

Man Up

Ghostface Killah

Where the DJ's at? (Yeah) that's right
What's the deal y'all? (Theodore, nigga)
Theodore's in the building, Staten Island stand up
(That's right, Gatten Island) Word up
(I'm like Ray Charles, nigga
Pay me my motherfuckin' bread in singles)
That's what I'm try'nna tell ya, it's real
(Heard me) Big Tone Starks in the building, now, come on

(Man up) Somebody gon' get laid down
(Man up) Whether music or four pounds
(Man up) Ain't no need to know me well
We can get the drama popping, homey, I won't tell

This is my year, eating like a baby in a high chair
Fly gear, versace eye wear, we the pioneers
I fuck bitches sipping on dry beer
Only rock Timbs and Air Forces, yo, oc', give me like 5 years
Fresh out the box with it, Chicago Sox fitted
Uh, if the product is banging, first hit the block with it
Set the drug charges and my criminal formula
O-5 black suburban straight from General Motors
Walk through give the niggaz the shoulder
Just fucked this bitch on the sofa
Twisted the chocha, me'll flip on the culture
Had the bird niggaz shittin' in peels, clippin' your tail
Let the four-five kiss ya, as I'm liftin' your bail
Put a hundred wolves on you, have them pick up the trail
While I'm in the honeycomb, weighing bricks on the scale
Sippin' old M.A., me and my protege's, cause even on the coldest day
Your boy stil shine, giving off solar rays

What you know about stepping out heavy, Just' jewels, no crew hurry
My inside pants leg, I'm packing like two machetes
One ratchet, two gloves and a mask
Jumping out of green rover, niggaz ballin' me down
That's when I reached over, figured they ain't go no matters
Young boys round here, they don't know my status
And niggaz looking for a full time jack move
But they don't know, that these blades here, crack dudes
Give it to 'em quick, something like fast food
Take a nigga gun, like 'you gonna blast who?'
Cinderella girl frontin' in them glass shoes
Homo thug bitch ass nigga, I'll smash you
You mad, cause you rockin' the shit bag
Smellin' like piss, when it popped your click ran
You fucking with powerful niggaz, devour your business
It ain't gravy, you pussy niggaz, you the Avon lady, fuck you

Niggaz better stay in they place
Cuz when I stash the plastic mask on, leave a hole in your face
Who this young dude holding the weight
Got every drug from dope to bud, even small package your face
Niggaz bam, look God in the face, can't look in my eyes
I tell you why, cause this thing on my waist
Bread and butter, got it all for sale, and I'm duckin' the cops
On every block, I ain't going to jail

I ain't the type that'll rot in the cell
Never talk or fist fight, with drama, I'll be popping these shells
Hit your chest and your flesh get, hotter than hell
Them hollow tips make it hard to inhale, you not worthy
Vest and a white tees, and throwback jerseys
Julius Irvings, black suburban
Twisted off one-five-one, my whips swerving
Try'nna see that chips, full clips, no splurging

That's right, yeah, another Theodore production
Yeah, Anthony Acid on the beats, y'all
Ones and twos y'all, yeah, that's right
Big Ghost in the building, Staten Island in the mother-f'ing building
Nigga, yeah, man up, bitch...