

# 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 Carame  
llos  
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 l  
ens  
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 (hahah  
a)  
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}