

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