

Too \$hort "Rap Like Me"

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Too Short, Mc

Rap like me, you'll go straight to the top, keep doing
what you're doing
And you're sure to get dropped like a trick, nothings
even up my sleeve
A million albums sold and it's hard to believe well it's
true homeboy
It's not a lie, I used to sell tapes on sunny side
I used to catch the 40 bus around the way
Me and Fred Benz, slanging tapes all these things, that
we did
Grab the microphone and start making hits
You fronting Mc, I hate to cap
You make hit records and you still can't rap I said it
before

I'll say it again you don't believe me, ask your fans
When I walked into Cali
The place was packed, Sir Too Short don't stop that rap
I keep rapping my rhymes, all the time, you got no
rhymes
So you listen to mine I'm not starting a fight, just telling
it right
The best damn rapper who ever grabbed the mic
His name is Too Short, now shut your mouth
In '81 I was rocking the house, I'm a hustler, baby,
coming up
I hustle every day and I don't sell drugs

I don't run no gangs, don't shoot no dice
Gave the same damn speech to the Oakland Vice
But if you keep pushing, just like you
When they see me on the strip, coming through
I break it down so vicious it'll break your back
With the beat so loud playing Too Short raps
That's it, I'm set no need to talk that bullshit
I need a, Oak town, big time sound just enough beat to
get on down

So, you other rappers listen to mine, you wouldn't catch
Short Dog rapping nursery rhymes call my rap trash,

jam the junk
Put a sticker on the cover, X-rated funk, it's just me
You say I won't go far but I won't stop rapping 'cause I
rap so hard
From here to New York, back to California
I bumped your girlfriend, don't say I didn't warn ya
All this time you said she's your hoe you really
shouldn't give
Baby all that dough she gave it all to me 'cause I fuck
so good

I practice on the girls in my neighborhood 'cause when
I'm freaky
I rap, I spit a rap to a freak, I rarely ever think about a
sucker Mc
I go platinum, it's just like slapping 'em, bitch
Short Dog in the house, starting some shit, Mc's rock
and Mc's roll
But the albums they make never go gold
When I was young, I knew I'd be one of the best
Every time I made a song it came out so fresh
I was the King of the Oak town, spitting my game

10 years later, ain't nothing changed still the boss of
the bay
And I know what they say they call me Godfather
And they call you gay get with it, it's 1990
Your girlfriend's out there trying to find me
She heard about me, I fucked her best friend
I guess she wants to see if I can do it again
You want to be like me, so damn bad
The impossible dream all you Mc's had

If you could rap like me, you wouldn't have the dream
Start rapping quit flapping like a chicken wing
If could rap like me, they say you're so great
But when they talk about you, they say you're so fake
And as the days go by, you can't forget, the way I make
you feel trip
Mc's like you, I've seen 'em before, you keep on saying
fuck Too Short
But I'm a better Mc than you and ain't a damn thing you
can do, but trip

On the TV screen, in the magazines when they
interview you
You just make up things, you're on an ego trip
And you're fronting like you're down, you're not the
first real rapper
From the Oakland town, you're just a new Jack, and you
can't even rap

You wanna trip? Trip on that I'm like Mc Lyte checking
hoes tonight
If you're not a real rapper, get off the mic 'cause with a
fake Mc
A song's never complete you'd better learn to rap like
me

Thought you want to be like, Too Short
Thought you want to be like, Too Short

Whenever I rap, you call it noise I'm tearing up shit up
like
The Acorn boys on 10th street, I got a big freak, until
you learn
To speak, realize you're weak 'cause it's the Oak town
And they all get down to the rhythm of the Too Short
funky sound
It goes boom, baseline's on ya
Dangerous Crew from Oakland, California
Just don't front 'cause Short Dog is hard, if you answer
my rap

I tear your ass apart just like this, it lasts forever
You make a song and I make one better
You say I cuss, I say you're fake
Your eyes pop open like paper plates, you fronting Mc, I
hate to cap
I make hit records with the vicious raps, I said it before,
I'll say it again
The boy ain't nothing but one of my fans like silicon
titties

Can you feel 'em? How can a fake rapper get with a
real one?
Shit, I'm that rapping man
I like you like the Klu Klux Klan Mc's want to front on
me?
My posse got a real Mc, Too Short and it don't stop
And it don't stop, and it won't stop 'cause I'm Too Short
baby
On the microphone and I'm macing

Thought you want to be like, Too Short
Thought you want to be like, Too Short
Thought you want to be like, Too Short
Thought you want to be like, Too Short

Now back to the subject, my boy Mc whatever you say
You can't rap like me, rappers like me make real hits
Rappers like you talk bullshit, I told my boys there's a
new

Funky drummer in town, you're trying to be like James
Brown
If I couldn't be me, who would I be? I damn sure
wouldn't be
A sucker Mc 'cause I'm not like you, my game is true

I pimped these hoes and I pimped you, Too 'cause I'm
boss
And boss makes the rules, you disobey and you be a
fool
One, remember how it all began don't guess, the
answer is Oakland
Two, you'd better learn to rap like me or you like to be a
fake Mc
Three, never talk down on a player
I wouldn't care if you was Fred Astaire
Last but not least, number four don't ever mess with
Too Short, bitch

Thought you want to be like, Too Short
Thought you want to be like, Too Short

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