

## **Too Much On The Beat**

### **"Tell Shorty"**

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#### Chorus

Tell shorty I love her  
Tell shorty I need her  
Tell shorty not to cry  
My love for her  
Will never die

#### Verse 1 [Malique]

Remember Jenny?  
The witch who  
Really drove me delirious  
And ever since  
I never took a gurlie serious  
Well I was heartbroke  
And straight up revengeful  
Looked up in the mirror  
Saw some playa' potential  
I started workin' out  
Just like a mad man  
Learned some rap slang  
Even started off a rap band  
I called it Too Phat  
Now anybody heard of 'em?  
I don't know why  
But some gurlies  
Are crazy over 'em  
The story goes  
I met all kinds of creatures  
Some dime pieces  
Some fly chicks wit' fine features  
Some were ugleeeh  
Some were so so  
But the "hey, he's just a friend" type  
Is a no no  
'Cause through experience  
It's not worth it  
It's uncool  
And any guy  
Who fights over a gurlie  
Is a dumb fool  
You feelin' me?

This little Bill Bellamy  
Now all the shorties  
Wanna chill with me  
I was like  
Damn, I never felt great till lately  
Makin' all the gurlies  
Who date me  
Hate me  
And usually I'll be gettin'  
Those who I planna'  
Except for two model chicks  
Noarlene and Hannah  
But then aaa  
I had Nana, Nini, Susan  
Make 'em fall in love  
And at the end  
I confuse 'em  
I get bored  
And dump 'em  
No reason gave  
Just get a friend to go tell 'em  
This what I said  
Now lie it...

Chorus  
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Verse 2 [Joe Flizzow]  
Yo, I ain't never been the type  
To break a woman's heart  
But sometimes  
I sing 'em this song  
When it's time to part  
When it's time to go  
No you can't be with Big Joe  
I tell 'em trust me girl  
In due time you'll know  
Rather break if off early  
Before they in too deep  
Before I lose interest  
Before I start to cheat  
See I don't like that  
I play my game  
With some respect cat  
Leave 'em still loving me  
So later still can tap that  
Some szex with the ezex

No strings attatched  
Y'all playaz feeling me?  
See I like dzat  
These o's think  
I'm a celebrity?  
And I'm gonna  
Write them a song  
On my next CD  
Well you right 'cause  
This song is about you B  
Or how it's about to be  
I love you girl  
But it ain't meant to be  
I know that don't make sense  
I took your innocence  
Babe I promise that  
We'll still be friends... What  
Might be a lame  
And cowardly reason  
To get away  
But I got that ish  
A lot way back in the day  
Ain't gon' lie say  
I ain't never got played  
Ask my homie K-Laid  
I've been down  
And been betrayed  
We called 'em the ish  
That's every man's unicorn  
The one that got away  
Left you with your heart torn  
But know I'm on my feet  
Life is sweet lets get in on  
And when it's time to exit  
That's it  
Peep this song  
I'm sorry shorty...

#### Chorus (2x)

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#### Bridge

Please don't tell my shorty why  
Please don't tell her it's a lie  
Tell her that she's still a dime  
Yeah that's why she can't be mine  
Baby bye bye hugs and kisses

Fly lies, love and misses  
You can't be my Mrs.  
So goodbye!

Verse 3 [Malique]  
Yo, whuttup cheeky  
I'm Liquey  
A tad picky  
Specialize in heartbreaks  
And 2 inch hicky  
That's how I picked up  
This curly chic Asha  
Last year  
Walked passed her  
At Mc D's at the cashier  
Nearly crashed her  
Didn't know she had a man  
Till this dude called me up  
I said, "I'm just a friend!"  
Then I met this really cute thang  
Sarah, a VJ  
The problem is she in Jakarta  
Me in PJ  
Came Catherine, a model  
A stunning looker  
When she caught me  
With her bestfriend Luna  
It shook her  
Luca, Stephanie, Daphne, Janice  
Rachel, Kimmy was the president's niece  
Peace!!!  
To all the hearts that I broke on tour  
At least 5 in Indo  
And 4 in Singapore  
But back home  
You know I got scores for sure  
Just tell me  
What type you lookin' for  
I had a chick in showbiz  
She liked to slow kiss  
But I dumped her  
She had halitosis  
Hana, a half Japanese chick  
Friends with Shukri  
Bed wrecker  
Made me go "Yukkuri, yukkuri!"  
Cookery expert  
MILF named Yuzi  
Chilled wit' her two kids  
In their jac'causei  
The Jaguar chick

I met at the red lights  
Gimme ten seconds flat  
Imma get my mack right  
Now the list it goes on  
Till the break of dawn  
Yeah I'm strictly white lyin'  
When I'm singin' this song  
Young playaz sing along  
To shoo pigeons  
Who either plain wack  
Or love you  
For wrong reasons  
Like the chicks  
Who only want me  
Cause I'm popular  
Not because that I'm simply  
A fly fella'  
So to all the hearts I broke  
I mean many  
Don't blame it on me honey  
Blame Jenny...

#### Chorus

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#### Verse 4 [Joe Flizzow]

I'm lookin' for a ride or die chick  
Down \*\*\* chick  
That drive her own whips  
Had Monique  
Fly trick  
Used to buy me force kicks  
Loved to watch pawn flicks  
But couldn't really suck it  
Had to kick her out quick  
Met a half Latin chick in Ipoh  
Her mom was from Rio  
Company CEO  
But damn she had BO  
Adios senorita  
Then I met Anita  
But messed around with Rita (Ain't that her sista?)  
I'm the type of kid  
That could give Stella  
Her groove back  
Never drop corny lines like  
"Baby, you're Too Phat"

Don't do that  
I drop conversations worthwhile  
That stimulate minds  
And tend to generate smiles  
Operate with style  
How I do is hard to say  
Call me Big J  
Hugh Heffner protege  
See I ain't met a girl  
That could get down with me  
And blow my mind  
That's why I still  
Play around you see?  
Ya'll think  
I got a thing for flings?  
Well you wrong  
See until I meet  
The girl of my dreams  
I'll keep my game strong  
Keep my game fly  
Keep telling white lies  
Never deal with a trick  
To say my bye bye's  
Somebody please tell shorty  
That it's over  
Somebody go tell shorty  
That I love her  
This is for the better  
Believe my story  
It ain't you  
It's me shorty  
Believe I'm sorry  
C'mon now...

Chorus  
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