

Too \$hort "Hard on The Boulevard"

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Sunshine, convertible tops
You call 'em rags, we call 'em drops
You ride black walls, we ride vogues
You got a girlfriend, we pimp hoes
You say I'm fake, I say you're smoking
I'm just a mack named \$hort from oakland
Just like a tag team wrestling tip
With a nasty bitch, then the homie switch
Bitch, ain't getting nothing but a lesson taught
If your pimping ain't strong, it's not my fault
Hoes start choosing, wouldn't give 'em a break
I pull out my old white too \$hort tape
I'm playing "dope fiend beat" and the shit still hits
Trying to stick my dick all in them lips
She said "no, I never did it before"
Well you ain't the bitch I'm looking for
Cause she's rich and thick and chocolate
Wouldn't hesitate to lick my dick
All my parters say "\$hort what's up? "
See me with a bitch with a big-ass butt
I don't answer, I start laughing
Nothing going on but the oaktown macking
Laying it right, all damn night
Hoes getting sprung like they smoking the pipe
El dorado, mazeratti
Nothing but freaks with fine bodies
I love to roll my mercedes benz
I'm nothing but a player like all my friends
So when you call me fake, be for real
The call me short dog cause I'm hard as hell
Hope your girlfriend's name ain't linelle
I screwed her last night in a cheap motel
Like I told my crew, when the toss up's chill
Humping like a chevy rolling down foothill
Get off the pipe fool, stop cracking
Be like short dog and start macking

T double o s-h-o-r-t
I go solo, can't nobody fuck with me
I'll just kick back counting my bank
No cokes smoking, just potent dank
Funky fresh on the microphone

When you spin that wax, it's not the same ol' song
Round and round it goes, where it stops no one knows
You see me at the clubs catching all the hoes
I don't drink vodka, I do drink gin
I like to get a blowjob from your girlfriend
Cause I'm macking, baby, you know that's right
I'm from the oaktown, straight eastside
I got all my game from east oakland streets
Now motherfuck you damn shit-haired freaks
I go on and on as I sing my song
If you're tender and young, I fuck you all night long
I'm not a no-good punk, I didn't make you flunk
I didn't tell the whole world your pussy stunk
I cut you slack in my rap, I could've macked your
mother
But life is too \$hort so I kept it undercover
I'm so damn hard, on the boulevard
Hoes ain't tripping on me, they wanna fuck my car
Freak nasty don't trip, to me it ain't shit
You can suck my dick with some fat hoe lips
Riding in a caddy with the top let down
California sunshine, cruising the town
On the boulevard, maybe drop my top
If you're feeling hot, don't even stop
Cause it feels so good, I'm oh so sprung
They way you work that tongue, it just makes me cum
I told all my homies, all about
The way I bust big nuts, in your mouth
On the boulevard, we're riding oh so real
Not skyline, I'm talking about foothill
And when it ended, you know what happened
I'm so hard I just can't stop macking

I know I gotta stop sooner, but I'll stop later
They call me short dog, I'm nothing but a player
I know what she's thinking, "i'm falling in love"
But there's another freak I'm thinking of
She's got long long hair, she's not like you though
She'll do whatever I say, she'll even be my hoe
Cause I don't wanna get married, I'd rather freak mary
Make good love and I do mean very
Wherever I go, it's the same old case
Same damn thing all over the place
(nothing but bitches) tight-ass jeans to pose in
I used to ride the strip trying to catch the hoes
They wasn't choosing, nope not these hoes
They wanted big time vettes, riding brand new vouges
So like I said before, I ain't tripping
Told myself it's time to stop bullshitting
Did the gangster walk, did it like this
Walked up to a girl and I called her a bitch

I said "my name is \$hort, I don't play games
I only play young bitches, now what's your name? "
She said "i wouldn't tell you in all my life
You're just a little thug, you're not my type"
I said "i'm sir too \$hort, couldn't be no punk"
East oaktown is where I'm from
You see wherever I go, it's the same old case
Same damn thing all over the place
(nothing but bitches) mad cause I told the truth
I'm calling you one and you can call me, too
Call me too \$hort, call me "too thin"
But you wouldn't get a dime out of this pimp
So just give it up baby and I'll run right through ya
Maybe just maybe I'll come back to ya
Like too clean, I'm riding cadillac
I hit the strip, turn around, and come right back
See I'm a big mack, and every bitch in sight
Says "is that short dog sitting at a red light? "

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