

## Buy You Some

## Too \$hort

Whoo! Ah ah, ayahh, ahh ahh ahh  
And you don't stop, ahh ahh, word is bond, word is bond  
Now introducing the sound from the ghetto  
E Double and Too \$hort, what the fuck you thought?  
I come with the ruckus, It's My Thing when I swing  
I'm Born to Mack, always strapped, with the black gat  
Who out there I swear boy wanna get touched  
Roll up, and catch a slug to the chest, so DUCK  
I talk the talk, walk the walk, now nigga  
Five hundred S drivin with hand on trigger  
Crazy Lestat, check my track record  
Everything I touch is gold since eighteen years old  
So what that mean? I roll the blunt  
And puff the indo smoke in it, I trip in a minute  
Crazy holy doctor holdin me cuz I be rockin B  
Sewin up like Monopoly, nobody's stoppin me  
Dig it, Funkdafied like Brat, how's that?  
I stick and move on tracks while I smoke a twenty sack  
Who said the E can't rock? That's bullshit  
Suck my dick and get a big fat lick of my balls  
You wanna brawl? Punk I thought not  
You might get beat down and stomped like Sasquatch  
Your girl, like Keith Sweat, I wanna fuck her  
Psych, I already stuck her  
I got rhymes to make your whole head swell up  
Here's an icepack homeboy shut the hell up  
I rock the mic with Too \$hort, y'all niggaz know what's happenin  
Everything he touch goes platinum  
Eyeeaaaah!

I made a half a million in a week  
And every nigga on the street got a tape playin me  
You can't believe it? Erick Sermon, rollin with \$hort  
Rolled from California all the way to New York  
In big Benzes, G-50 up  
Now we trying to squash all that East/West stuff  
We spent years in the studio makin funky tracks  
Signed a bunch of niggaz with some tight ass raps  
It's like Father Dom, it's like Keith Murray  
Makin millionaires but it ain't no hurry  
Cuz we all in it for the long run  
I won't leave the studio until a song's done  
And ain't nuthin really hard about gettin my cash  
A big phat house with a million stash  
You other niggaz got this rap game distorted  
Givin DATs to the label, straight gettin shorted  
Claim you're gettin paid, but I can't tell  
You keep rappin in my ear got me mad as hell  
You talk a good game but I don't believe in you  
Be smokin lotta blunts but I got more weed than you  
I guess I see you on the charts in the meanwhile  
Another face in the crowd plus some freestyle  
Wishin you could be in the light  
Promoters pay me ten G's just to breathe on the mic  
Bitch! \$hort Dawg puttin it down with the E Double

Shhhhhh! You remind me of my phat gold chain

Some of y'all are just small change  
Be a boss with true true game  
Yeah yeah  
Dig this y'all, my Music is Dangerous  
Atomic Dog, coming through the smog with \$hort Dawg  
Ahhh! Quick with the trig Jack be nimble  
I shoot like G Mob goes liftin through my window  
Chik chik pow! How you like me now?  
The man in the mirror it don't get no clearer  
\$hort Dawg, the E Double, and Breed we roll thick  
Like girls in C.A.U. with the good power-U  
Owww! Money is the key to fame  
So I can live it up with the girls on Soul Train  
The impact, major league dough like Dave Justice  
Yo Breed, \$hort Dawg, show em how we bust this

Like some true pioneers, don't forget it  
Put the money on the table, let's split it  
We got enough G's here to make us both happy  
Tell them fans we ain't runnin no coke factory  
It's \$hort Dawg the real pimp of the century  
Girls get wet every time somebody mention me  
I was known for my mackin back in eighty-four  
I want it all, that's what I keep stackin for  
Have things that a rapper never dreamed of havin  
And I can tell them how to get it just keep rappin  
Life's a battle, headed for the new sun  
So many ways to get paid, you got ta choose one  
Now some of the ways to get paid out is runnin your mouth  
That street life will keep me tight, I'm talkin bout  
Gettin green, dolla dolla bills y'all  
That's on the real, somethin you can feel y'all  
Many claim to have game but you can get that on sale  
But ain't nuthin they sellin to you but Arbor and Gail  
I mean Sprinkle Me homey cuz I'm bout dollars and cents  
And if you ain't haulin dollars well you ain't holler  
In Flint I'd rather dip dip dive, so-socialize  
Get loot from the Great Lakes, West to Eastside  
You tramp, trick, HACH I spit  
Undergrade if you ain't gettin paid like this  
The hours of the ATL paves my name  
Spittin Mr. Macker izzer are you still in the game  
See I gets paid by the movement of the cut  
I've been summoned by the cancer, to testify and bless  
It's that, big mack, like scripture is a phat Kodeje?  
So hide your hoe from me  
Southern am-bassador, knockin at your door  
Leadin a click that's true, checkin knowin all fifty-two  
See, all you tricks, best behave  
It's that Southern nigga mack from the city of the Brave  
I got the platinum caul, yes yes y'all  
So plant me with the green and them hoes and we can big ball  
Yeah, now we rollin four deep  
Double dosin, relaxin, and maxin to \$hort and these beats  
E Double, \$hort Dawg, Kool Ace  
In the place, and be all but bring you straight horror  
Representin money  
Buy you some nigga