

Too \$hort F/ Kokane

"The Braids"

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Chorus:

Don't fuck, don't fuck with the braids!
Can't fuck, can't fuck with the braids!
Don't fuck, don't fuck with the braids!
Ya can't fuck, you can't fuck with the braids! (Barking)
You can't stop me! How then?
Watch me! Watch me! Ain't gonna be no congress
Drop me, you can't block me, who stop me? Its outside!
You should've known better!
Is it cause I flow better?
They kept me in the shade
But now I'm back motherfucker, the nigga with the
cannon for two
Swinging with the braids!

Chorus

[Verse 1]

504! The doe man, got dogs in when the rhymes go
bad
Make ink on the page, catch flame
Lit light like propane
No sweat, no blood, no pain, no game
No card, no deal, no dice, no game
Giving these bitches somethin vicious!
I got them falling to pieces, like porcelain dishes
I'm dirty!
I get all the way down on the ground
And just wonder, memorize, take a picture, write a
book
I don't give a fuck!
I man supply, ground ripper!
I'm here, lay down and give it up!
Nigga you ain't gonna leave me out my entrance (out
my entrance)
Count a hundred thousand pennies, every sentence!
Buddatt, buddatt, buddatt! Get back!
What's happening?
I rip cracks and pop tapes

I'm so hot they just gotta rock what I spray
The type of guy that write what I say!
I'm so wild, cause I'm round where them crocodiles
play!
(Can't be none there) I make you say, ow, give it to me
(step it up!)
Don't be that way I'm tearing ya, cause they tell ya with
da music!
I been doing this shit, how to train em', how to use em'!
I'm a gangsta, better pop up respect
Take a piece of lectum
Maximum effect ya!
But eclectic, ground perfected!
It just don't get no colder, bet you if I won't effect it.
Y'all niggas couldn't pop a rubberband
You fucking with the man!

Chorus:

[Verse 2]

Bitch bout 55, got damn it!
Get into it, get off, get down, get cross, get tied!
For my Million (son) and my Mychelle (daughter),
my mama, and my brother, and my nephew, and
myself!
The man upstairs, cause I kept it up,
for my niggas, and my rounds, back down
Bout to step it up (step it up)
Put in some cash and some Outkast beats.
Hop behind the wheel and come out from the fucking
backseat!
Michael Tyler! Rhyme and droating driver, miracle rip
plyer!
The fasthold desire! On fire, reach a flyer, ain't nobody
lie!
Starting them out of a team, city of Seam,
with 100 suckers and a busta!
And I'm still clean! Hollering hiya!
Right before I chop you in your throat!
Another rapper say I'm on my way
To get the fucking hat and coat, and hit the
motherfucking door!
You can't stop me! How then?
Just watch me, watch me!
Ain't gonna be no calling congress!
You can't drop me, you can't block me, who stop me?
Its outside
You should've known better!
Is it cause I flow better? They kept me in the shade
But now I'm back motherfuckers,
the nigga with the cannon for the two

Swinging with the braids!

Chorus:

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