

Too \$hort "Longevity"

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Ah, yeah
Scarface, Short Dog
Yeah, ah, longevity
Uh, fake niggas

And you can tell 'em I said it
I said muthafuckas is takin' the credit
Been in the game for 20 minutes
And they thinkin' they legends

All on their videos showin' off, frontin' for the camera
One-hit wonders is playin' games, fakin' stamina
I damage ya, throwin' blows to your egos
Flossin' new leather, think you the shit wearin' these
clothes

And supposed to flash and have the finer things
But can't seem to keep your money, 'cause you're
buyin' rings
What is you gettin', 7 or 6, new record contract?
Bustin' your bomb raps but you ain't gettin' your funds
back

Fuck that, I been around since '86
Way before my muthafuckin' mind played tricks
And when Too Short told me this bitch, it wasn't givin'
'Cause I'm sick and tired of niggas fantasizin' they
livin'

All on the television tryna front like that's your car
With a fat-ass cigar, you ain't no muthafuckin' star
What you are is a nigga lost, dazed and confused

Back in the day that you stepped in it is the day that
you do
But on the cool, some niggas been around since the
'70s
Steadily preachin' to us all longevity

You don't get shit for free
Your own destiny
Longevity, longevity

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10 years ago a friend of mine
Asked me to say some MC rhymes
But back then, I said fuck rhymin', I was tryna get laid
But now it's '98, I'm all about gettin' paid

Fuck that bullshit you niggas be on in your videos
Drive the shit your C E O, own
In their home, at their parties, you niggas dummies
Muthafucka, fuck the fame, it's all about the money

And then the power
Slingin' tapes like powder
Everything I own is mine
Don't understand 'ours'

This is a serious business
My nigga, take care of your business
Especially you niggas with gimmicks
Your ass is finished

In the nick of time, fuck havin' the tightest rhymes
You better grind, it's plenty fools dope without a dime
So I'm tight with mines and I prove that every time
Just to let you niggas know I'm out to get mine, that's
longevity

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Who got the freshman flop or the sophomore jinx
Rappers blow up, fall off and think
Been there, done that, about to make a comeback
I'm on some new shit, not like my young raps

I know what you sold, first album went gold
Then you changed the style, shoulda stuck with the old
Flows and the old clothes, 'cause now you fake
You ain't got no hoes committin' foul play

Hatin' on me, but you're waitin' to see
Old school Too Short in the place to be

I ain't backstage chasin' young girlies
I'm chasin' money, I'm in my early 30s

Still sellin' records and I'm still a real player
Can't understand how you still could be a hater
Said I don't stop rappin' from the start
If you don't believe me, go check the charts, bitch

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