

## U Da Man

## Black Moon

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

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

Now you the man, now you the man, now you the man  
Now you the man, now you the muthafuckin man

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

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

Now you the man, now you the man, now you the man  
Now you the man, now you the muthafuckin man

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

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

Now you the man, now you the man, now you the man  
Now you the man, now you the muthafuckin man