

Too \$hort "That's Why"

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Yeah, we gettin' real on this album y'all
You know I'm hearin' all these rumors out here 'bout
They ran \$hort Dogg up outta East Oakland
Nigga moved to Atlanta, ain't got no mo' love in the
town
I got much love in Oakland y'all
You know what I'm sayin' I been doin this shit fo' years
So I'm a tell it to you juss like it happened, bitch

I don't stop rappin', ever since the very first day
I grabbed the microphone, made a funky ass tape
I had sixteen hoes, suckin' ten toes
Game from the "O", an' any real pimp knows
The only love hoes get is what they paid fo'
Gimme my scratch, what the fuck I'm a stay fo'?
I gotta make moves bitch, stack some G's
From the whole stroll to my fax machine

I got money comin' in from everywhere
From New York to L.A., to the mutha fuckin' Bay, it's
true
I'm the man G, I'm underground 106 can't ban me
All on the air sayin' they don't fuck wit me no mo'
I go back wit rap like K-P-O-O
From the very first time I grabbed the mic
Niggaz smokin' burner, ready to fight
I don't promote violence, I'm from Oakland where the
real kick it

You might get killed nigga or make a mill ticket
Move down South 'cuz the town is wild
Now the radio jocks wanna clown my style
I raised too many rappers you support
Ask 'em who they grew up on, Too \$hort
Fuck all that black ball shit, it won't last
K M E L, y'all can kiss my ass

That's why the town got rid 'o \$hort
That's why the town got rid 'o \$hort

It all started back when C and H
Went to T, B, tryin' to playa hate

I flipped a brand new Lexus, 93
Joda Balls called me up, said, "Ya lyin' to me"
He said, "I heard you an' Ryan got the cash an' split it
If I don't get my cut, you mutha fuckaz gonna get it"
It was thirteen G's, all mine, didn't give Teddy Gram
one dime
Now listen real close 'cuz it might be hard to follow

Chris told Ted it was fifty thousand dollaz
Shit sound petty an' it is
But that's how it goes when you in show biz
Niggaz fallin' out, should be makin' millions
Instead of studios, we seein' lawyers in buildings
Then we stop speakin', shit got funky
I don't give a fuck, muthafucka get my money
I ain't never been a hoe, you can't pimp me

I do all the work while you pimp me
I tried to buy him out but right about then
They let the lions out, niggaz start eatin' that shit up
You shoulda never listened
I'm always on this money makin' mission
Sold a car an' a truck in Oakland fo' that Lex
Jock loaned me five an' I was rollin' that bitch

That's why the town got rid 'o \$hort
(Don't believe everythang you hear, nigga)
That's why the town got rid 'o \$hort

I went to the freak-nik, shit turned me out
Came back fo' Jack the Rapper
Bought me a house, that was August '93, time to dip
I hade warrants in the town an' I was hot as shit
Everytime I got stopped, nigga went to jail
Treat me bad 'cuz I was hangin' wit criminals
I wanted to buy me a house in the Oakland Hills
Nice lil' somethin' fo' a half a mill

That's was right around the time Chris hooked Dru
down
The luniz came through an' them tricks got clowned
Rappin' Ron tore 'em up on the freestyle tip
An' niggaz ain't ran nobody outta shit
Then they put it on the town, shit got real
When you was in the fourth grade I had a record deal
You got one hit record now you ballin'
You make one fake album, you'll be fallin'

An' that shit don't apply to me present or past
You can meet me at the mall an' get my autograph
Or you can flash back, if you can do all that

Me Fred Benz an' Freddy Craps
Smokin' burner upstairs in hot lips house
It's been fifteen years an' I ain't played out
They playin' Too \$hort steppin' on a Chevy pedal
Back in the days K M E L played heavy metal

That's why the town got rid 'o \$hort
That's why the town got rid 'o \$hort

Niggaz shootin' at the studio late at night
Seen a Charokee, started shootin' at Spice
At the E-40 picnic out in the park
Niggaz gather 'round fo' some shit to start
They had bullets wit my name but we never got to me
See me sucka mutha fucka shootin' at the street
It was me, Boo, Howard, an' Jock, a full clip
One in the chamber an' it blockin' T.B.
Still tryin' to be my pimp
I could lose my life or give my money to him
I'd rather die before you use me
I tried to buy him out, the nigga sued me

An' that's where it stands right now y'all
Fo' the mutha fuckaz that don't know
Like the notorious say, "If you don't know, now you
know"
Bitch

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