

## **Too \$hort F/ Kokane**

### **"Beware"**

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Chorus:

First Verse:

BEWARE!

The man with the braids done walked in  
Mild mannered like Clark Kent  
I'M rougher and tougher than dead shark skin  
This man gonna be have you flippin' like the pages of  
(???)  
Evil like Cruella  
Five minutes later I'ma still be hard as an armadillo  
Roll like an eighteen wheeler  
Shinin' like the slipper  
Of Cinderella  
And bad weather  
And acapella  
THIS FELLA  
TOP SELLER!!!!  
Gonna be that way til' I'm old as Mandela  
STILL GETTIN' BETTER!!!!  
Writin' rhymes I'm best of 'em  
I'm the arrester, I'm the professor  
I'm the nigga that keep his picture on your girlfriend's  
dresser  
Now really  
Tell me what you muthafuckas know about gettin'  
ROWDY  
Tell your whole Sunday gang bout it  
BITCH I BEEN BOUT IT!!!!  
Now, I kick the rest of you into HASH  
BOW GRASSHOPPER, BOW TO THE MAN!!!!!!!

Chorus

Second Verse:

AAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!  
Bet'cha runnin'  
I bet'cha, bet'cha I'm best that I'm better  
Run with a letter

Swift as a jet or keep up with the pace setter  
Sparkle like glitter  
HARD HITTER  
HOE GO-GETTER  
SIDE STEPPIN' FROM NO NIGGA!!!!!!  
Whenever you bitches decide you gonna get too big for  
your britches  
Leavin' you stitches  
Diggin' ditches  
Sufferin' hickey, cuts, scrapes, bruises, welts  
Don't fuck with the RHYMIN' BLACK BELT  
WATCH YOURSELF!!!!!!  
BOOM!!!! HERE I GO!!!!  
BOOM BOOM!!!!!! Â I KNOW!!!!!!  
Y'all niggas can't fuck with the man with two tongues,  
cuz that's the way I flow  
Cuz I can get hot like fire  
And you can't put it out, it's like tip-toein' on top of  
barbed wire  
For instance, persistence  
No resistance, stay your distance  
Is vital to your existence  
You leave it to me to show you the way out  
I'm never gonna play ya  
I'LL TAKE YOUR OLD LADY  
EVEN IF I TOOK MY BRAIIIIIIIIIDDDDDDS OUT!!!!!!!!!!

Chorus

Third Verse:

And I'm uh, ready, and it looks like ALL you bitches are  
rusty  
Y'all can't buss me, don't cuss me  
Hit'cha, so much muthafuckin' we gone leave this bitch  
musty  
You disgust me  
Trust me  
When Mystikal hits the door, you bitches be SCREAMIN'  
to touch me  
I'm the invisible man you can't see me  
I'm mackin' illusions and confusion  
I'm abusin', your conclusion, and contusions, from the  
bruises  
Issuin' these muthafuckas with the style that them  
bitches want  
FIVE FOOT ELEVEN, screamin' to heaven  
I say FUCK SHIT GOD DAMN  
Bitch respect me like a reverend, and...  
Congregation say "Amen"  
(Amen)

Come through this muthafucka swingin' like a  
CAAAVEEMAAAN  
And you against me, you better not say it go back in the  
water  
Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come  
UP JUMP THE SHIT STORM!!!!!!  
From the rats  
Rollin' out  
Since you wanna BOW muthafucka  
BOW to the master!

Chorus

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