

## Green Jelly

### "The Game is Sold Not Told"

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[ 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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