

# Plies, I'm Da Man

[Verse 1:]

Went to sleep real Woke up realer  
Goon affiliated ex drug dealer  
Resume solid Street cred bigger  
Click full of soldiers All of us killers  
Never seen one I'm what they call a real nigga  
Pocket full of cash Body full of liquor  
Put my whips on it Bet he ain't triller  
If I don't know ya homie Hand on pistols

[Chorus:]

You lookin at da man  
Stacks and rubber bands (yup)  
Action for the cameras  
You can ask the fans cause  
They say I'm da man  
Watch me pull my pants (up)  
Watch me do my dance (yup)  
Stacks and rubber bands (yup)  
You lookin at da man  
Whip bout 22's  
Toating when I move  
Askin what it do  
You lookin at da man  
Watch me pull my pants (up)  
Watch me do my dance (yup)  
Stacks and rubber bands (yup)

[Verse 2]

Key to the city Name carry weight  
I don't fuck with niggas Most of em fake  
You wet behind the ears jumped off the porch late  
Where I'm from homie Home of the goons aid  
Came up slow All off of shake  
Grandma dyin Hard to be straight  
Just left court My dog lost his case  
They gave him life homie All for them 28

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

Product of the hood Came from the gutta  
Been through it all Still remain a hustla  
Ride or die homie Before I fuckin struggle  
Choppa game serious Got it from my brother  
Learn the hard way Streets don't love ya  
Snitchin at a high Dope game in trouble  
Whip game shaky den you gone suffa  
I'm da man homie Can't deny it sucka

[Chorus]