

# 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...