Black Moon, U Da Man

f/ Big Dru Ha, Havoc, Smif-N-Wessun
[VERSE 1: 5ft. Excellerator]
What, here comes the muthafuckin 5
Patch a crooked I, comin straight out of Bed-Stuy
9-19, I believe
When I wanna puff a mad l I got the dutch hidden in my sleeve
Then I call my man Reels
Then we start the El Dorados and pick us up a fat bag of drills
Always keep the nine cocked
Just in case a nigga feels an appetite for some nice lead lock
Caught a nigga from a chin
Now his ass is in, hit the preach cause he said it a sin

[VERSE 2: Big Dru Ha]
Well, it's the ill Caucasian, check the invasion
Bushwick to White Plains, the world in seven days and
Back in town with the Black Smif-N-Wessun persuasion
Wanna flex next, swing one, that's all she wrote
Get the point to the joint, now you're bendin for the soap
Like my bitch, fuck a bitch real quick, then I vanish
I always get the pussy cause I tell em that I'm Spanish
Chill, lay low, I'm throwin headcracks in celo
Niggaz losin dough so now they gots to bet a kilo
Mines for the takin, never fakin when I kick it
Girls be on my jock, they want a taste so they lick it
Rip it from the back, bust a nut in her crack
Big Dru Ha puffin lye and I'm out, black

[CHORUS (2X)]
Now you the man, now you the man, now you the man
Now you the man, now you the muthafuckin man

[VERSE 3: Havoc]
Niggaz regret it when they get wetted with the automatic weapons
When I walk the streets I pack a Tec for protection
You know the deal, nowadays shit is real
Kid, I had it up to here, muthafuckas better chill
Cause on the block, yes, kid, we get busy
Front on my crew and get bust open like a fuckin Philly
Punk muthafuckas on the mic get violated
A rhyme ain't a rhyme if it ain't crime-related
I'm bustin raps like a nigga bustin caps
I grab the mic, cock it back and kick the fuckin facts
Stompin niggaz out with my black Timbs
Leavin niggaz crippled with artificial limbs
A slug in the brain cause you tried to sham
You thought you was the man, you fuckin coward

[VERSE 4: Tek]
I'm with my ill niggaz troopin down Atlantic Av
Three blunts still plus there's weed in the stash
Timb boots flop as the l gets sparked
Play the (?) from the street, it's flames movin in the dark
I've had it up to here with y'all weak-ass rappers
Bucktown, home of the Originoo Gun Clappaz
The name's Smif-N-Wessun and we're representin lovely
Smif joins the forces if you punks try to rob me
And I got his back, leave your body lyin flat
It's time to knuckle up, guard your grill, fuck that
Timberlands bootin up the ass of A&R's
You gettin surgery tryin to cover up the scars
You pussy (?) bwoy, (?) watch where ya stand
Smif-N-Wessun comin, lettin you know who's the man

[CHORUS (2X)]
Now you the man, now you the man, now you the man
Now you the man, now you the muthafuckin man

[VERSE 5: Steele]
These niggaz is crazy, but I get real rough, no question
Runnin with Black Moon, representin Smif-N-Wessun
The boy's crazy, boys roll Mobb Deep
Bring in Havoc, so get dramatic and get splattered in a heartbeat
Bits and pieces when I release the boom
These type of tunes kept me consumed in a rubberroom
Now I rock with Buckshot, what the fuck, ock
I got nuff props so you can get the fat cock

[VERSE 6: Buckshot Shorty]
I've got 1, 2, 3, let me know if you're ready for me
Lawd, you must throw your hands upon the mic and let em know
About the flow when you rip and stick it cause you must get wicked
Never hesitate to (?) lyrical gangster, not lyrical prankster, see
Straight from the head of Buckshot hittin em real irie
Mi never come fi short, mi a-fi shoot upon di mic
You gwan fall like di Babylon on sight
Taught by my nigga Screwface how you shoe-lace
Let my nigga Bass tell me who take who place
Side up and up, side up and up, black
Yo chill, parlay, god, they ain't ready for that
They ain't ready for that
Everybody wan fly and get high but nobody wan die, why

Hey yo word up, kid
That's not that bullshit
Word, hahaha

[CHORUS (4X)]
Now you the man, now you the man, now you the man
Now you the man, now you the muthafuckin man