

## Too \$hort "Get Off The Stage"

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*[Too \$hort]*

I'm tryin' to do a show, I don't even know  
Most of these niggaz, I came with some hoes  
Hell nah they don't know me, askin' is he with us  
Back in the day groupies was always bitches  
Just throw 'em all 'cause you can't warn 'em  
Why you wanna be on stage with me? You ain't  
performin'  
I don't come to your job, tryin' to flip your burgers  
I can handle this crowd, I don't need your service  
You wanna be my dancer, you must be trippin'  
If you ain't got big titties, why you up here strippin'?  
You better take that shit back where you came from  
Throw it up nigga... go 'head, bang on me  
Just get off the stage

*[Chorus]*

Get off the stage bitch...  
Get off the stage bitch...  
Get off the stage bitch...  
Get off the stage

*[Too \$hort]*

You wanna hug me, and take pictures  
Talkin' bout you love me, I like bitches  
You jumpin' round like we rehearsed this  
When I called the girls to the stage you was the first  
bitch  
All in my ear, askin' bout a after party  
I'm tryin' to do a show man, back up off me  
Security shouldn't even get paid  
I watched 'em push the ladies back and let these  
niggaz on the stage  
They'll tell you tomorrow, exactly how it happened

They was all on stage with me, while I was rappin'  
Gave me women and weed, then we dipped to the pad  
But all that really happened was they made me look  
bad  
Get off the stage bitch

*[Chorus]*

Get off the stage bitch...  
Get off the stage bitch...  
Get off the stage bitch...  
Get off the stage

*[Too \$hort]*

When all the rappers come to town you wanna stand  
next to 'em  
What you swingin' on his nuts for man, what you doin'?  
Go back in the crowd, and stand with your homies  
I got niggaz out there and damn you don't even know  
me  
At first, you was just chillin' on the side  
Now you next to me, you must be feelin' alright  
I don't lip sing, everything I do is live  
Your name is Too \$hort? Then motherfucker who am I?  
Why you celebratin'? Raisin' both your arms  
You gon' help later? You ain't makin' no songs  
You ain't the manager, on the turntables  
You don't dance for the group and you don't work for  
the label  
Get off the fuckin' stage bitch

*[Chorus]*

Get off the stage bitch...  
Get off the stage bitch...  
Get off the stage bitch...  
Get off the stage

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