

Goldy**"The Game Is Sold Not Told"**

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f/ Too \$hort

[Goldy]

Why do you imitate us?

[\$hort]

Man, what's really goin on?

[Goldy]

Tired of all you bustas imitatin the Oakland shit

[\$hort]

Tryin to tell you

Spittin that Oakland slang and that Oakland game in
y'all raps

Really though

[VERSE 1: Goldy]

The game is sold, not told, stop holdin your hand out
and wantin a freebee

I'm from Oakland, you can never be me, so stop ridin
my dick and makin it greasy

Easy to take what's Oakland's, you klepto, you stepped
though

When we asked your ass who started that 'bitch' word
sayin from the get-go

(Biaatch) In 1982 I heard it from Too \$hort

Moms and pops said, "Turn it off", but you stuck and
said, "Fuck rap from New York"

Cause your dick got hard, but you ain't seen a pussy or
been in one

Listen to \$hort, be ready to mack some bitches when
it's done

It's some of that mackish Oakland street shit, 'bitch'
wasn't no secret

But it got famous when we said it when that beat hit

When \$hort dropped, niggas rappin now was infants

We taught you the pimp-player-mack game cause you
didn't know the difference

You took the game and twist it, bent it out of shape

Payin a bitch, givin her free dick, savin, just without a
cape

Mark, afraid they call your woman a bitch and put that
bitch in her place

Keepin her payin you cash and put your dick in her face

Brims, perms, Caddy's with the 5th wheel

We told you some of the game you ran, wouldn't,
couldn't sit still

So now it's time to take back what you stole, and make
you fold

Bitch, because the game is sold, not told

[\$hort]

Spit that shit, nigga

Oaktown in the house

It's still goin on

[VERSE 2: Too \$hort]

Now take my bitch, she won't complain about shit,
cause she's my hoe

So let the game out-slick and hit a high note

And then scream out 'bitch!' and let em all know you
love Too \$hort, biatch

Now everybody wanna pimp, mack hats on a simp,
niggas frontin on a pimp

I'm from Oakland, California where _The Mack_ was
made

Grab a pen, start pimpin, like that, you're paid

But your game is shallow, not pimpin, you a car thief

Worse than a fake gangster rap to a hard beat

I tell it like it is, not sittin at the house thinkin music biz

I got love for the pimp game, niggas stop dissin

Daddy's in the house, and when you hear, pops listen

Next time you start mackin in a studio session

I got to charge his punk ass for lessons

Cause he wanna be \$hort Dog so damn bad, y'all

Bitin on my dick tryin to show that ass off

Workin that image just like me

But the game is sold, it don't come for free

And I won't say "please" when I collect my fees

Bow down, little nigga, drop to your knees

And recognize the original pimps on the mic

Too \$hort, Blowfly and Dolemite

[\$hort]

Sho' ain't you, little nigga

[Goldy]

Yeah, sho' the fuck ain't you busta-ass imitatin-ass
niggas

Recognize who started this shit

Let me ask you marks some questions

Check it out

Where'd you get yo funk from?

Muthafucka got it from Oakland, California, niggas

Where'd you get yo game from?

[\$hort]

Eastside, Westside, Northside

[VERSE 3: Goldy]

Watchin the muthafuckin _Mack_ starrin Goldie, Frank
Ward and Pretty Tony

All about that real Oakland mack shit, busters, not no
phoney

Dressin up like the old days, the player's ball ain't
Halloween

We give one in Oakland every year, stay home and
keep your collar clean

Cause you're not like a player, more like a shade-tree,
better yet a rest haven

Tuck your dick in your ass and watch your chest cave in

Where I'm from niggas be mackin hoes for bread and
water

Mackin they wife, cause stackin is life and times is
gettin harder

All of a sudden you don't know

That \$hort said never love a bitch or a hoe?

Mark, so recognize that you learned it from the
legendary Too \$hort

You stole that image and stole that game, we claim
that shit that you wrote

The slow beat, fat bass, and funky bassline

With a name like Mike Dog get bit from \$hort Dog, I
know it taste fine

Like givin a fool a ounce of coke, keepin his ass from
goin broke

When he get rich don't give you shit, you saw him, but
he never spoke

What? What part of the game is that?

We gave you the sack and gave you the game to run it

Without this Oakland game you wouldn'ta done it

You midget rat bastard, you should be blasted for the
dicks you rode

To get the game, cause it's sold, not told

[\$hort]

Nigga taught he's listen to a couple of rap tapes, man

And be a pimp, you know

I guess it had to be that nigga

Oaktown

[VERSE 4: Too \$hort]

Wear that hat like me, nigga, act like me

But I bet that muthafucka won't get fat like me

Cause it's more than a pimpin-ass image and a style

I been doin this for years, gettin bitches all the while

A real player gotta know how to lay his shit

Fake players get a bitch and don't be sayin shit

You a player? You get teased sometimes

I'm a pimpin-ass nigga makin g's for lines

Some call it gangster rap, even though it ain't

Won't nobody get shot while I spit this game
So call the pimp police, and just hold it
I put the game to the beat, and niggas stole it
Now some wanna-be from Oakland pimp
Knocked two bitches, ain't broke em in
You ask me, that shit is foul
You want some money? Can't get it now
You gotta change your style, you can't pimp no more
My old tapes still sit in the record store
Sellin more than yo new shit do
You said you had bitches, nigga, who pimped who?
Cause you're workin in a warehouse now
Bout to blow your brains out tryin to wear my style out
You shoulda picked some other songs to rap
Cause Oakland, California is the home of _The Mack_
And it's sold not told, nigga
The game
The muthafuckin game

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