

Too \$hort "Buy You Some"

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Whooh, ah, ah, ayahh, ahh, ahh, ahh
And you don't stop, ahh, ahh, word is bond, word is
bond
Now introducing the sound from the ghetto
E Double and Too Short, what the fuck you thought?

I come with the ruckus, it's my thing when I swing
I'm born to mack, always strapped, with the black gat
Who out there? I swear, boy, wanna get touched
Roll up and catch a slug to the chest, so duck

I talk the talk, walk the walk, now nigga
Five hundred S driving with hand on trigger
Crazy Lestat, check my track record
Everything I touch is gold since eighteen years old

So what that mean? I roll the blunt
And puff the indo smoke in it, I trip in a minute
Crazy holy doctor holding me 'cause I be rocking B
Sewing up like monopoly, nobody's stopping me

Dig it, Funkdafied like Brat, how's that?
I stick and move on tracks while I smoke a twenty sack
Who said the E can't rock? That's bullshit
Suck my dick and get a big fat lick of my balls

You wanna brawl? Punk I thought not
You might get beat down and stomped like Sasquatch
Your girl, like Keith Sweat, I wanna fuck her
Psych, I already stuck her

I got rhymes to make your whole head swell up
Here's an icepack homeboy shut the hell up
I rock the mic with Too Short, y'all niggaz know what's
happening
Everything he touch goes platinum, yeah

I made a half a million in a week
And every nigga on the street got a tape playing me
You can't believe it? Erick Sermon, rolling with Short
Rolled from California all the way to New York

In big Benzes, G-50 up
Now we trying to squash all that east west stuff
We spent years in the studio making funky tracks
Signed a bunch of niggaz with some tight ass raps

It's like Father Dom, it's like Keith Murray
Making millionaires but it ain't no hurry
'Cause we all in it for the long run
I won't leave the studio until a song's done

And ain't nothing really hard about getting my cash
A big phat house with a million stash
You other niggaz got this rap game distorted
Giving DATs to the label, straight getting shorted

Claim you're getting paid but I can't tell
You keep rapping in my ear got me mad as hell
You talk a good game but I don't believe in you
Be smoking lotta blunts but I got more weed than you

I guess I see you on the charts in the meanwhile
Another face in the crowd plus some freestyle
Wishing you could be in the light
Promoters pay me ten G's just to breathe on the mic
Bitch, Short Dawg putting it down with the E Double

Shh, you remind me of my phat gold chain
Some of y'all are just small change
Be a boss with true true game, yeah, yeah
Dig this y'all, my music is dangerous

Atomic Dog, coming through the smog with Short Dawg
Ahh, quick with the trig Jack be nimble
I shoot like G Mob goes lifting through my window
Chik, chik, pow, how you like me now?

The man in the mirror it don't get no clearer
Short Dawg, the E Double and Breed we roll thick
Like girls in C.A.U. with the good power-U
Oww, money is the key to fame

So I can live it up with the girls on Soul Train
The impact, major league dough like Dave Justice
Yo Breed, Short Dawg, show em how we bust this

Like some true pioneers, don't forget it
Put the money on the table, let's split it
We got enough G's here to make us both happy
Tell them fans we ain't running no coke factory
It's Short Dawg the real pimp of the century

Girls get wet every time somebody mention me
I was known for my macking back in eighty-four
I want it all, that's what I keep stacking for
Have things that a rapper never dreamed of having
And I can tell them how to get it just keep rapping

Life's a battle, headed for the new sun
So many ways to get paid, you got ta choose one
Now some of the ways to get paid out is running your
mouth
That street life will keep me tight, I'm talking 'bout

Getting green, dolla, dolla bills y'all
That's on the real, something you can feel y'all
Many claim to have game but you can get that on sale
But ain't nothing they selling to you but Arbor and Gail

I mean Sprinkle Me homey 'cause I'm 'bout dollars and
cents
And if you ain't hauling dollars, well, you ain't holler
In Flint!d rather dip dip dive, so socialize
Get loot from the Great Lakes, West to Eastside

You tramp, trick, hach, I spit
Undergrade if you ain't getting paid like this
The hours of the ATL paves my name
Spitting Mr. Macker izzer are you still in the game

See, I gets paid by the movement of the cut
I've been summoned by the cancer, to testify and bless
It's that, big mack, like scripture is a phat Kodeje?
So hide your hoe from me

Southern ambassador, knocking at your door
Leading a click that's true, checking knowing all fifty-
two
See, all you tricks, best behave
It's that Southern nigga mack from the city of the brave

I got the platinum caul, yes, yes, y'all, so plant me
With the green and them hoes and we can big ball
Yeah, now we rolling four deep, double dosing
Relaxing and maxing to Short and these beats

E Double, Short Dawg, Kool Ace
In the place and be all but bring you straight horror
Representing money, buy you some nigga

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