

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

### **"Yahh!"**

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Da da da daah  
Da da da daah  
MC's!  
Da da da daah  
Da da da daah  
Yaah!

[Chorus:] X 8  
Yaah! (Say what?)

[Verse 1]  
Break my joint, cut my tongue off if I ain't tight  
Put a bullet in my head take my life and let me die if I  
ain't fire  
Cut me up feed me to the roaches, let me rot if I don't  
rock  
Let me go to hell, burn, sizzle and simmer if I don't  
deliver  
Pull my hair out if I sell out  
Bury me on my stomach without no drawers on at all if I  
don't go off  
Or either lethal injection or straight electricity  
Let the garbage man pick me up and get rid of me  
if I lose creativity  
Let me get forced into sexual activity  
Let me get turned out by three skank freaks if I don't  
bust to  
the utmost of my ability  
Take my head if I say it and don't feel it  
Stop selling my record, give me the money back nigga  
if I don't sell at least a million  
Cut my dick off if I get down and don't get off  
Crush my spine and cave my chest in if I come (?.)  
If I ain't bad for my age and kick ass for my size  
Close my fuckin eyes if you can stop me from sayin or  
keep me from playin

[Chorus] X 16

[Verse 2]  
Snap my pencil, dislocate my fingers and jam my

thumb  
I ain't gon' write no more, tear my papers, strip clothes  
if  
it don't ship gold  
Take my blessed, Baptist Holy Ghost Christian soul  
If it take less than a year of playin my records and  
tapes  
before they can say my shit old  
If it don't bang, take me out the game, call me out my  
name  
Put me out my house, beat me out my change  
Let em read my poem and tell em to seal my doom  
When I'm dead read bitch ass nigga in the ground  
written across my tomb  
Let the breeze take my leaves if my trees don't bloom  
Put me in the sun and cut my air supply  
if I give these niggas breathin room  
If what I'm brewin ain't potent  
If what I'm doin ain't rollin  
Nigga, diss me, make a movie, talk about it on Oprah  
Erase my fuckin vocals, burn my fuckin notebooks  
Take my fuckin tank from me and give it back to  
Goldman  
I quit, my career's over  
Turn me upside down and hang me from my scrotum

Da da da daah  
MC's!  
Da da da daah  
Da da da daah  
MC's!  
Da da da daah

[Chorus] X 8

[Verse 3]  
Give me my post office application if I ain't hear from  
rap  
Nothin if they ass ain't shake and they hands ain't clap  
Take my happiness if it just so happens I ain't happenin  
Let something happen to me if I ain't hardcore at it  
maximum  
Flip the dial change the channel if I can't handle  
Forget me if I leave this bitch  
before I put my fuckin Grammy on the mantle  
Let my next fifty concerts get cancelled  
If I'm scared in front the camera  
Then take my fuckin talent, take me from my family  
Sneak me, fuck over me if I don't represent Louisiana  
Jump my fence if I ain't the prince  
Bitch keep me back if I can't keep up with the

presidents  
If I don't run circles around these other rap guys  
Let my mamma Benz catch four flat tires

[Chorus till fade]

That's what the fuck I'm hearin in my head  
Yaah!  
That's what keep me going  
Yaah!  
That's what make me fuck over you  
Yaah!  
I can't stop that voice  
Yaah!

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