

Tonya Mitchell

"Nobody Does It Better"

Visit "[Nobody Does It Better](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Funky fresh on the microphone

Too \$hort

Too \$hort

[VERSE 1]

See, I'm fresh like always, I'm comin at you
And you know I won't stop till I'm through
So get on it. now is the time
Too \$hort, baby, 's gonna spit that rhyme
At you, cause I'm jammin, so check me
I play the music, even made the beat
Cause I'm the most rappin, most rhymin
Rollin in a drop-top straight high-sidin
On you, boy, I'm poppin the most
I come from Oakland, don't play me close
Cause I'm a player, love to play this game
I get funky out here, pumpin the name
Too \$hort, the one and only, I just rock it
Fat bankrolls in my pocket
Call me 'the dirty rapper', I'll say, "Sure"
But I'm a young black entrepreneur
I'm an MC, right? I own a company too
Programmed the drums and made the groove
So when you look in my face you see a wealthy man
I hope it's not hard for you to understand
I'm the businessman, it's not the same
I'm treated like a dope dealer runnin the game
And you wonder why I can't get no peace
I'm makin more than the chief of police
I'm

Too \$hort

[VERSE 2]

Now that I've established one fact
I came here to rap
You got a choice to make about me
Can I get busy, are my raps too weak?
Boy, you're too grown, don't say I'm borin
Just because you know I come from Californ-

ia where many rappers get no respect
I'm at home in a tape deck
I get played and played until it's all played out
Sucker MC's come to my house
They want a contract, get signed up
But like toys they need a good wind-up
Then the other suckers, sayin no names
Rap on the mic and use New York slang
Even though we don't talk like that out here
The point I'm tryina make comes out so clear
You want paper or plastic, Visa or cash?
You wanna burn rubber, gonna step on the gas
Now nip, dip, roll the strip
Gonna take your mind on a serious tip
Like always I made the beat funky
I keep your head bouncin like a dopefiend junkie
I got to say it before I break
I never rap fake
Cause I'm

Too \$hort

[VERSE 3]

See, I'm fresh like always, no sweat
It's time to jump back in the mix and get
On it, now is the time
Too \$hort, baby,'s gonna spit that rhyme
I sell records everyday
And still I get no radio play
I got homies, they love my beat
So you hear me all over the streets
A tape rhymes with bass, I make it deep
The kinda tape you'll always keep
So if you lose it, you're not my mama's son
It ain't free, go and buy another one
Like a costume party on Halloween
MC's pop up on the scene
So you made a record, I saw your poster
I'm still harder than you, boy, look closer
Won't say who's best, I just tell you the truth
You're not makin money, so it couldn't be you
So if that leaves me, Too \$hort, baby
I keep it in tune like do-re-mi
With a strict rap tempo, bassline simple
Take that, it's a Too \$hort rap
It's on you, boy, I'm poppin the most
I come from Oakland, don't play me close
Cause I'm

Too \$hort

[VERSE 4]

Nobody does it better
Tell you, nobody does it better than Too \$hort
I take a limousine to the airport
Fly first class, never ever last
Cause a brother like me, I pay cash
Twinkle, twinkle, star in the night
Don't look now, but I'm shinin bright
I know you wanna hear my triple x
Foul language, girls and sex
Well, I'm gonna tell you bout livin the life
Stayin in school and not smokin the pipe
It's hard to be a rich man, don't you know?
When you drop out of school and start smokin dope
It goes d-u-m-b
You're lookin for some d?
Then start tweakin, it's goin on
You don't like it? Well, play another song
I got rhymes, you wanna hear?
I sing em every day of the year
You try to get it, you think you got it
I hope you like it, cause you sure can't stop it
This rap is so funky fresh
Too \$hort, baby, in the flesh
And if you ever say I'm through
So what? I'm makin more than you
Cause I'm

Too \$hort

Visit [Tonya Mitchell](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.