

It Don't Stop

Too \$hort

Funky fresh on the muthafuckin microphone
Bitch

And it don't stop
To the beat, baby

Oakland, California is in the house
Bitch

I tell you, nobody does it better than Too \$hort
I got so many raps, I know you can't have more
Cause I grew up on the mic, I spent my whole life
Writin' raps, late at night
And I never would make no fake LP's
Sucker MC's don't make no G's
They make weak, weak raps, and need to quit
22 songs, and only 3 on hit
Frontin' on me like you want some
Better sell a million records, go platinum
Cause I wouldn't waste my time on a one-rap rapper
You want to get with me, you gotta climb that ladder
But you ain't nothin' but a joke
Rappers make money, tell me why are you broke?
We get paid like a motherucker, and we get
A brand-new house full of brand-new shit
A brand-new car in my brand-new driveway
I always keep the top down on the highway
Too \$hort, baby, known everywhere
Had a life-long dream to be a player
Way too cold at a younger age
It was everyday, 'just make that pay'
12 years later, still in the game
And you never talk down on a player's name
Cause I'm (Too \$hort, Too \$hort)

You see, I'm fresh like always with funky beats
I say what's up to the brothers on 10th Street
It's goin down in the Oakland town
Home of the infamous Too \$hort sound
So keep your jealous-ass thoughts in your diary
And if you're lookin' for a leader, you can hire me
And if your so-called boss don't pay
The only thing you need to say
Is "I quit, I'm through with you"
Pack up your raps, and join the Dangerous Crew
We got mo' beats than the average joe
And a 24-track studio
So forget what you heard, and we'll see it's on
Oakland, California can't leave me alone
Cause I'm the most rappin, most rhymin
Sold my drop-top, but I'm still high-sidin
I'm (Too \$hort, Too \$hort)

Now that I've established my career
I want to help some other brothers out here
Hook em up and let em make some dough
Flip Benz's and turn out shows

Cause Oakland got talent, fool
MC's in elementary school
Not to mention musicians and singers
And Shorty be with his magical fingers
We get funky like skunk weed
Light it up, hit it, and get keed
This dope fiend beat will get you high
If it don't go gold too soon, I'll cry
If the bass ain't deep, somethin's wrong
It must not be a real Too \$hort song
Cause the first thing I do when I make my tape
Is drop a few kicks from my 808
And when my tapes hit the store, they sell so quick
You can tell by my big fat royalty check
It's just a Dangerous thing when I'm on the mic
And the local police don't even like
The way we hit your town, it's so funny
It's all about makin' big money
So before I go, you should remember this
Motherfuck you, damn shithead bitch
Cause I'm (Too \$hort, Too \$hort)