

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

### **"Rap Like Me"**

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Too \$hort, MC

Rap like me, you'll go straight to the top  
Keep doing what you're doing and you're sure to get  
dropped  
Like a trick, nothing's even up my sleeve  
A million albums sold and it's hard to believe  
Well it's true homeboy, it's not a lie  
I used to sell tapes on Sunnyside  
I used to catch the 40 bus around the way  
Me and Fred Benz, slanging tapes  
All these things, that we did  
Grab the microphone and start screaming "Bitch!"  
You fronting MC, I hate to cap  
You make hit records and you still can't rap  
I said it before, I'll say it again  
You don't believe me, ask your fans  
When I walked into Cali, the place was packed  
Sir Too \$hort "Don't stop that rap"  
I keep rapping my rhymes, all the time  
You got no rhymes, so you listen to mine  
I'm not starting a fight, just telling it right  
The best damn rapper who ever grabbed the mic  
His name is Too \$hort, now shut your mouth  
In '81 I was rocking the house  
I'm a hustler, baby, coming up  
I hustle every day and I don't sell drugs  
I don't run no gangs, don't shoot no dice  
Gave the same damn speech to the Oakland vice  
But if you keep pushing, just like you  
When they see me on the strip, coming through  
I break it down so vicious it'll break your back  
With the beat so loud playing Too \$hort raps  
That's it, I'm set  
No need to talk that bullshit  
I need a, Oaktown, big time sound  
Just enough beat to get on down  
So, you other rappers listen to mine  
You wouldn't catch Short Dog rapping nursery rhymes  
Call my rap trash, jam the junk  
Put a sticker on the cover: "X-Rated Funk"

It's just me, you say I won't go far  
But I won't stop rapping cause I rap so hard  
>From here to New York, back to California  
I bumped your girlfriend, don't say I didn't warn ya  
All this time you said she's your ho  
You really shouldn't give baby all that dough  
She gave it all to me cause I fuck so good  
I practice on the girls in my neighborhood  
Cause when I'm freaky I rap, I spit a rap to a freak  
I rarely ever think about a sucker MC  
I go platinum, it's just like slapping 'em, bitch  
Short Dog in the house, starting some shit  
MC's rock and MC's roll  
But the albums they make never go gold  
When I was young, I knew I'd be one of the best  
Every time I made a song it came out so fresh  
I was the king of the Oaktown, spitting my game  
10 years later, ain't nothing changed  
Still the Boss of the Bay, and I know what they say  
They call me "Godfather" and they call you "Gay"  
Bitch! It's 1990  
Your girlfriend's out there trying to find me  
She heard about me, I fucked her best friend  
I guess she wants to see if I can do it again  
You want to be like me, so damn bad  
The impossible dream all you MC's had  
If you could rap like me, you wouldn't have the dream  
Start rapping quit flapping like a chicken wing  
If could rap like me, they say you're so great  
But when they talk about you, they say you're so fake  
And as the days go by, you can't forget  
The way I make you feel like shit  
MC's like you, I've seen 'em before  
You keep on saying "Fuck Too \$hort"  
But I'm a better MC than you  
And ain't a damn thing you can do, but bitch  
On the TV screen, in the magazines  
When they interview you, you just make up things  
You're on an ego trip and you're fronting like you're  
down  
You're not the first real rapper from the Oakland town  
You're just a new jack, and you can't even rap  
You wanna trip? Trip on that  
I'm like MC Lyte, checking hoes tonight  
If you're not a real rapper, get off the mic  
Cause with a fake MC, a song's never complete  
You'd better learn to rap like me

"Thought you want to be like Too \$hort" (Scratched 2x)

Whenever I rap, you call it noise

I'm tearing up shit up like the Acorn Boys  
On 10th street, I got a big freak  
Until you learn to speak, realize you're weak  
Cause it's the Oaktown, and they all get down  
To the rhythm of the Too \$hort funky sound  
It goes boom, baseline's on ya  
Dangerous Crew from Oakland, California  
Bitch don't front cause Short Dog is hard  
If you answer my rap, I tear your ass apart  
Just liket this, it lasts forever  
You make a song and I make one better  
You say I cuss, I say you're fake  
Your eyes pop open like paper plates  
You fronting MC, I hate to cap  
I make hit records with the vicious raps  
I said it before, I'll say it again  
The boy ain't nothing but one of my fans  
Like silicon titties, can you feel 'em?  
How can a fake rapper fuck with a real one?  
Shit, I'm that rapping man  
I like you like the Klu Klux Klan  
Motherfucker want to front on me?  
My posse got a real MC, Too \$hort  
And it don't stop, and it don't stop, and it won't stop  
Cause I'm Too \$hort baby on the microphone and I'm  
macking, bitch

"Thought you want to be like Too \$hort" (Scratched 4x)

Now back to the subject, my boy MC  
Whatever you say, you can't rap like me  
Rappers like me make real hits  
Rappers like you talk bullshit  
I told my boys there's a new Funky Drummer in town  
You're trying to be like James Brown  
If I couldn't be me, who would I be?  
I damn sure wouldn't be a sucker MC  
Cause I'm not like you, my game is true  
I pimped these hoes and I pimped you, too  
Cause I'm boss, and boss makes the rules  
You disobey and you be a fool (Now listen)  
One, remember how it all began  
Don't guess, the answer is "Oakland"  
Two, you'd better learn to rap like me  
Or you like to be a fake MC  
Three, never talk down on a player  
I wouldn't care if you was Fred Astaire  
Last but not least, number four:  
Don't ever fuck with Too \$hort, bitch

"Thought you want to be like Too \$hort" (Scratched 2x)

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