

Fascination

"Can't Stay Away"

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Intro:

Yeah thats right baby
You rolling to the sounds of Too \$hort
Album #11 (Just Can't Stay Away)
You knew I couldn't stay away (can't stay away)
Dedicated to the funk baby
Thats how we do this, we been doing this

Verse One:

So I made a new album
Fresh out of retirement
I can't stay away, I'm ready to ride again
I could do it for the money, I'd rather do it for the fans
Break out my old caddy, I'd knew he'd understand
See I don't stop rapping, so how could I retire
I had to re negotiate, Cause the stakes were getting
higher
Lawsuits and jail, partnerships fail
Didn't have a drivers lisenice, so I was always making
bail
Three years ago I told Jive: get my scрил
They gave a nigga millions with the same shit deal
You know I gotta live so I might as well learn
I'd be the first motherfucker to tell you I got burned
So I retired, started all over again
I put the game down like an Oakland pimp (Oakland
pimp)
And now I get payed like the NBA
First class on that ass, every game we play
Fuck your attitude bitch, you ain't hurting me
I'm felling to cool, I'm rolling three times Barkley
You can get your ass out and walk home
I'll find another young broad and get my fuck on
So please don't trip, in my cadillac bitch
Maybe some other time cause I ain't having that shit
Right now I'm about to lean to the left
Wipe that frown off your face bitch I mean what I said
I'm bout to bump this beat, I'm wasting time talking
Keep fucking with me and they goin find their ass
walking

I'm to the next level, but I keep on rapping
This shit I be doing just ain't suppose to happen
What you know about the motherfucking east side
connection
Hitting backstreets in my motherfucking oldschool
flexing
Niggas on the eastside we ain't no punks
Made em get four way stop signs and speedbumps
Always highspeed chasing everyday and night
They call me \$ir Too \$hort bitch you better say it right
I had to look past rap music and R&B
I be a leader and watch this niggas follow me
I could be 40, album 15 it wouldn't matter
I probably got way more rhymes then all you rappers
I know i got more songs then you ever made
I stayed on the charts and I stayed paid
So don't come around me bragging bout the shit you
achieved
Cause I know excalty what you and me need
To be in two different places all the time
I ain't concerned with yours so stay the fuck up out of
mine
I own all my shit so you can't destoy it or enjoy it
unless I say so and motherfuckers better know it
If you living really good it ain't nuttin but fate
I love to see a new rapper doing something great
When I hear a funky base line I always pay attention
I spit these pimp ass rhymes cause hoes love the way
I mention pimp shit all the time
18 years of making music, I bring square bitches to my
house
and watch her straight get loose wit it
Too \$hort baby can't never stop funkking
I've been doing this for years and I got hella songs that
bumping
All you hang-around-a-long-time, one-hit-havin
Got no love for this rap music, you need to stop
rapping
I thought you was jealous of my bitches and cars
But you just mad that your shit ain't hitting like ours
I'm so real about these beats, I tell all my freaks
At the studio, bitch don't bother me
Its all about the funk, live bass
Trinity, MPC, JV-2080, dump some chords with the
vintage keys
You hear what I'm saying, learn from my example
Break out the instruments and stay away from the
samples
Get your publishing for everything you write
Instead of selling it keep it for the rest of your life
So just take my advice and don't quit

Cause if you do, you won't get shit, beyatch

Outro:

\$hort Dawg on the motherfucking microphone spitting
that real game

Album # 11, Just can't stay away

Its on, Once again its on

Too \$hort records, in Platinum we trust, believe that

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