

# Who's Tha Man

MC Eiht

Geah  
Hey (c'mon)  
To the full degree (c'mon, geah check it out)  
(check it out)  
We 'bout it  
Gettin' that paper  
We 'bout it  
Check it out

Federalies gaffling up so keep it tight  
These songs to do wrong so fuck being right  
Late nite hype's the fiends  
Nobody serves 'em better to the letter  
We gets the cheddar  
To the way back days  
Where the half ounce lays  
Gun tucked by the nuts  
As the one time struts  
Gets my bail on cause I ain't tryin' to get caught around here  
Be another nigger locked up for the next 10 years  
No shapiro, no ? sapino? , big bambino  
Roulette spends 20 g's in the casino  
Hits the blackjack decked in armani  
(in a 9-6-5 I'm clyde, my bitch is bonnie)  
Too sweet  
Better yet too clean, pickin' the paper  
Takin' you there like the staples, but they ain't catchin' no vapors  
You can't see me, nobody I trust  
Only the half ounce smokers get no cheese like us

I said do you got paper?  
Check it out

I said we got paper, no doubt uh  
Get your scrilla anyway you can  
Floss around town, bitch who's the man...

To the days  
When I used to keeps my stash in the bush  
Nowadays be clientele with parents that push  
In my drop top with the laptop keeping up president straight  
Ok, who gets the pick-up? bitch touch down at 8  
My niggas got the pick-up, the pager starts ringing  
It's payday, ho's know, that's why they start singing  
Dollar bills y'all  
And me throwing away pleas  
Fools got me too fucked up thinking snaps grow on trees  
Ain't no government given away free cheese  
And the bitch going through anything that floss on these d's  
Better watch out cause they might have you straight to your knees  
Have a nigga stretched out to the first degree  
Not me - drivin' planes to big yachts  
It's getting kinda hectic, I'm shaking the spot  
Chill ride, never pop, work this job, cold bitches that's down  
Married to this mob

Chorus...

Money don't come easy  
24 hour stand offs pushes to clucks with ? hand off?  
No bitches ever ran off  
With my pocket full of gold cause we got plenty of tecs to unload  
My perils bring paradise  
West side till I die, uh  
Pocket full of ice  
No vice squads  
Ho's still  
Walks the boulevards  
Pimp scenes, mac mall and willie green  
Got a feather in my black hat nobody can't touch  
Paper pretty much that's with starsky & hutch  
Give me the fed time  
Locked away won't be nice, peep a nigga stretched out with federal life  
Hard times  
No way out, better surrender  
But I got clout to stay out till next september  
D.a. I'll pay-pay fly away  
To another country that won't extradite my stay  
Me and a little senorita by the bay  
Pounds of yay' mr. tony ? ole?  
And ain't nobody got paper like this  
Geah

Chorus...

Half ounce in the house  
Half ounce in your mouth  
And ain't nobody got paper like this  
Geah