

Paystyle

Too \$hort

Aw hell nah nigga
We ain't doin' no freestyles
Don't even know how to do that shit
Yeah whatevah
Check it out man, check this one out

I been rappin' for half my life
I'm twenty-eight now sayin' pass the mic
If you eighteen or nineteen speak up fool
I was born on the mic before you went to school
Talkin' bout pimp shit, you know whassup
I wonder if you mom'll let you play that stuff
Now you're flowin like your name is water
But I'm ten years older and my game is harder
I'm not tryin' to say you're out there dissin'
I'm just tryin' to say lil nigga listen
Before you grab the mic and act wild
Bitin' on the next nigga's mackin' style
And it's all from head, passin' round the mic
Never even care who you sounded like
Sound like Snoop Dogg, then you switched to Treach
Bit the Pharcyde then A Tribe Called Quest
And you gots no respect for me, is that right?
Well jump your ass on the train witcha backpack tight
and keep rappin', I'm floatin past all the stops
In a clean ass Benz I have all the props
Fuck credit from a rapper can you match my Visa
I heard your girlfriend was a real dick pleaser
And a Too Short fan, faithfully
When I came to your town she couldn't wait to see me

To the beat y'all, and it don't stop
It goes on cause I don't stop rappin'
To the beat y'all, and it don't stop
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Let me tell you somethin' bout a nigga named Short
Rappers always talk about the way I can't flow
But let me hit the mall with the same MC's
I be signin autographs, spend a gang of G's
While you walkin round broke, nobody knows ya
Lookin' like you smoked a whole sack of doja
Outside in the parking lot in front of the cars
Standin' in a circle with some wannabe stars
Freestylin', but you ain't original
You just shootin everything and you pimpin' hoes
And to think you could hang with me
I never would spit this game for free
I'm the T-double-O, S-H, O-are-T
I rock all stages and any parties
Any my style is gettin' bank
Gettin' head, gettin' hella dank
I drop my top when it's hot and sunny
So how you talk shit when you ain't havin no money
I set trends in the rap game bitch
And gives a fuck when other rappers talk shit
I know you motherfuckers, heard me rap

So hard, I put your momma in my dirty rap
No shit, the old bitch sucked a damn good dick
Put them legs up high she couldn't handle it
I'm not a no good punk, I coulda macked your mother
But Life is Too Short, so I kept it undercover
Now you're all grown up, with your partners rappin'
But old Short Dawg'll your ass what happened
To a fake MC, who tried to get with me
I ended his career, instantly

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Now let's compare the lifestyles, of me and you
You're phony and I'm all about bein true
You drive a bucket, that you bought for a G
I ride around snuffin them fo'-eighteens
In the back of a motherfuckin big ass truck
Jump two rows back and get my dick sucked
Benzos, Lexus, Rolex and Caddy
Fine lil bitches havin sex with Daddy
I ain't givin no bitch, no kind of slack
You got one girl then treat the hoe like a mack
What's yours is hers, she don't trip
Sucker ass nigga need to check that bitch
But you're so weak, and it shows in your rap
I'm out here, gettin hoes livin fat
While you at home, gettin sweated by your mamma
I bought my mother a house in Atlanta
And you can't stand it, so whaddayou say
Too \$hort can't rap, no fuckin way
But here I am, workin in the studio
And your album ain't out because you're movin slow
By the time you make one I'll be on ten
Hit the studio nigga, and do it again

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Now ask New York, can Too \$hort flow
Ask Detroit, they'll let them niggaz know
Then ask Philly, can I rap
South side of Chicago, who's the mack?
I never ever tripped on the shit that you spit about me
Everytime I perform, I make a lot of G's
Cause I'm paid for this motherfuckin rap shit
Eatin good like a motherfuckin fat bitch
Every single day at the house what's wrong wichu
Eatin fast food if you only knew
I understand though, cause I been there befo'
Eat any damn thing and got nowhere to go
Daydreams, about bein great
It all started back when I was sellin tapes
in eighty-two eighty-three eighty-fo' on up
Waitin still waitin just to blow on up
And when it happened, I still had to wait
I didn't get paid til eighty-eight
I made nine albums in nine years
I'm a true blue West coast pioneer

Dr. Dre, Ice-T, and all the rest
All that money we makin don't fault the West
Cause we ain't the ones who created rap
But when we made the shit, we made it fat

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Beyotch!