

## Too \$hort "Coke Dealers"

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[ VERSE 1 ]

Now.. I come from the Oakland town  
Task force roll and rock, cold cracked down  
Young brothers my age making dollars so long  
Drive a brand new Benz with a cellular phone  
See him draped in gold, we call him Big Bank Bob  
Got a ring for each finger and he can't get a job  
Call him trash, he supplies for the dopefiend's tweak  
But what you make in a year he might make in a week  
Cold cash money is the answer to life  
Feedin fat hovers to a dopefiend's pipe  
Gotta keep rollin, just can't stop  
Only two worries are a thief or the cops  
People keep sayin: it's all so wrong  
But the rocks roll strong all night long  
Another Park Street life, the age old story  
And now the coke dealers take all the glory  
They're the ones you meet big time on the street  
I say the coke dealers are now the elite  
See, the average dopehouse will take your soul  
Trade it for a rock and do the same with your gold  
But if you think about it really it all sounds silly  
Smoked out Willie in his washed off Philly  
Open up shop down the block  
And everybody's tryin to get a piece of that rock

Coke dealers  
Big time, baby  
Smokin  
Coke

[ VERSE 2 ]

Cocaine the demon, it knows you well  
Sellin you a trip to a place called hell  
You never even thought you'd get hooked  
Starin in the mirror, scared to look  
You think about life and think it's cold  
Like drivin with a ???? down a rocky road  
Now the rock man is your best friend  
The only one you talk to time and again  
You even tried dealin, but that's no fun  
Before you made a sale it was in your lungs

So the coke dealer now lives on your life  
Like a four year marriage you're the man's wife  
You can hate it with a passion, but you won't fuss  
He's the driver of a Caddy and you're ridin the bus  
You think it's not fair, I tell you it is  
Cause he bought yours and you bought his  
Bought his cars, his clothes, and he bought the coke  
Now he looks good and you look smoked  
It doesn't take much to realize  
All you gotta do is just open your eyes  
You're cold bein pimped by a rock in some glass  
What's it gonna take before you fall on your ass?  
Bankrupt, smoked out, just simply through  
Cold street walkin with a hole in your shoe

Coke dealers  
Big time, baby  
Smokin  
Cokeland

[ VERSE 3 ]

I once had a homeboy rollin strong  
Sold coke all day and all night long  
He made a lotta money and bought a lotta stuff  
But soon he went broke and it didn't take much  
First he started smokin, and all that he figured  
Was the more he sold dope, you see his bank got  
bigger  
But my homie thought wrong cause he could be  
stopped  
The vice squad rolled and the boy got popped  
He was out on bail before he made it to jail  
Wasn't about to do time when he's doin so well  
Say he had a lotta money and some real good friends  
But he was almost broke when he flipped again  
So he got on his grind, he wasn't wastin a day  
Opened up shop and started pumpin the weight  
He thought about the boys that he could not pay  
So he hustled by himself thinkin that's okay  
But one night he was chillin with a freak named Carol  
His door was kicked in and he was starin at a barrel  
The brother with the gun saw him tweak on the base  
Walked right up and put the Uzi in his face  
He said, "Give up the dope if you still wanna breathe  
I tell you one time, you better listen to me"  
As my homie got robbed he lost the fight  
And now he's just a smoker probably totin tonight

Coke dealers  
Yeah, I'm big time, baby  
Smokin

COKE!

Coke dealers  
Big time, baby

Coke dealers  
Big time, baby  
Smokin  
The City of Dope  
Cokeland  
Smokin  
It don't stop

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