

## Too \$hort "Rhymes"

Visit "[Rhymes](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Without a doubt I'm comin' back and if you don't know  
Call me S I R T double O  
I like to say these rhymes, I do it all the time  
I make my own damn beat now all the money is mine  
I carry big fat wives, I treat my girls like guys  
Ask 'em who do they love and they all say, "Tide"  
I'm just an M.C. rapper and nothin' else  
I keep rhymin' and I do it by myself

Could you be like me? I rap my none stop rhymes  
You will never hear pause when I say these lines  
So go on and on, I'm Sir Too \$hort  
Just what you've been lookin' for  
Like PCP or pure cocaine  
DJ universe got you sprung in the game  
You make money, hear my rap from coast to coast  
From host to host, I hear the toast

Too \$hort, love the way you that hit  
Here's to you, keep rhymin' and boy, don't quit  
I say, this is how it goes when I say my rap  
Most times when I rhyme wouldn't be like that  
'Cause the way I write rhymes you will comprehend  
I'll keep rappin' to the very end  
And if you call me fake I'll say, "So what?"  
I got you standin' and noddin' like you just shot up

So, boy, straightin' up I'm still rappin'"  
Comin' at you fresh, do you know what happened?  
I'm sayin' rhymes messin' with your mind  
I didn't want your, girl, 'cause she really ain't fine  
I took her to a motel could've been a hotel  
It costs me twenty dollars but I did it so well  
She had to tell your sister, your sister told you  
Now the whole damn town calls me playboy too

I got rhymes, keep 'em comin', they don't stop  
I'm lookin' at an empty page about to fill it up  
I write only the truth, speak only to you  
So if I tell you to say somethin' then you know what to  
do  
I got rhymes, keep 'em comin', they never stop

I live in California, drive a drop top  
Roll by the beach, look at the freaks  
Jump in my car, I do it every week

DJ's who know call me Mister \$hort  
All you wanna be mothers get no child support  
I'm Too \$hort, baby, gettin' rich  
Get on the mic and then say  
Like left to right, right to left  
Girl, stealin' your heart is like petty theft  
Like ten to nine, three to two  
I'll always be one up on you

Like nightfall makes the sun go down  
Crazy rack laid the beat changed your life around  
From the sea to the mountains the mountains to the  
sea  
All you're gonna do is wanna rock this beat  
It's so rough, so tough when I talk this stuff  
When I get on the mic I can't get enough  
I'm the rapper of the season, fresh and decent  
All my raps are smooth and decent

I'm that rapper known place to place  
For the hardest raps with the hardest bass  
You see I rap all the time, that's the point  
When I walk in the place I just jam the joint  
Singin' old Too \$hort's on the microphone  
The beat's so fresh can't leave me alone  
You see I rap so cool I will not shout  
I keep comin' so hard I might knock you out

If you battle with \$hort that's the chance you take  
So you better come fresh and don't be fake  
All you weak MC's with your weak drum beats  
Tellin' all your people you can hang with me  
Count one to ten count ten to twenty  
And I'll just keep on makin' money  
Life is Too \$hort, I don't stop  
I'm hooked on money like a junkie on top

I got to make it every day, I won't go broke  
Ask me am I rich and I'll say, "No"  
I'm your homeboy Too \$hort back again  
Puttin' Oakland on the map, my rap will never end  
I'd like to send a special thanks to the dangerous crew  
For believin' in me when they thought I was through  
I got rhymes, I keep 'em comin'  
I'm on the mic, I won't stop rappin' till it comes out right

And when it's beatin', I'll just say, "Let's roll"

I make another record and buy some gold  
I keep rhymin' and I do it by myself  
I'm like a one man crew, you see I don't need help  
I get the job done so all you fake rappers, MC's, rap  
masters  
Give it up leave that rappin' to me  
Realizin' young buck, you can't rock that beat  
I rap on the mic and you'll believe nothin' ain't kickin'  
like the big old C

It's just one hard rapper spittin' a rap  
Not three or four sucka's or a couple of saps  
Like born to Mack, I'll cash a check  
Walkin' 'round like a fool, livin' up to his rep  
I'll tell you life ain't long, what you waitin' for?  
I thought you wanted to be like Too \$hort

Visit [Too \\$hort](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.