

CussWords

Too \$hort

So you motherfuckers thought I was gonna change my style?
So what are you saying Todd?

To all you bitches, hoes, and all that shit
Here's another rap that I'm ready to spit
It goes like this, my name is \$hort
I'm tearin shit up like never before
Pimp slaps, makin snaps
Cold cash money and Too \$hort raps
Oakland, California that's where I'm from
The city where the boys say you don't want none
But if you do, I'm gonna tell you this
Trues and vogues ain't really shit
Wanna roll so hard, all of the time
You and that bitch playin Too \$hort rhymes
If you aks me, what it's all about, I'll say it's about that money
But if you aks me, could you have some, I'll say it doesn't concern me
Ronald Reagan came up to me and said, "Do you have the answer
To the United States economy and a cure for cancer?"
I said, what are you doin in the White House if you're not sellin cocaine?
Ask your wife, Nancy Reagan, I know she'll spit that game.
Like one night, she came to my house, and gave me a blow job
She licked my dick, up and down, like it was corn on the cob
What is life? It is Too \$hort
I play the bitches like it's a sport
Yea, I'll play the bitches just like y'all
Like Dr. J played basketball
You can call me Too, don't say it twice
You'll get me real mad and I'll fuck your wife
You see I'm not proper, I'm rarely polite
Too \$hort, Too \$hort, don't say it tonight, beeatch
It started on a bright morning in 1987
I was in my drop-to Caddy y'all
Gettin sucked by a bitch named Helen
Nasty bitches, around the world, I wrote this rhyme for you
You might not like my rap, but I'm tellin you bitch it's true
So much death in the Oakland streets
Am I gonna live till next week?
Will I get shot by a dope fiend,
Tryin to get high, tryin to steal my ring
I really can't say, cause I don't know why
People out here droppin dead like flies
I used to see a home boy givin five
Now I say, "Man, you still alive?"
Cold as hell, the town I'm from
Won't last too long when you're fakin the funk
I'm the master rapper, so unique
Clap my hand when I want my freak
You can't deny it, you know I'm right
I turn any rapper out when I'm on the mic
And I won't kick back, or relax
Till he knows I'm the best at the MC rap
Till he knows Too Short, set the track
They got him caught up in my serious cap
Motherfucker can't spit straight game on the mic
Cause he's worse than a fag or a Frisco dike
He's a sucker MC, I call him punk

You try to spit that rap, you can scratch that junk
You little punk-ass boy, wouldn't listen to me
Think I'm fakin but I'm takin all you sucker MC's
To the end of the world and push you over
Good luck couldn't find you in a four leaf clover
If I ever said a rap, tryin to cap on you,
I wouldn't even sweat it cause you'll be through
Lookin so far up, you might fall down
Gettin clowned by the hound from east Oaktown
And the look in your face when you're lickin that tooth
Could make a grown man die, laughin at you
Cause you're a, no rappin, no rhymin
Played out fake ass simple simon
I never understood one word you said
But you're swearin up and down that you're killin em dead
There's only one thing, I wanted to know
Sucker motherfucker, where's the joke?
I'm the player of players, just call me Pop
My name is Too \$hort, no I don't stop
I just don't stop mackin, don't stop cappin
Don't stop rappin now you see what happens
Your mind is gone, your crew just cut
Sucker MC I'll tell you what
Your rhymes are weak, your rap the same
And when it comes to game, you are lame
Never even heard of Too \$hort baby
Hit Oakland in 1980
Singin mo raps than a rap could rhyme
Tellin sucker MC's don't waste my time
There's a girl I know her name is Betty
Straight to the head just rock it steady
She's so freaky she'll juice you up
All the home boys just can't get enough
She's a Ph.D., don't even stop
In the back like that goin (top, top, top)
I won't say white girl, won't say she's black
She's the kind of girl that make your knees go crack
Feel the beat, rock with me
Let me tell you what I be
I'm a MC rapper, a MC rapper
A big bank roller and a cold, cold capper
Hey baby, I got this rhyme
It's not gonna stop till the end of time
Like rock and roll I'll play that song
To the beat all day and all night long
So listen up, to what I'm sayin
I'm a Oaktown mack, bitch I ain't playin
To all the home boys doin time in the pen
Gonna rock this beat for you once again
If you can't get out and you're mad as hell
Say beeatch, now make it sound for real
I'ma tear shit up, if I get the chance
I could give a fuck less if you're hole don't dance
See I'm a big mack now, I'm so great
I was born and raised in the Golden State
Call me T.O.O., if you say \$hort
I'ma rap my ass off till you give me some more
Big bank, now just make me rich
Bitch bitch bitch bitch make me rich
Check out my style, baby I don't quit
I heard this freak say, "That's the shit,
He took the cake, fucked the rake
Too \$hort baby damn sure ain't fake."

But the sucker MC's are screamin loud
Sayin Sir Too \$hort, shut your mouth
How can you talk about me, and call me weak
When your father smokes coke and you mother's a freak
So I keep on rappin, if nothin else
Keep your jealous thoughts to yourself
Bitch and Bitch, he's a MC right
Ain't sayin nothin but he's holdin the mic
Fuck with me, and boy you're doomed
I send a trick with a hoe to the motel room
Cause I'm the coldest MC on a microphone
Like a .357 pointed at your dome
I got cap for cap, you never heard
So fresh again with cusswords
Motherfuckin shit, fuckin with me
Fuck a skank bitch and a sucker MC
Cusswords, just let em know
Motherfuckin shit, god damn ass hoe
Cusswords, just don't quit
Motherfuck you damn shithead bitch
It's Too \$hort, on the mic, and it don't stop
And it don't stop, and it won't stop, beeatch
Check out my style