

# I Ain't Trippin'

Too \$hort

I was told not long ago  
Too \$hort don't stop that rap  
Now every time I grab the mic  
I rock you just like that  
8 years ago when I started to rap  
I use to sell tapes everywhere  
It was me and my homeboy Freddy B, y'all  
Kickin' it like big players  
Everybody loved my raps like 100 dollar bills  
I rocked house parties on 98th  
Even rocked in the 6-9 vill  
Might find me on the mic at Hot Lips house  
Or at the Eastbay Dragon spot  
All the 85th boys with their hand in the air  
Screamin' Too \$hort just don't stop!  
Like Royal Park, like Plymouth Rock  
First street and Sunnyside  
Like Sobrante Park and Brookefield  
East Oakland, yeah, that's right  
5 years ago I continued to rock  
And if you haven't yet heard my name  
It was all in the papers, on the evening news  
I was stone cold in the game  
Around that time a friend of mine  
My homeboy Lionel B hooked me up like this, y'all  
On the stage just rockin' the beat  
Some say I have a dirty mind  
Sometimes that might be true  
But these are just some dirty times  
I ain't trippin' on you

I ain't trippin', keep on talkin'  
You think i'm smokin' that pipe  
I got money, homeboy  
I even got some of your future wives  
Well, my story goes like this, man  
I smooth went out on wax  
Singin' Girl, that's Your Life  
Female Funk and Shortrapp  
Silky D worked the beat kicked me cold cash  
I was ridin' the bus one day  
Next day I was on the gas  
Everybody loved Too \$hort  
Rollin' down the strip  
Then one day just like that  
Homeboy jumped on my tip  
You started spreadin' rumors, man  
Said you saw me rappin' in jail  
No, I never came down to the flatlands  
I was chillin' with the homies on the hill  
I ain't trippin' but the word went out  
Sir Too \$hort was through  
Can't really say where it all began  
So i'ma blamin' it all on you  
Everybody use to say  
Too \$hort don't stop that rap!  
Now every time you see my face

You say i'm smokin' crack  
Oakland, California, I heard it all before  
I'm makin' big bank now, rockin' the crowd  
I ain't trippin' no more

Now I'm back on top again  
I still don't stop that rap  
Every time I grab the mic  
My bankroll's gettin' fat  
Freaky Tales took care of that  
You know I'm comin' up  
Cause every time you see my face  
I'm rollin' all so tough  
When I made the cut, the-he-he Freaky Tales  
I started picturin' this  
I named my album Born To Mack  
With the cleaniest raps and beats  
Everythin' was kickin' in  
Me and Ran kept cashin' checks  
Next thing I know there you go  
Guess who's on my tip?  
You said I just got out of jail  
Jumped right back on that pipe  
Your sister's boyfriend told you, man  
I'm smokin' every night  
Then you came to my show  
And stood there so damn bold  
You said Too \$hort, man, you smoking'  
And i'm standin' here dreamin' gold  
I ain't trippin' no more  
Really ain't worth my time  
So to squashed it off I kicked on back  
And wrote you all the rhyme  
Benzes rollin', Beemers jettin'  
And Caddies keep on dippin'  
You keep on talkin' all that crap  
I ain't trippin'