

# You The Man

Shyheim

(You the man Shy) I disagree baby paw  
You the man K (Who me? Uh-huh no way  
You the man Shy) Nah you the rah-rah star  
You the man K (Yeah but you can rip it the right way)

Well okay if you say so I will be the man  
But all I wanna do is make my record just slam  
I wanna be the kid to make the real live single  
To make the party people in the crowd shake and mingle  
(Yeah well Shy you can do that with ease real simple)  
True cause I'm the shorty from the Wu-Tang temple  
But I can't sleep you get the girls and the cash  
(Yeah yeah but you're the one that got the shorties in the smash)  
Take one (take two) We comin through for your crew  
(Who are you?) Talkin about you man (you can't Wu)  
But you front, you all out punks on the hunt for some beats  
To make your next LP complete  
(Here we come) To make the crowd scream for the Clan  
One by one (Takin out your crew cause we can  
Get the gun) Better yet a knife what the heck  
The job gets done (When we chop the head from the neck)  
Since I'm short they have no other choice but to sleep underneath  
The blow that be knockin out teeth  
(I be the K, The Down Low Recka on the set I gets wreck  
I make the calm sweat wanna bet)

So wassup better duck from my ill megablast  
You move too fast and your ass is in the smash  
The Down Low Recka, shit I rock full clip  
In my glock gets hot so stay off my block  
I come down hard on cornballs who sleep talk  
Cause you won't survive in New York  
I flow a mad thick like the sap from a tree  
I'm of the live brothers represents G.P.  
I'm hot like the sun, find shade I got my rays on ya  
Come near to raid my sphere and I'ma lay for ya  
I see ya comin with attempts to Bougard  
Peek-a-boo you ain't hard I pulled your whole card  
I got flavor, you're damn right I gots style  
Nine yards, nah the K goes the whole mile  
Whoever said I wasn't ill with the skill  
One minute I parlay, the next I'm all in your grill

Back up, gimme some room so I can flip this  
You touch this, come on, and get your style busted  
You lay around and watch me break the mic stand  
You should know by now that I am the man  
Comin through, takin my place yeah you all know  
That I can't be touched by a crew or any solo  
Who dares to step to this kid and his Clan  
(Aww damn) Another crew done by the hand  
Of the Shy (What you do kid) I did him prop  
(Where's the payphone) Hell yeah, somebody call the cops  
When me and K grease somebody do somethin  
Stop bluffin and frontin cause you ain't sayin nuthin  
You're lyin, claimin that you rip shop up  
You ain't heard it from me cause I ain't one to gossip

(Yeah, the Down Low Recka, niggaz ain't really wanna battle)  
The Rugged Child is the man to all you crab ass niggaz  
(Mad flavor, no sweetness necessary, and we out)  
Peace