

In the Trunk

Too \$hort

It's on
Where they at, where they at, where they at

I sold tapes every day me and Freddy B
Been famous since 1983
Give me ten dollars, and you straight get blessed
A rap all about you called the special request
Oakland, you know I go way back
To coug nuts, fal stangs, and cadillac's
When homeboys put vogues on any car
With 6 by 9's smoking burners
Everybody got addicted to my dopefiend beat
Whole town fucked around and started smoking D
Every rap I ever made was about this town
I made 7 whole albums with no James Brown
And even though I love his music, I just can't stand
The way they used it all up and didn't pay the man
And after 2 platnum albums, you call me weak
Cause I don't sell records in the East
Now what's funky, I say pussy on an old hoe
I guess y'all fools don't know
Why some good rappers can't sell no tapes
It's not the company's fault, the shit sounds fake
You wanna be in the trunk, with the booming box
While the young bitches ride on your jock
You can't do it like this homey, so just pass it
And stop kissing them white folks asses
It's like you smoked a whole damn key
You rap so fast you keep leaving the beat
I'm from the old school, I love P-Funk
But now rap music is all that they want
So when I'm in my car, I play Clinton
And when I'm on the stage I start pimping
And when I hear your shit, I push eject
Then I throw it out the window with the rejects
And when the hard core rappers go soft
I like to watch when they ass fall off
Cause ain't nothing worth kicking like a sucka MC
And any other rappers ever talk about me
I don't stop rapping, that's all they can say
And how I dogg bitches, every day
But if you can't be a dogg, then you're weak
You be phony like a side show freak
Some rappers try to come off positive
Where I'm from that just ain't how it is
They say rap music is here to stay
But the sucka MC's don't think that way
It took 8 long years before I got my break
So I wonder why rapper's make fake ass tapes
You won't get paid like I did, so give up punk
And while your in the studio, I'm in the trunk
You got no choice, so don't flip that coin
This ain't the military, so you punks can't join
It ain't pop, it's called underground rap
From Oakland California and the shit sounds phat
I'm spitting raps to my motherfucking homies
That's why they listen to the one and only

I used to be broke, but now we all used to be
Got no game for a bitch, all the game is for me
And these bitches, can't say shit to me
They could never could fuck with Short baby
I'm not a tounge twisting rapper with a funny style
Don't dress hip hop and dance real wild
But I do sell records like a motherfucker
Even though you might I'm just another sucka
I find the beat and then never switch
Grab the microphone and then call you a bitch
You want rent money, I got pimp money
One thing's for sure, I won't give it to a hoe
I throw a bitch in the god damn trunk
And start slamming that Oakland funk
Short Dogg's in the house, once again
Trying to fade the platnum, with Shorty the Pimp
And when I do, I'm going straight to the bank
Withdraw some money and buy some dank
You can't relate to my motherfucking homies
That's why they listen to the one and only
I grew up on the funk called P
But these motherfuckers growing up on me
And if I ego trip, and my head is fucked
I take my ass back, to where I grew up
And get real boy, it's never too late
Before I do like you and make a weak ass tape
I'm in the trunk...

In the trunk, in, in the trunk
In the trunk, in, in the trunk
In the trunk beating down the block

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