

## **Tonya Mitchell**

### **"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

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