

Dope Fiend Beat

Too \$hort

Bitch, funky fresh from Oakland, California
Dangerous Music and it don't stop to the beat, baby

Bitches on my mind
I can't hold back, now's the time
All you loud-mouth bitches talk too much
And you dick teasin' bitches never fuck
I seen long-hair bitches, workin' in stitches
Her hair ain't really but two inches
All you bald-head hoes in the Oakland world
Runnin' around town with jheri curls
Nappy head niggas like myself
Get a bald-head and say, "Go to hell!"
But you's a snake, you's the one
You bald-head bitch, you need a perm
So much game when the homies tough
I make a bitch go who never sucks
It really ain't life but I just met her
Now I'm sayin', "Bitch, suck better!"
Fuck you, stupid hoe, tell me just what you know
I came to the party and turned it up
You say, "Ouh, he's got a dirty mouth!"
But, bitch, I kept talkin' shit
Motherfuck you, damn shit-head bitch
I want to blow job and I'm not kiddin'
Work it in your mouth till your head starts spinnin'
I'm that nigga you'll answer to
If I say, "Bitch, jump!", that's what you do
I'm a fast talkin' conman blowin' your mind
Breakin' you and your cousin at the same time
With a dirty rap comin' out my mouth
And you know damn well what I'm talkin' about
I'm the Too \$hort, baby, way too cold
So motherfuck you, bitch, goddamn asshole

The dope fiend beat
For all you junkies to just ride

H-E-A-D, I need a doctor just for me
To suck my dick like a vet
To give me head until I sweat
She gotta suck dick
So I can tell all my homies just what she did
She sucked and sucked and she's a bitch to the beat
I'm Too \$hort, I said my name is Too \$hort and it don't stop
I love you bitches for the blow jobs
I just laugh over and over
When the bitch drinks sperm like it's soda
I straight start aimin', would I miss?
Get back bitch, I wouldn't never kiss
I say she looks so good and she's so big
But, man oh man, that bitch can wimp
If I want to I could rock her
But I can't fuck no-head doctor
Bitches don't know that's Too \$hort's tip
You might get G'd if you don't suck dick
But I'm so fresh, I'm so down

I tell you bitches the other way around
If you do me first then I do you
So the game jumps up when the bitch is true
Soon as I come all in her mouth
I smooth get dressed and roll out
I'm Too \$hort, baby, fresh fresh again
One MC, one bitch broken
I tell you, baby, playin' just like that
I'm the best of the players to the ice cold rap
And, bitch, you just a bitch
You work fast food and you think you rich
You see, my game don't stop when it's on the one
I love to see you when you work that tongue
Gettin' real busy at the back of the car
Rollin' down the Skyline Boulevard
I say, "Bitch, what are you smokin'?"
A big fat dick in the big East Oakland
I see my homie, he needs to quit
She was walkin' down the street
With a big fat bitch, maybe I'm wrong
He might get every two weeks that welfare check
Oakland, California, is the city of snakes
Pimps, pussies, players and fakes
The big Oaktown, the city of liars
Fresh store wires and voltaires
A strip, bitches, nasty freaks
My raps, homeboy, with tremendous beats

She's a bitch to the dope fiend beat
All you junkies just ride

Bitches on my mind
I can't hold back, now it's the time
To bust a left nut, right nut, in her jaw
Opened eyes and guess what I saw
Bitches on my mind
Grabbed the microphone and then I started to rhyme
What would life be if it wasn't Too \$hort
It be nothin' but rappers from the old New York
But that's not likely and there's no doubt
Bitches like me cause I'm turnin' it out
I'm here, there, everywhere
Sportin' fat gold rope, I'm a motherfuckin' player
Recognize game when it's in your face
As you dip to the beat and you feel the bass
Crook it up loud, would be doin' fine
Pose like a pimp and check my rhyme
Some young tender doesn't like this beat
But a bitch ain't nothin' but a word to me
I can check her, wreck her, or just get paid
Cut to the house and freak my maid
You see, she doesn't speak english but we don't talk
I call her Lucy and she's juicy, makes your eye balls walk
We never hesitate to make good love
She clean up my house and then clean me up
So check it out, you bitches
I tell you a story of rags to riches
So check it out, freak nasty
I know you're fine but you look like Lassie
Bitch, not a long ago I used to hang at the mall
Top floor, baby, all the freaks I called
And if they didn't want to come that ain't shit
I just drop a few lines and then call her bitch

Bitch!