

## **Too \$hort "I Ain't Trippin"**

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I was told not long ago, "Too short, don't stop that rap"  
Now every time I grab the mic I rock you just like that  
8 years ago when I started to rap I use to sell tapes  
everywhere  
It was me and my homeboy Freddy B, yo, kickin' it like  
big players

Everybody loved my raps like 100 dollar bills  
I rocked house parties on 98th, even rocked in the 69  
vill  
Might find me on the mic at hot lips house or at the east  
bay dragon spot  
All the 85 boys with their hands in the air screamin'  
"Too short, just don't stop"

Like Royal Park, like Plymouth Rock, First street and  
Sunny side  
Like sobrante park and brookefield, East Oakland,  
yeah, that's right  
5 years ago I continued to rock and if you haven't yet  
heard my name  
It was all in the papers, on the evening news  
I was stone cold in the game

Around that time, a friend of mine, My homeboy Lionel  
B  
Hooked me up like this, yo on the stage just rockin' the  
beat  
Some say I have a dirty mind, sometimes that might be  
true  
But these are just some dirty times, I ain't trippin' on  
you

I ain't trippin', keep on talkin', you think I'm smokin'  
that pipe  
I got money, homeboy, I even got some of your future  
wives  
Well, my story goes like this, man, I smooth went out on  
wax  
Singin' girl, that's your life?, female funk and short  
rap  
Silky D worked the beat, kicked me down cold cash

I was ridin' the bus one day, next day, I was on the gas  
Everybody loved Too Short rollin' down the strip

Then one day, just like that, homeboy jumped on my tip  
You started spreadin' rumors, man, said you saw me  
rappin' in jail  
No, I never came down to the flatlands  
I was chillin' with the homies on the hill

I ain't trippin' but the word went out, Sir Too Short was  
through  
Can't really say where it all began, so I'ma blamin' it  
all on you  
Everybody use to say, "Too Short, don't stop that rap"  
Now every time you see my face, you say I'm smokin'  
crack  
Oakland, California, I heard it all before  
I'm makin' big bank now, rockin' the crowd, I ain't  
trippin' no more

Now I'm back on top again, I still don't stop that rap  
Every time I grab the mic, my bankroll's gettin' fat  
Freaky tales took care of that, you know I'm comin' up  
'Cause every time you see my face, I'm rollin' all so  
tough  
When I made the cut, the freaky tales, I started  
picturin' this  
I named my album 'Born to Mack' with the cleanest  
raps and beats

Everything was kickin' in, me and Ran kept cashin'  
checks  
Next thing I know there you go, guess who's on my tip?  
You said I just got out of jail, jumped right back on that  
pipe  
Your sister's boyfriend told you, man, I'm smokin'  
every night

Then you came to my show and stood there so damn  
bold  
Said, "Too Short, man, you smokin" and I'm standin'  
here drapin' gold  
I ain't trippin' no more, really ain't worth my time  
So to squash it off, I kicked on back and wrote you all  
the rhyme  
Benzes rollin', beemers jettin' and caddies keep on  
dippin'  
You keep talkin' all that crap, I ain't trippin'

