

Pimpology

Too \$hort

All we want is the money

I keep em' bro. Wake up one morning, and, with some money to spend, they go crazy.

I'm going to tell you a story in stereo,
About the pimping game, that you should know.
But if you don't, it's alright.
Cause I'll be spittin' this game to you all damn night.

When I was 3 years old,
Straight pimp game I was told.
My daddy sent me to pimp school.
In this man's world, you can't be no fool.
If a pimp is what you wanna be,
You're gonna have to learn pimpology.
Pimpology: a pimp's profession.
Can't be effected by the Great Depression.
So if you want to be giant sized,
Come to my school. Get pimp-matized.
In your school, what do they teach?
English, math, and history.
Pimpin' game, you can learn.
And if you do, you will earn
A pimp diploma, just for you
For learning what you're taught when you come to school.
Lesson 1, you should know:
Never fall in love, with your ho.
Lesson 2 tells you to do only one thing:
Act cool.
Lesson 3:
Don't be a trick. If she's poor, if she's rich,
If your game is soft or hard,
It shouldn't take long to break the broad.
Lesson 4:
Keep ya ho. It's the most important thing to know.
'Cause I pimp or die. I'm like the Mack:
riding around Oakland in a Cadillac.
But on the other hand, if you can't pimp
And the hos keep treating you like a simp,
I don't know what to say about you boys.
You better go to the store and buy some toys.
'Cause you can't play this game.

Next time you hear grown folks talking, shut the fuck up y' hear?

Now you heard my story in stereo:
About the pimpin' game, that you should know.
And if you don't, it's alright,
'Cause I'll be spittin' this game to ya all damn night.

I'm Short Dog. Ain't nothing nice.
I never rap fake when I'm on the mic.
I ride around town in a clean Benz.
Never ever frontin' on my real cool friends.
My zodiac sign is a Taurus the bull.
I drink Old English, and I do get full.

If you're wondering why I don't stop my rap,
'Cause other MC's can't rock like that.
My music flows like domino's.
I pimp these hoes that's how it goes.
Tenders on my beeper all day and night.
I'm a true blue player homeboy. That's right.
O-A-K-L-A-N-D:
That's where I rain, top dog MC.
Too Short, baby, on the microphone.
I work more tails. I don't take freaks home.
Man, they start trippin' when they think your rich.
Met her yesterday. All on my tip.
It's not hard to believe. But that's how it goes.
I'm burning rubber on these hoes like vogues.
Check out my style. Baby don't stop.
If you can't call me Short, just call me Dog.
Black is my color. I have no other. Nothing else will do.
I've got a black car, black bed, black TV.
I've even got a silk black suit.
Dangerous music, and the Dangerous Crew,
Oakland, Ca, and the Playboy too.
West coast rapping al over the place.
Too Short, baby, all in your face.
I rap so hard...you can't stop me.
My last album sold a million copies.
Me and the maestro, laying the beat.
DJ scratches from my homeboy Pete.
Dangerous music is what you hear.
A new LP, every year.
You know we rolling. Can't be faking.
We come through, and all your girls, we're taking.
You know we're rolling. Don't do no simpin'.
Oaktown players, strictly pimpin', baby.

My name is Short. Just what you've been looking for.
Sending young tenders on a wild goose chase.
Up in the hills, trying to find my place.
Getting lost, getting tossed, getting found and clowned.
Every time you see Short baby, you get down.
'Cause the raps I make are the raps you like.
The way Sir Too Short rocks the mic.
It's a one of a kind, rapping style.
Have the freaks in the crowd, going wild.
For when I spit my rhyme, I just don't quit.
Grab the microphone, and just make me rich.

It was \$35, 000.
\$35,000 cash money?
No. I get 1. \$35, 000 plus 1, right?
The one I gave you?
No, I gave you 6 alright. I had 1. Now \$35,000 plus 6 right.
Now \$35, 000 plus 1, plus 6 makes 7.
\$35, 000 plus 7, right. Motha fucka, can you buy that?