

Too \$hort "The Old Fashioned Way"

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[Intro is continued talking by "Pimpin' Ken"]

[Verse One]

What you rhyme mayne? You always spend G's
How much cash you got that you can lend me?
Think I'll pay you back, think you flossin hard
when you ridin down the strip in yo' boss's car?
With your silver chain on and your fake diamonds
Cain't do it right but you stay tryin
You got big dreams, to hit a lick quick
And buy a brand new house, but you ain't get shit
Wouldn't even know what to do if you had bread
How to be a baller - can you pass the test?
There's more than one way to hit the top
Trunk full of dope nigga don't get stopped
Take it to the house and bag it up
Make that money and stack it up
Or spend it all in one place, what you want from me?
I can't tell you how to run yo' company
And don't start bitchin bout Too \$hort
What the fuck I wanna listen to you fo'?
Look at you, you ain't all that successful
Them plates ain't made out of Cristal
You just regular, plain ol' frontin
You come from nowhere and you don't claim nuttin
Stop bein phony, actin hella hard
Girl at the mall, maxin your credit card
Answer your cell phone, now you smilin
Talk to your girl, man it's been a while
since she left to go shoppin, girl where you at?
She out havin lunch with a player mack
I'm in the background, don't trip partner
Just munchin on the lunch that your bitch bought me
She don't love you, she just used to you
Got your mom and them wonderin what she do to you

[Chorus]

I don't pay hoes, I turn 'em
I teach hoes, you learn 'em
How we get them hoes, don't concern 'em
The old fashioned way, we earn 'em
I been in the game, I did it

I'm true to the game, I'm so committed
I got a lot of hoe money, where you get it
The old fashioned way, I just spit it

[Verse Two]

I'm pimpish, I never let hoes pimp me
I let one bitch get me, and instantly
she dipped to Mexico, I'ma get you hoe
I'ma find you and check you like a physical
I'm not a doctor, but I cut a bitch open
With this game have her broken never quit hoein
A bad habit, I picked up along the way
Break a bitch, and make a new song every day
I do my own thing, I'm original
I was "Born to Mack" when I came in the do'
Just so you know, I got the game from the East
Lake Merritt(?) to Sobranny(?) in them East Oakland
streets
Took my game on the road, became a millionaire
Tell the world get ready for a real player
And so it happened, I grabbed the mic and start rappin
Make that money keep stackin
I made a new album, fourteen times
Hoes screamin out Too \$hort keep rhymin
I got rich screamin BITCH
My favorite word; I hear it on - E'RYBODY shit
And when they say it like me, I couldn't want mo'
Send a special thanks out to yo' Uncle \$hort
Do yo' thang nephew, y'know I'm down witcha
Stay strapped, watch yo' back, don't let the town
getcha
And when you get mad, try to use your brain
Get some street etiquette, don't abuse the game
You know us real ones, you know we never bite
When these hoes start shit you know we never fight
Cause I'd be layin on the ground feelin real silly
All I did was fuck his bitch, that nigga still killed me
And even though I know a sucker spent all his cash
Just so he could fuck and try to get some ass

[Chorus]

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