

Too \$hort "Cusswords"

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So you motherfuckers thought
I was gonna change my style?
So what are you saying Todd?

To all you bitches, hoes, and all that shit
Here's another rap that I'm ready to spit
It goes like this, my name is \$hort
I'm tearin' shit up like never before

Pimp slaps, makin' snaps
Cold cash money and Too \$hort raps
Oakland, California that's where I'm from
The city where the boys say you don't want none

But if you do, I'm gonna tell you this
Trues and vogues ain't really shit
Wanna roll so hard, all of the time
You and that bitch playin' Too \$hort rhymes

If you ask me, what it's all about, I'll say it's about that
money
But if you ask me, could you have some, I'll say it
doesn't concern me
Ronald Reagan came up to me and said, "Do you have
the answer
To the U.S. economy and a cure for cancer?"

I said, what are you doin' in the White House
If you're not sellin' cocaine?
Ask your wife, Nancy Reagan, I know she'll spit that
game
Like one night, she came to my house, and gave me a
blow job
She licked my dick, up and down, like it was corn on the
cob

What is life? Life is Too \$hort
I play the bitches like it's a sport
Yeah, I'll play the bitches just like y'all
Like Dr. J played basketball

You can call me Too, don't say it twice

You'll get me real mad and I'll fuck your wife
You see I'm not proper, I'm rarely polite
Too \$hort, Too \$hort, don't say it tonight, bitch

It started on a bright morning in 1987
I was in my drop to Caddy y'all gettin' sucked by a bitch
named Helen
Nasty bitches, around the world, I wrote this rhyme for
you
You might not like my rap, but I'm tellin' you bitch it's
true

So much death in the Oakland streets
Am I gonna live till next week?
Will I get shot by a dope fiend
Tryin' to get high, tryin' to steal my ring

I really can't say, 'cause I don't know why
People out here droppin' dead like flies
I used to see a home boy givin' five
Now I say, "Man, you're still alive?"

Cold as hell, the town I'm from
Won't last too long when you're fakin' the funk
I'm the master rapper, so unique
Clap my hand when I want my freak

You can't deny it, you know I'm right
I turn any rapper out when I'm on the mic
And I won't kick back, or relax
Till he knows I'm the best at the MC rap

Till he knows Too \$hort, set the track
They got him caught up in my serious cap
Motherfucker can't spit straight game on the mic
'Cause he's worse than a fag or a Frisco dike

He's a sucker MC, I call him punk
Tryin' to spit that rap, you can scratch that junk
You little punk-ass boy, wouldn't listen to me
Think I'm fakin' but I'm takin' all you sucker MC's
To the end of the world and push you over
Good luck couldn't find you in a four leaf clover

If I ever said a rap, tryin' to cap on you
I wouldn't even sweat it 'cause you'll be through
Lookin' so far up, you might fall down
Gettin' clowned by the hound from east Oaktown

And the look in your face when you're lickin' that tooth
Could make a grown man die, laughin' at you

'Cause you're a, no rappin', no rhymin'
Played out fake ass Simple Simon

I never understood one word you said
But you're swearin' up and down that you're killin' 'em
dead
There's only one thing, I wanted to know
Sucker motherfucker, where's the joke?

I'm the player of players, just call me Pop
My name is Too \$hort, no I don't stop
I just don't stop mackin', don't stop cappin'
Don't stop rappin' now you see what happens

Your mind is gone, your crew just cut
Sucker MC I'll tell you what
Your rhymes are weak, your rap the same
And when it comes to game, you are lame

Never even heard of Too \$hort baby
Hit Oakland in 1980
Singin' mo' raps than a rap could rhyme
Tellin' sucker MC's don't waste my time

There's a girl I know her name is Betty
Straight to the head just rock it steady
She's so freaky she'll juice you up
All the home boys just can't get enough

She's a Ph.D., don't even stop
In the back like that goin', top, top, top
I won't say white girl, won't say she's black
She's the kind of girl that make your knees go crack

Feel the beat, rock with me
Let me tell you what I be
I'm a MC rapper, a MC rapper
A big bank roller and a cold, cold capper

Hey baby, I got this rhyme
It's not gonna stop till the end of time
Like rock and roll I'll play that song
To the beat all day and all night long

So listen up, to what I'm sayin'
I'm a Oaktown mack, bitch I ain't playin'
To all the home boys doin' time in the pen
Gonna rock this beat for you once again

If you can't get out and you're mad as hell
Say bitch, now make it sound for real

I'ma tear shit up, if I get the chance
I could give a fuck less if you're hole don't dance
See I'm a big mack now, I'm so great
I was born and raised in the Golden State

Call me T O O, if you say \$hort
I'ma rap my ass off till you give me some more
Big bank, now just make me rich
Bitch bitch bitch bitch make me rich

Check out my style, baby I don't quit
I heard this freak say, "That's the shit"
He took the cake, fucked the rake
Too \$hort baby damn sure ain't fake

But the sucker MC's are screamin' loud
Sayin' Sir Too \$hort, shut your mouth
How can you talk about me, and call me weak
When your father smokes coke and you mother's a
freak

So I keep on rappin', if nothin' else
Keep your jealous thoughts to yourself
Bitch and bitch, he's a MC right
Ain't sayin' nothin' but he's holdin' the mic
Fuck with me, and boy you're doomed
I send a trick with a hoe to the motel room

'Cause I'm the coldest MC on a microphone
Like a 357 pointed at your dome
I got cap for cap, you never heard
So fresh again with cusswords

Motherfuckin' shit, fuckin' with me
Fuck a skank bitch and a sucker MC
All you bastards got the claps
And fuck you punk 'cause you still can't rap

Cusswords, just let 'em know
Motherfuckin' shit, goddamn ass hoe
Cusswords, just don't quit
Motherfuck you damn shithead bitch

It's Too \$hort, on the mic, and it don't stop
And it don't stop, and it won't stop, bitch
Check out my style

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