

# Styles P, 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 Caramellos

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 lens

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 (hahaha)

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}