it's at  
my finger where the seven and a half karats at  
you ain't even gotta wonder what the women starin at  
they ready to fuckin set me up - to get my ass jacked  
but they don't know about Joseph Wayne  
physco path gangsta slash solider mayne  
he's rides on niggas and disguise on niggas  
and feels nothin like he's full of novocaine  
that's why you never see me on B.E.T  
when I beat up a rapper he'll file charges on me  
if I'm arrested again I won't get a B - O - N - D  
I'd rather die then live life in the Penitentiary  
but these days you gotta be strapped  
even when I'm at home I go to sleep with the gat  
the grave is where most of my niggas sleepin at  
all the Screwed Up Click legends ain't never comin'back  
like Screw, Big Steve, Big Hawk, and Fat Pat  
when you cross yo'best bet is to back back  
Mo City, Texas will open up yo back  
where the killers get killed and the jackers get jacked  
I use to smoke sherm and sip that drank mayne  
get stuck at the intersection and watch the light change  
ostrich interior, hand full of wood grain  
big body sittin wide enough to take up both lanes  
I chunk up the duece for the North and the South  
and the boys with that hard and that soft in they house  
I blow alot of money when I go up in my vault  
cause I'm platinum bound and I'm still hot

(Chorus - Lil'Keke)

[Verse 2 - Trae]

Trae so hood bitch I am the truth  
I get paid bein broke has no use  
only thing I get to give is the duece  
I hit a lick and told e'm put it on my tooth  
boss of the bottom with the swag of a mobb  
pants sittin low with a rag or a dobb  
pistol on my waist to keep drama from gettin'hard  
when I ride one of these six whips out the yard  
it ain't no tellin'how many niggas I writes off  
I got goons in the trap for the right cost  
I watch you leap out then I take a nice loss  
I play it raw and I ain't leavin till ya lights off  
fresh Coogi when I walk with the price off  
I'm still a million dollar nigga with the ice off  
I'm even raw with the mic off  
and still fuck a million dollar bitch without even takin my Nik's off  
twenty eight's got my feet takin high steps  
fifty grand worth of ones, work bi - ceps  
tell them hoes I got alot and if I make it rain now  
it ain't gon'step till Next Friday like Mike Epps  
I ride 4's like my name was J - Dogg  
so let the world know they ain't fuckin with Trae dogg  
we hit ya whole block nothin less then a K dogg  
we real in these streets, other niggas are gay dogg

they tellin me I'm blessed cause my wrist is a hot mess  
I need you dickridin ass niggas to jock less  
you better get ya gal, 'fore she part of the process  
I have her ass pumpin like the dope in the projects  
I'm still in these streets like I ain't even hot yet  
I do it for the hood like I can't even stop yet  
they already know I'm the man  
when they see me pull up, drivin in somethin that ain't even out yet

(Chorus - Lil'Keke)

[Verse 3 - Z-Ro]

When I get hungry I take flights out of town  
to resturants in other cities just to chow down  
I remember ya'll laughin everytime I came around  
I'm a slave as a king, laugh as you bow down  
&quot;I always knew you would make it Z-Ro&quot;  
why ya nose growin you ain't have faith in me hoe  
Pinnocchio partnas are the worse kind so  
I'm alone when ever you see me in my fo' - do  
any one of my cars or truck made by Lincoln  
peel out on every block - wheel rubber still stinkin  
don't run up on me too quick, you better start thinkin  
I'll leave you havin a seizure - that eye still blinkin  
anything I gotta do to win, I'm a win  
I'd rather do right but if I gotta sin, I'm a sin  
I repent for my sins - but I will kill again  
whatever I gotta do to keep my blood in my skin  
'96 to '06, ten years in it  
got a steady pace, never had to switch gears in it  
but I elevated from no rank to a leutenant  
I'm a be runnin the show like I'm a Warden in a minute  
H - Town need me like Atlanta need Jeezy  
not platinum yet but on my way please believe me  
holdin young money like Baby and Lil'Weezy  
bangin Juvenile, Lil'O, and Lil'Keke  
they started off hot and they still hot  
you other rappers wasn't and you still not  
you not a emcee, just cause ya grilled out  
Johnny's for nothin, droppin dollar bills out  
but me I'm a gangsta from head to feet  
plus I'm a pimp - cause these chicks feed my bread to me  
before Hawk died the last thing he said to me  
was that I'm platinum bound and I'm still hot  
(Chorus Till End)