

## Tonya Mitchell

### "In The Trunk"

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It's on  
Where they at, where they at, where they at  
I sold tapes every day me and Freddy B  
Been famous since 1983  
Give me ten dollars, and you straight get blessed  
A rap all about you called the special request  
Oakland, you know I go way back  
To coug nuts, fal stangs, and cadillac's  
When homeboys put vogues on any car  
With 6 by 9's smoking burners  
Everybody got addicted to my dopefiend beat  
Whole town fucked around and started smoking D  
Every rap I ever made was about this town  
I made 7 whole albums with no James Brown  
And even though I love his music, I just can't stand  
The way they used it all up and didn't pay the man  
And after 2 platnum albums, you call me weak  
Cause I don't sell records in the East  
Now what's funky, I say pussy on an old hoe  
I guess y'all fools don't know  
Why some good rappers can't sell no tapes  
It's not the company's fault, the shit sounds fake  
You wanna be in the trunk, with the booming box  
While the young bitches ride on your jock  
You can't do it like this homey, so just pass it  
And stop kissing them white folks asses  
It's like you smoked a whole damn key  
You rap so fast you keep leaving the beat  
I'm from the old school, I love P-Funk  
But now rap music is all that they want  
So when I'm in my car, I play Clinton  
And when I'm on the stage I start pimping  
And when I hear your shit, I push eject  
Then I throw it out the window with the rejects  
And when the hard core rappers go soft  
I like to watch when they ass fall off  
Cause ain't nothing worth kicking like a sucka MC  
And any other rappers ever talk about me  
I don't stop rapping, that's all they can say  
And how I dogg bitches, every day  
But if

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