

Tonya Mitchell

"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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