

## **Too \$hort "Dope Fiend Beat"**

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Bitch, funky fresh from Oakland, California  
Dangerous Music and it don't stop to the beat, baby

Bitches on my mind  
I can't hold back, now's the time  
All you loud-mouth bitches talk too much  
And you dick teasin' bitches never fuck  
I seen long-hair bitches, workin in stitches  
Her hair ain't really but two inches  
All you bald-head hoes in the Oakland world  
Runnin' around town with jheri curls  
Nappy head niggas like myself  
Get a bald-head and say 'Go to hell!'  
But you's a snake, you's the one  
You bald-head bitch, you need a perm  
So much game when the homies tough  
I make a bitch go who never sucks  
It really ain't life but I just met her  
Now I'm sayin' 'Bitch, suck better!'  
Fuck you, stupid hoe, tell me just what you know  
I came to the party and turned it up  
You say 'Ouh, he's got a dirty mouth!'  
But, bitch, I kept talkin' shit  
Mothafuck you, damn shit-head bitch  
I wanna blowjob and I'm not kiddin'  
Work it in your mouth till your head starts spinnin'  
I'm that nigga you'll answer to  
If I say 'Bitch, jump!', that's what you do  
I'm a fast talkin' conman blowin' your mind  
Breakin' you and your cousin at the same time  
With a dirty rap comin' out my mouth  
And you know damn well what I'm talkin' about  
I'm the Too \$hort, baby, way too cold  
So mothafuck you, bitch, goddamn ass hoe

The dope fiend beat  
For all you junkies to just ride

H-E-A-D, I need a doctor just for me  
To suck my dick like a vet  
To give me head until I sweat  
She gotta suck dick

So I can tell all my homies just what she did  
She sucked and sucked and she's a bitch to the beat  
I'm Too \$hort, I said my name is Too \$hort and it don't  
stop

I love you bitches for the blowjobs  
I just laugh over and over  
When the bitch drinks sperm like it's soda  
I straight start aimin', would I miss?  
Get back bitch, I wouldn't never kiss  
I say she looks so good and she's so big  
But, man oh man, that bitch can wimp  
If I wanna I could rock her  
But I can't fuck no-head doctor  
Bitches don't know that's Too \$hort's tip  
You might get geed if you don't suck dick  
But I'm so fresh, I'm so down  
I tell you bitches the other way around  
If you do me first then I do you  
So the game jumps up when the bitch is true  
Soon as I come all in her mouth  
I smooth get dressed and roll out  
I'm Too \$hort, baby, fresh fresh again  
One MC, one bitch broken  
I tell you, baby, playin' just like that  
I'm the best of the players to the ice cold vet  
And, bitch, you just a bitch  
You work fastfood and you think you rich  
You see, my game don't stop when it's on the one  
I love to see you when you work that thang  
Gettin' real busy at the back of the car  
Rollin' down the Skyline Boulevard  
I say 'Bitch, what are you smokin?'  
A big fat dick in the big East Oakland  
I see my homie, he needs to quit  
She was walkin' down the street  
With a big fat bitch, maybe I'm wrong  
He might get every two weeks that welfare check  
Oakland, California, is the city of snakes  
Pimps, pussies, players and fakes  
The big Oaktown, the city of liars  
Fresh storewires and voltaires  
A strip, bitches, nasty freaks  
My raps, homeboy, with tremendous beats

She's a bitch to the dope fiend beat  
All you junkies just ride

Bitches on my mind  
I can't hold back, now it's the time  
To bust a left nut, right nut, in her jaw  
Opened eyes and guess what I saw

Bitches on my mind  
Grabbed the microphone and then I started to rhyme  
What would life be if it wasn't Too \$hort  
It be nothin' but rappers from old New York  
But that's not likely and there's no doubt  
Bitches like me cause I'm turnin' it out  
I'm here, there, everywhere  
Sportin' fat gold rope, I'm a mothafuckin' player  
Recognize game when it's on your face  
As you dip to the beat and you feel the bass  
Crook it up loud, would be doin' fine  
Pose like a pimp and check my rhyme  
Some young tender dosen't like this beat  
But a bitch ain't nothin' but a word to me  
I can check her, wreck her, or just get paid  
Cut to the house and freak my maid  
You see, she dosen't speak english but we don't talk  
I call her Lucy and she's juicy, makes your eye balls  
walk  
We never hesitate to make good love  
She clean up my house and then clean me up  
So check it out, you bitches  
I tell you a story of rags to riches  
So check it out, freak nasty  
I know you're fine but you look like Lassie  
Bitch, not a long ago I used to hang at the mall  
Top floor, baby, all the freaks I called  
And if they didn't wanna come that ain't shit  
I just drop a few lines and then call her bitch  
Bitch

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