

## **Too \$hort "Short Dog's in The House"**

Visit "[Short Dog's in The House](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Moving up, East Oakland, yeah, that's right  
Moving up, East Oakland, yeah, that's right  
Moving up, East Oakland, yeah, that's right  
Moving up, East Oakland, yeah, that's right

Oakland, California, West Coast life  
You either play the game or you smoke the pipe  
I became a rapper at the age fourteen  
No gold ropes, no diamond rings

But look at me now, ten years later  
Ask any MC if I rap greater  
See I'm known in Fresno, even the big O  
From San Diego to Sacramento

They'll tell you yes, wherever you go  
And I bet my life won't one say no  
Ain't nothing like a Too \$hort fan  
I ain't tripping, you can play it again

Don't fight the feeling, life is me  
I rock shows in Nashville, Tennessee  
It wasn't "Hee Haw," so don't laugh  
At the good ol' boys getting autographs

In Cincinnati, I know you heard  
I got fined for the cuss words  
It's true, baby, so so unique  
Might slap your man or just thump your freak

I come to your town, I'm not under  
I want your name and your telephone number  
You think I'm faking, but I'll call  
We only got one night to do it all

I know baby it's such a pity  
Tomorrow night, we hit another city  
Cold macking in the game is all we do  
Me and the boys called "The Dangerous Crew"

I used to be local till I signed with Jive  
Too \$hort then went nationwide

I went to Georgia with the Too \$hort sound  
I went down like Bobby Brown

I said a rap and they took me to jail  
Pulled out my bank and made bail  
This is my story, it could not wait  
It all started out in the Golden State

California, where I was born and raised  
I used to play the drum in my younger days  
I just hit that beat any way I can  
Smooth high-stepping in the marching band

I turned in my drum and I started to rap  
Now beats I make, make my bank so fat  
It's Too \$hort, on the mic tonight  
Pennsylvania, can you see the light?

From Chicago, to Indiana  
From Mississippi, to Alabama  
Louisiana, even Texas  
Females, call me sexist

But don't they love it, you know me  
Freak nasty in a room trying to blow me  
Like engine, engine, number nine  
Homies run a train, standing in line

If that train jumps off the track  
Then my brother you will catch the clap  
From Colorado, to Arizona  
All the way back home to California

In Chattanooga, they know the tip  
Short Dog in the house, I'm that flip  
Getting clip, or playing pool  
I can't help it I'm so damn cool

Call me 'Dog' or leave me alone  
I'm riding in a Cadillac Fleetwood Chrome  
With Too Clean, behind the wheel  
I'm riding shotgun, rapping for real

Total boss in the back, give me supersede  
They like to roll 'em fat cause you know we ride  
To the beat y'all, and it don't stop  
It goes on cause I don't stop rapping

Now you know, nothing but the Dog in me  
You make love to me and I still act stingy  
Oh should I pay you? You must be tripping

I didn't buy you and I sure ain't renting

I said "I love you" 'cause you gave me head  
I didn't love you when we got out the bed  
If I could love you, you know I would  
But what you giving, ain't all that good

A little southern hospitality  
You'd better try to get away from me  
I love money, and I just can't fake it  
I go to Magic City and the girls dance naked

I'm somewhat of a hero by the way I rap  
But I'm living like an Oak town mack  
I'm in the house y'all, I'm like peeser, y'all  
Rat heads get nothing but cheese, y'all

Or get slapped, put up your dukes  
I kick you in your ass with my Nike boots  
Some rappers try to be just like Too \$hort  
Can hang with the Dog, you'd better stay on the porch

In Minnesota, Virginia Beach  
Wisconsin, I got freaks  
Atlanta, Little Rock  
Louisville, it don't stop

Kansas City, Missouri  
I rock the house in East St. Louis  
Detroit, it's like Oakland  
It's a black thing, and I'm a black man

To all my brothers in the U.S.A.  
Too \$hort baby don't even play  
Woofers in the trunk, blasting the beat  
I cross the bridge and hit third street

Years ago, I rocked that joint  
I say what's up to my homies from Hunter's Point  
We go a long way back, it's always been like that  
In the days that Short Dog was so young at the rap  
I'm in the house

Moving up, East Oakland, yeah, that's right  
Moving up, East Oakland, yeah, that's right  
Moving up, East Oakland, yeah, that's right  
Moving up, East Oakland, yeah, that's right

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

