

# Made Man (feat. Killer Mike & Kurupt)

## Big Boi

It's nothing but murder my nigga, you hear me? Get mad when a nigga wanna take that knee  
But they clap when he catch that ball  
These cats nowadays straight pussy I see  
They scrap but ain't got no paws  
Law break an oath, take his jaw  
The biggest liars of them all  
I set fire in the mind and the hearts of the men  
That wanna clap but it pop off  
No excuses, all applause, revolution, all the soft  
Restitution ain't solution for the lives that have been lost  
By the time you hear this song  
There'll be plenty niggas gone  
Talkin' 'bout six feet under grass  
While the killers be at home  
Now my dealers keep that chrome  
And my pimp niggas keep them hoes  
I'm gon' keep on pushin' this pen  
I don't write on no iPhone  
Alright, alright, I'm old-fashioned  
But my style cannot be cloned  
Timeless classics on you bastards  
Jedi rap shit all day long  
If you lookin' for the real  
You know exactly who to come and get  
Watch how you approach me homie  
Miss me with that sucker shit  
Hangin' out the window  
Like I'm Malcolm with the yopper  
If I said it then I meant it  
Ain't apologizing partner  
That's some real shit  
They say they lookin' for the real  
Said the music lacking feeling  
Well this is somethin' they can feel  
Rollin' in the coupe, jammin' Dre and Snoop  
Niggas know that I'm movin' through the hood  
In my, in my, in my hoopty-hoop  
Fuck around nigga, I might shoot  
Get your ass spint the fuck around like a Hula-hoop  
I play the block in a foolish coupe  
Ooh, tell 'em, fella; ooh, tell 'em, fella  
Them pussy niggas are hella jealous

They hella yellow, they hella yellow  
They talkin' tough but they Mellow Yellow  
You catch 'em slippin', what's happenin', fella?  
Watch they ass go Helen Keller  
Can't hear, can't see, can't tell a fella  
Lord have mercy, I done prayed  
So many days for y'all to try  
I've been waitin' to buy ya flowers  
Send 'em to your mama, let her cry  
I bought a new AK today  
And I'm so happy (I'm so happy)  
I might bust it on you bustas here in traffic  
Made man, nobody being me  
I'm terrible  
Words that I spill  
Will lift niggas out of graves while I kill at will  
Frozen like ice cubes, chipped like bricks  
Two to your chest, five to your hip  
.30 to your homies, everybody left  
I understand exactly why he shouldn't fuck with us  
I looked at the homies, like anybody else  
Fuck saving ya homie nigga, you need to save yourself  
Made man, nobody being me  
Made man, nobody being me  
Made man, nobody being me  
Let me say somethin'  
When you was growin' up  
And yo grandmama had plastic on the couch  
I know all y'all's grandmamas had plastic on the couch  
You know why y'all's grandmamas had plastic on the couch?  
Because your grandmama was a squirter

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>