

## **Junior M.A.F.I.A. F/ Lil Caesar, Lil' Kim**

### **"Dead or Alive"**

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I heard there was a rumor Too \$hort was dead  
Walked in the house and got shot in the head  
I know you don't believe it, if you do you're wrong  
How can I die and rock it all night long?  
I'm Too \$hort baby, spit that rap  
I put Oakland, California on the map  
It's so hard, got you telling lies  
Can't hold me back so you say I died  
It's incredible, I came back to life  
I never let 'em bury me without my mic  
I keep breathing, don't stop that breath  
Now everybody's talking about Too \$hort's death  
Am I a zombie, or something close?  
I'm not Casper, I mack all the ghosts  
Oaktown style is the only way  
I catch a new freak every day  
It's not the Yellow Brick Road, it's called the Foothill  
Strip  
Stand on your toes, make your heels go click  
Three times, it's no place like home  
So why you wanna bury me all alone  
I bring a new meaning to underground rap  
Dead or Alive, I'm still Born to Mack  
Always on the pop charts, straight rapping  
I'm not dead, I'm just macking

So as the word turns, I'm a living soul  
I even heard a rumor that I overdosed  
I'm not a reincarnation of something old  
Like King Tut I was buried in gold  
Why you wanna cry when I'm still living?  
Word got out and the rumors started spreading  
My momma, called one night  
Said "Todd, are you all right?  
The whole family's got the Too \$hort blues  
I heard it last night on the evening news"  
And that's bad, it's not even true  
I told my momma like this "Let's sue"  
So many times, I heard I died  
I guess I'm like a cat and I got nine lives  
Well I'm the P-L-A, Y-E-R

I lay bunnies, like Hugh Heffner  
I'm her flavor, kinda saucy  
I lay back and let the young freak toss me  
Even if she don't like serving a pimp  
I'm still living, so let's do it again  
I keep rapping, hard as hell  
Cause your rumors make my records sell  
If you continue, I'll soon be rich  
Riding around town going "Biiiitch!"

People always say "Too \$hort can't rap"  
Now I drive a Benz and my bank is fat  
It's like crap, put a "c" on a rhyme  
Ain't nothing left homie but a scandalous crime  
I'm the best damn rapper you could ever hate  
Say I died on the freeway in the earthquake  
Say I'm washed up, say I'm through  
But the fact still stands I'm better than you  
You got rhymes? Well I got more  
I take you on a trip to my rappin' store  
You find rhymes and raps, poems and caps  
Way more raps than any rapper could rap  
Cause if you rap like me, he wouldn't have to be  
Weak on the mic like my boy MC  
It don't stop, to the funky beat  
I know you like dancing with a real big freak  
I can't dance, but I sure can rhyme  
I sold a million, in '89  
And if you didn't know baby, it's the 90's now  
Old Short Dog got a new breakdown  
I went to Miko's, fresh candy paint  
Now I'm doing things that the suckers can't  
If I was dead, they'd call it "Dead Man's Rap"  
But on the real, Short Dog is back

Funk funky, off the Parliament  
I'm still living, so let's do it again  
It's incredible, even if I die  
I never let 'em bury me without my mic  
I bring a new meaning, to underground rap  
Dead or alive, I'm still Born to Mack  
I say "What's up" to my homies in Santa Rita  
Right about now I know you need a  
Too \$hort rhyme to get you through the day  
Oaktown style is the only way  
I came up, and now I've sworn  
To rock this mic til I can't no more  
And that's game, straight pop the most  
MC rapper from the West Coast  
Too \$hort, dead or alive  
I still chill on the Eastside

Cause I remember how it all began  
House parties in East Oakland  
Now it's on the pop charts, still rapping  
I'm not dead, I'm just macking

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