

## **Too \$hort Feat. E-40 "This My One"**

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Uhh, where I stay, they gotta temper they locks  
Get they hair done down at Nappy or Not  
(Bay area)

No funk abusin' the cops  
Droppin' off yola in the Wal-Mart parkin' lot  
(Parkin' lot)  
Hustle in our arteries, re-up and re-cop  
(Cop)

Cemeteries, mortuaries, tryin' to get guap'  
(Uhh)  
Drugs, fetti and sex  
Chicken one day, fed goods the next  
(Uhh)

I got a cold conversation  
Could talk a cop out a ticket in front of the police station  
My niggaz know I'm a patient  
When you're funkkin' or beefin' all it takes is a little  
patience

(Uhh)  
Gotta be slick and sly  
I ain't gon' kill nuttin' and I ain't gon' let nuttin' die  
Looted up, suited up, rap for fun  
Wanna hear this black right here? Nigga say, this my  
one

Droop-E made the black, sic'wid'it hog  
Who that rappin' on the track? 40-Wat' and \$hort Dawg  
(At the bank they call us Earl and Todd)  
(We up all night hustlin' hard)

Uhh, this my one  
(Can't stop won't stop}  
(We gotta get it how we get it)  
This my one  
(Like the beat hear knocks)  
This my one  
(Got 'em all in the clubs yellin')  
This my one

Things can't stay the same  
Somebody gotta break the chain  
Put some big money back in the game  
We havin' big money and we at it again

But can you handle it mayne  
Or would rather be grimy doin' scandalous thangs?  
You wanna ball, you can't tell him he ain't  
'Cause if the music don't pay, he gon' sell 'em the  
'caine

All the crack babies are growin' up now  
They got add, throw it up and act wild  
Extra hyper, she asked me if I like her  
Slow down, girl, you move faster than a Viper

You're too freaky, you're way too sleazy  
You could make some money but you give it up easy  
Can't even get a coke dealer  
You a broke bitch fuckin' with a broke nigga

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Uhh, I play my position  
So much throb in the trunk got the CD player skippin'  
(CD player skippin')  
I'm smokin' and sippin'  
Hood life, speed bumps in the residential district

Uhh, pimpin' this the anthem  
Got the Chrysler lips, lookin' like a phantom  
Like a phantom, I burn rubber on a hater  
If it ain't about yaper, I'm hit the 'ccelerator

Me and E-40, we rap for money  
On funky-ass tracks with slappin' drumbeats  
Pay me up front 'cause I'm not a dummy  
Promoters like bitches when I'm hot they want me

And that's all the time  
I stay on tour, knockin' all the dimes  
I can't name 'em, the list is long  
But when they hear that bass shit they say this my one

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