

Devin The Dude, Who's That Man, Moma

(Clap
your hands
to what
he's doin)

[VERSE 1: Devin]

Either by bus, plane, train, 15 passenger van
Another show, then we must go, let's get there fast as we can
We just tryin to spread love when we comin to your city
Some look at us shitty but some bitches show us they titties
So I love my job, don't have to piss in a cup
They tell me to straighten up because of all the kids and stuff
Are gonna be there lookin at you perform
So keep your lyrics calm, they might be there with their moms
And pops, you need to drop somethin clean with no cussin
But my shit is... But nothin, don't wanna hear these parents fussin
Bout your 5th Ward filth and you holdin your crotch
Nobody wanna hear bout what you wanna poke in they mouth
But that ain't what it's all about, I'm simply tryin to have fun
Tryin to break a leg before I break my third one
Up in your back, they ask how can you stand there proud
And bow knowin there's a little child in the crowd
Sayin

[CHORUS x2]

Who is the man, moma
On stage with the brew in his hands, moma
Don't you think he's bein rude to the fans, moma
Grabbin his nuts, look at him doin it again, moma
He's doin it again, moma

[VERSE 2: Devin]

You got to give the people
Yeah I know, somethin other than just pussy, alcohol and reefer
You must uplift the public
And they'll give love back, like just last night I got my nuts licked
Ugly bitch in love but she hugged it and she rubbed it
Fine big red hoe, but now my dickhead sore
And we got another show in the O - Ohio
It's kinda nice, I been there once and got my dick sucked twice
Me and my penis and my microphone
Are workin hard so I can get my lights back on
Most people don't understand all the problems, pressure and pain
They criticize and try to make you feel less of a mane
But look at these balls, they're so big
The hairs on em look like two big old afro wigs
No need to get alarmed, I don't mean no harm
If you got your kids with you and they tuggin your arm
Sayin

[CHORUS]

Man, whatever happened to groups like Manhattans
and the Spinners and Temptations and stuff?
These new muthafuckas right here
they just wanna fuck ... and cuss and ...
Look at em up there smokin weed

Aw, what's wrong, pops?

I mean, you act like you never had the Temptation
of smokin a little weed down in Manhattan
Drinkin a beer, bonin a bitch, you know
while you Spinner around, you know?
But maybe you never smoked bud like I smoke bud

maybe you never felt as high as I felt
Me and my Cough Brothers just keep blowin and blowin and

[VERSE 3: Devin]

If you got some shorties, could you make em stay home?
Unless they wanna see some grown niggas shakin they bone
I know it's morally wrong, but see, I'm known
For passin Doobies to my Brothers, get my Family Stoned
I'm Gladys Knight-time, the Right Time to get high
We reachin for the sky on Earth, there's too much Wind for the Fire
We out here in the parking lot, knockin out the last corners
Of drink we had since yesterday from somewhere at Arizona
We wanna be Kool, we're not a Gang, just tryin to hang
With the people and drink, and maybe exchange slang
We love music and we need the fans, need tourin
But one thing we don't need is bad-ass children
Sayin

[CHORUS]