

# Old School

## Too \$hort

Old school, I'm from the old school  
Old school, I'm from the old school  
I came in the door as the story goes  
Looked around the room all I seen was hoes

It's like a pussy supermarket; let's go shoppin'  
Packed like sardines, clubs straight poppin'  
Fuck the V.I.P. section  
I'm bout to hit the pharmacy, and get my head connected

Get me some protection  
Walk around and see who I want to have sex with  
The usual, a nice high-yellow cutie  
Or maybe tonight, I might find a black beauty

With a big ol' booty, no doubt  
We'll have a few drinks and then roll out  
I can't do the "Jungle Fever"  
'Cause it's too many black hoes here that might see ya

If I peep a white broad with some ass and lips  
fine as hell, I'ma have to ask the bitch somethin'  
'Cause I might end up fuckin'  
I don't care what you say, I don't owe you hoes nothin'

I fuck tall bitches, even fuck small bitches  
Too bad I can't fuck all you bitches  
It don't take players like me too long  
To get bitches like you to let me take you home

I got the game from Oakland, California  
I'm Short Dawg, I hope your momma warned ya  
'Bout the old school, do the old school  
I'm from the old school, do the old school

I'm always hustlin', always workin' hard  
If you tryin' to get the money I'ma do my part  
On the weekends, we like to celebrate  
Cash checks ride away can't wait

Fuck crime, I'm bustin' Too \$hort rhymes  
Unless it's bout millions I ain't tryin' to do time  
It's like everyday is Saturday  
So many bitches let me have my way

You can analyze it, all you want  
But I was knockin' bad hoes with no teeth in the front  
When I had no money and drove my momma's car  
I had bad-ass bitches look like superstars

It's the game, old as it may be  
it makes fine-ass hoes call me baby  
I look down and think, this that fuckin' shit  
Seein' this beautiful bitch, she just suckin' my dick

Too many times in a player's wife  
We always have to hear what you squares feel like

Fuck that, do what you gotta do  
I see you creepin' through the hood buyin' prostitutes

I know I'm fuckin' hoes, and gettin' high  
You want to criticize me but you livin' a lie  
with yo' suit and tie, and yo' love for hoes  
You ain't shit motherfucker and Short Dawg knows

I'm from the old school, do the old school  
Do the old school, I'm from the old school  
Don't cross the game they'll take yo' life  
Respect the game and you can play all night

If you snitchin', don't get caught slippin'  
If you blood'n or crip'n, other niggas set-trippin'  
watch yo' back, it don't take a brainiac  
We got a lot of homicidal maniacs in the streets

Sometimes life is terrible  
Y'all say goodbye, niggas say be careful  
Back in the day they woulda killed yo' ass  
for a reason, they might even keep you breathin'

Fuck your whole world up, you can't get down  
Broke livin' on the streets and you can't skip town  
But ain't no slow deaths in the triple-oh  
If you fuckin' up then you get to go

Somebody goin' hold you down  
so you can't get up off that cold ground  
Lights flashin', and you keep passin' out  
You know you fucked up with your bad-ass mouth

Once upon a time they would o knocked you out  
Maybe back in ninety-nine, but fnot in 2000  
Anybody want to do it like the old school?  
Hella niggas at the park with no shootin'

Sunday afternoon, at the park  
Niggas leanin' hella hard goin' by in the car  
Do the old school, do the old school  
I'm from the old school, do the old school

Old school, do the old school  
I'm from the old school,  
Yeah old school baby, Biatch!