

## Too \$hort "It's Alright"

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I love things about you  
(It's alright)  
You got it going on  
I'm not in love and this is not a love song  
But you've been down for so long  
You should never be wrong

I know it's all my fault, my mind been gone  
I'm always on the chase, lipstick on my face when I get home  
You gotta get on my case 'cause I've been fuckin' up  
Coming home smelling like her, I can't fuck it up  
Call your mama, tell her how it hurts

Tell her I'm a dog but don't say that's all  
I came in first place at the players' ball  
And now I got my skill on my new grill on  
Put you through some shit, girl  
But I know you're real strong

You say I never find a real one like you  
But I never take the time to feel like you  
I put the game down, the way it's suppose to be  
Don't be a punk ass bitch, just get open with me

'Cause I'm a real player  
Ayo Pimp C, I don't think they feel us

There's a very thin line between love and hate  
And there's a very thin line between a fuck and a date  
Girl, you know when I was hollering at you I want to hit  
I ain't got time to get caught up over a girl and lose my grip

I'm screaming, "Steady pimp", you steady trying a change me  
Running that game your mama taught you  
Bitch that shit don't faze me  
Say bitch, I'm Pimp C, I shall be seen again  
But all that shit your cousin told you has gone in the wind

Just 'cause I pimp my pen, you think you moving in  
Like I'ma trick, I'ma let you have half of everything I  
spend  
You talking week rent, I'm trying to whip a Benz  
Flipping the club with pimps like Too \$hort, baby lady  
friends

Talking 'bout your sister saw me with a brand new bitch  
at the club  
Coming at me with high school shit, bitch, you must be  
in love  
Space Age, new faze, I done paid the price  
Hoping you ain't 'bout to rip my stable, she said I'm  
shift  
But bitch that's alright

You can keep your funky ass pussy  
You know what I'm saying? Straight up  
What's up \$hort? Shit go back to Pimpology man  
These hoe know it's alright though  
And if they don't Bun will let them know

Baby, you're hangin' on a rope, it's getting crucial like  
dope  
I can't cope, I guess the situation has lost all hope  
'Cause you've obviously flipped your lid but what's  
done is did  
I'm putting you up for sale for the highest bid

Or an ass from kid shit, you got me twisted  
Little Bun won't be another statistic  
This love affair went ballistic  
Puttin' them messy ass hoes up in my mix like Bisquick  
And thinkin' you gonna leave Big Bun juiced like mystic

Nigga believe me, shit's thick, love's lost  
Nothing's gained but confusion about the pain  
You losing about the same, you can't tame a wild  
animal  
Feeding lettuce to a cannibal, make a grown man wear  
Garanibals

And I can't handle bullshit that's unnecessary  
You can't handle being with a G, I guess it's scary  
It's the very thing that put us together separated us  
Player hated us, and things will never be the way it was  
I hate to say it 'cause, but find another shoulder to cry  
on  
Stop gettin' your lie on, baby, it's alright

I wanna dedicate this song to my bitch

Quit tripping and bring your ass home, baby, I love you  
All 'long as you got my money

You know what I'm saying?  
It's 199 reits, know what I'm sayin'? Straight up pimpin'  
You know what I'm talking about?  
I'm trying to see some papers, some dead ones

Some real shit going on, you know what I'm saying?  
This is Big Bun and I'm out with my nigga  
\$hort and my nigga Pimp C  
You know how players is with bitches on your dick

Pimping ain't dead, they just scared  
You know what I'm talking about? What's up \$hort?  
Ain't no love, bitch  
(Ha, ha, ha, ha)  
Beeotch, tell them motherfuckers at Jive to quit trippin'

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