Get Off the Stage

Too $hort

I'm tryin' to do a show, I don't even know
Most of these niggaz, I came with some hoes
Hell nah they don't know me, askin' is he with us
Back in the day groupies was always bitches
Just throw 'em all 'cause you can't warn 'em
Why you wanna be on stage with me? You ain't performin'
I don't come to your job, tryin' to flip your burgers
I can handle this crowd, I don't need your service
You wanna be my dancer, you must be trippin'
If you ain't got big titties, why you up here strippin'?
You better take that shit back where you came from
Throw it up nigga... Go 'head, bang on me
Just get off the stage

Get off the stage bitch...
Get off the stage bitch...
Get off the stage bitch...
Get off the stage

You wanna hug me, and take pictures
Talkin' bout you love me, I like bitches
You jumpin' round like we rehearsed this
When I called the girls to the stage you was the first bitch
All in my ear, askin' bout a after party
I'm tryin' to do a show man, back up off me
Security shouldn't even get paid
I watched 'em push the ladies back and let these niggaz on the stage
They'll tell you tomorrow, exactly how it happened
They was all on stage with me, while I was rappin'
Gave me women and weed, then we dipped to the pad
But all that really happened was they made me look bad
Get off the stage bitch

When all the rappers come to town you wanna stand next to 'em
What you swingin' on his nuts for man, what you doin'?
Go back in the crowd, and stand with your homies
I got niggaz out there and damn you don't even know me
At first, you was just chillin' on the side
Now you next to me, you must be feelin' alright
I don't lip sing, everything I do is live
Your name is Too $hort? Then motherfucker who am I?
Why you celebratin'? Raisin' both your arms
You gon' help later? You ain't makin' no songs
You ain't the manager, on the turntables
You don't dance for the group and you don't work for the label
Get off the fuckin' stage bitch

[Chorus]