

## Too \$hort "Candy Paint"

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You know we ridin', yeah we ridin'  
I got my nigga MC Breed in the house  
Big Baller, what you ridin' boy, what you ridin'?

I got some candy paints sittin' on these  
Platinum pieces and some hoe's from over seas  
A mansion, a yacht, and some G's  
Everything about you, thousand motto nigga, yeah  
Can't even tell you what I make a year

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What can you ask for than just to be professional  
When rap is my collateral, for this cash flow  
I got some candy paints sittin' on these  
Platinum pieces and some hoe's from over seas  
A mansion, a yacht, and some G's  
To be respected for the past and the present

Uh, and show my ass at every session  
(Yeah)  
And sure enough, 'm gettin' closer to my destin'  
(What?)  
(Nigga, Breed you ain't shit)  
No interruptions only testin'  
(But I do)

Uh, prove that I'm smooth with an aseditive  
Bumpin' just a little bit better than my competitor  
Hard you better than, you ain't gotta say it is  
Everyday that's the way it is, keep it Manist

Back for some of that, Breed when the funk shit  
All up in yo' ass and get cash yo' ass bump this  
Bob and weave MCs never could handle me  
Thinkin' bout' changin' my name to Scandal-la, you  
follow

Now get the paper with my motto them niggas need to  
get in position  
And go on and hate me if you gotta  
Gotta meal won't you have a plate, I'll have you wait  
Go on and sit inside my Lincoln while I navigate

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Mackin' in my lac and when I stack 'em in the back  
I don't give them bitches slack, 'cause if she's in my  
Cadillac  
She'll be giving up the crack tryin' get a niggas scratch  
When she suck a million dicks the bitch'll get a  
platinum plack

I said, ?Biatch, that's what I said when I grabbed  
Her pony tail and she was givin' me head?  
I said, ?Biatch, you know what's up I put my dick  
In my draws' and zipped my jeans up?

And instantly, you finna' see how pimpishly  
I get these hoe's in the streets  
You niggas killin' me, you ain't feelin' me?  
The bitch got you burnin' smokin' penicillin weed

Or dip yo' dick in some Hennessey  
You'll be a God damned fool if you listen to me  
I tell you shit that you can't believe  
I got the bad ass bitches and they stankin' free

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I told Breed these young niggas think we gettin' old  
I seen 'em gettin' gas down on Cascade Road  
Still makin' money in these new days  
Used to have sky pagers now we got two-ways

We dipped to my house and let the beat crank  
So many placks on the wall you can't see the paint  
But it's loud, you know how wild your friends get  
Ballin' so long been through three body styles and big  
Benz's

If I cut it, in the garage  
I'll make the bitch think I'm the Wizard of Oz  
Click yo' heels three times you swear you seen magic  
Now she's a star, she used to be a maget

Her pussy went platinum, that's what I heard  
Like when I'm rappin', you never get enough of my  
word  
I'm in my third decade of gettin' paid to rap  
Back in the day my tapes stained the deck

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This shit bumpin' mine ain't it, oh you gotta be riders  
If you wanna bum, this Short dog shit  
You can't be in no little bullshit ass car with no bullshit  
system  
What you ridin' nigga, you got candy? You got rims  
nigga?  
Yo' beat ain't bumpin' nigga, this shit bumpin', turn that  
shit up, biatch

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