

Too \$hort

"Intro: Shorty The Pimp"

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Funky fresh on the muthafuckin microphone
Bitch

And it don't stop
To the beat, baby

Oakland, California is in the house
Bitch

[VERSE 1]

I tell you, nobody does it better than Too \$hort
I got so many raps, I know you can't have more
Cause I grew up on the mic, I spent my whole life
Writin raps, late at night
And I never would make no fake LP's
Sucker MC's don't make no g's
They make weak, weak raps, and need to quit
22 songs, and only 3 on hit
Frontin on me like you want some
Better sell a million records, go platinum
Cause I wouldn't waste my time on a one-rap rapper
You wanna get with me, you gotta climb that ladder
But you ain't nothin but a joke
Rappers make money, tell me why are you broke?
We get paid like a muthafucka, and we get
A brand-new house full of brand-new shit
A brand-new car in my brand-new driveway
I always keep the top down on the highway
Too \$hort, baby, known everywhere
Had a life-long dream to be a player
Way too cold at a younger age
It was everyday, 'just make that pay'
12 years later, still in the game
And you never talk down on a player's name
Cause I'm (Too \$hort, Too \$hort)

[VERSE 2]

You see, I'm fresh like always with funky beats
I say what's up to the brothers on 10th Street
It's goin down in the Oakland town
Home of the infamous Too \$hort sound

So keep your jealous-ass thoughts in your diary
And if you're lookin for a leader, you can hire me
And if your so-called boss don't pay
The only thing you need to say
Is

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