

Too \$hort "It Don't Stop"

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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

I tell you, nobody does it better than Too Short
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 Short, 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, you're still in the game
And you never talk down on a player's name

'Cause I'm Too Short, Too Short
Too, Too Short, Too Short
Too Short, Too Short
Too, Too Short, Too Short

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 Short 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 "I quit, I'm through with you"
Pack up your raps and join the Dangerous Crew
We got mo' beats than the average joe
And a 24-track studio

So forget what you heard and we'll see it's on
Oakland, California can't leave me alone
'Cause I'm the most rappin', most rhymin'
Sold my drop-top but I'm still high-sidin'

I'm Too Short, Too Short
Too, Too Short, Too Short
Too Short, Too Short
Too, Too Short, Too Short

Now that I've established my career
I wanna help some other brothers out here
Hook 'em up and let 'em make some dough
Flip Benzes and turn out shows

'Cause Oakland got talent, fool
MC's in elementary school
Not to mention musicians and singers
And Shorty B with his magical fingers

We get funky like skunk weed
Light it up, hit it and get keed
This dope fiend beat will get you high
If it don't go gold too soon, I'll cry

If the bass ain't deep, somethin's wrong
It must not be a real Too short song
'Cause the first thing I do when I make my tape
Is drop a few kicks from my 808

And when my tapes hit the store, they sell so quick
You can tell by my big fat royalty check
It's just a dangerous thing when I'm on the mic
And the local police don't even like

The way we hit your town, it's so funny
It's all about makin' big money
So before I go, you should remember this
Muthafuck you, damn shit head bitch

Cause I'm Too Short, Too Short
Too, Too Short, Too Short
Too Short, Too Short
Too, Too Short, Too Short

Too Short, Too Short
Too, Too Short, Too Short
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