

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

### **"It Don't Stop"**

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Funky fresh on the muthafuckin microphone  
Bitch

And it don't stop  
To the beat, baby

Oakland, California is in the house  
Bitch

[ VERSE 1 ]

I tell you, nobody does it better than Too \$hort  
I got so many raps, I know you can't have more  
Cause I grew up on the mic, I spent my whole life  
Writin raps, late at night  
And I never would make no fake LP's  
Sucker MC's don't make no g's  
They make weak, weak raps, and need to quit  
22 songs, and only 3 on hit  
Frontin on me like you want some  
Better sell a million records, go platinum  
Cause I wouldn't waste my time on a one-rap rapper  
You wanna get with me, you gotta climb that ladder  
But you ain't nothin but a joke  
Rappers make money, tell me why are you broke?  
We get paid like a muthafucka, and we get  
A brand-new house full of brand-new shit  
A brand-new car in my brand-new driveway  
I always keep the top down on the highway  
Too \$hort, baby, known everywhere  
Had a life-long dream to be a player  
Way too cold at a younger age  
It was everyday, 'just make that pay'  
12 years later, still in the game  
And you never talk down on a player's name  
Cause I'm (Too \$hort, Too \$hort)

[ VERSE 2 ]

You see, I'm fresh like always with funky beats  
I say what's up to the brothers on 10th Street  
It's goin down in the Oakland town  
Home of the infamous Too \$hort sound

So keep your jealous-ass thoughts in your diary  
And if you're lookin for a leader, you can hire me  
And if your so-called boss don't pay  
The only thing you need to say  
Is "I quit, I'm through with you"  
Pack up your raps, and join the Dangerous Crew  
We got mo' beats than the average joe  
And a 24-track studio  
So forget what you heard, and we'll see it's on  
Oakland, California can't leave me alone  
Cause I'm the most rappin, most rhymin  
Sold my drop-top, but I'm still high-sidin  
I'm (Too \$hort, Too \$hort)

[ VERSE 3 ]

Now that I've established my career  
I wanna help some other brothers out here  
Hook em up and let em make some dough  
Flip Benzes and turn out shows  
Cause Oakland got talent, fool  
MC's in elementary school  
Not to mention musicians and singers  
And Shorty B with his magical fingers  
We get funky like skunk weed  
Light it up, hit it, and get keed  
This dopefiend beat will get you high  
If it don't go gold too soon, I'll cry  
If the bass ain't deep, somethin's wrong  
It must not be a real Too \$hort song  
Cause the first thing I do when I make my tape  
Is drop a few kicks from my 808  
And when my tapes hit the store, they sell so quick  
You can tell by my big fat royalty check  
It's just a Dangerous thing when I'm on the mic  
And the local police don't even like  
The way we hit your town, it's so funny  
It's all about makin big money  
So before I go, you should remember this  
Muthafuck you, damn shithead bitch  
Cause I'm (Too \$hort, Too \$hort)

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