Rap like me, you'll go straight to the top Keep doing what you're doing and you're sure to get dropped Like a trick, nothing's even up my sleeve A million albums sold and it's hard to believe Well it's true homeboy, it's not a lie I used to sell tapes on Sunnyside I used to catch the 40 bus around the way Me and Fred Benz, slanging tapes All these things, that we did Grab the microphone and start screaming "Bitch!" You fronting MC, I hate to cap You make hit records and you still can't rap I said it before, I'll say it again You don't belive me, ask your fans When I walked into Cali, the place was packed Sir Too \$hort "Don't stop that rap" I keep rapping my rhymes, all the time You got no rhymes, so you listen to mine I'm not starting a fight, just telling it right The best damn rapper who ever grabbed the mic His name is Too \$hort, now shut your mouth In '81 I was rocking the house I'm a hustler, baby, coming up I hustle every day and I don't sell drugs I don't run no gangs, don't shoot no dice Gave the same damn speech to the Oakland vice But if you keep pushing, just like you When they see me on the strip, coming through I break it down so vicious it'll break your back With the beat so loud playing Too \$hort raps That's it, I'm set No need to talk that bullshit I need a, Oaktown, big time sound Just enough beat to get on down So, you other rappers listen to mine You wouldn't catch Short Dog rapping nursery rhymes Call my rap trash, jam the junk Put a sticker on the cover: "X-Rated Funk" It's just me, you say I won't go far But I won't stop rapping cause I rap so hard From here to New York, back to California I bumped your girlfriend, don't say I didn't warn ya All this time you said she's your ho You really shouldn't give baby all that dough She gave it all to me cause I fuck so good I practice on the girls in my neighborhood Cause when I'm freaky I rap, I spit a rap to a freak I rarely ever think about a sucker MC I go platinum, it's just like slapping 'em, bitch Short Dog in the house, starting some shit MC's rock and MC's roll But the albums they make never go gold When I was young, I knew I'd be one of the best Every time I made a song it came out so fresh I was the king of the Oaktown, spitting my game 10 years later, ain't nothing changed Still the Boss of the Bay, and I know what they say

They call me "Godfather" and they call you "Gay" Bitch! It's 1990 Your girlfriend's out there trying to find me She heard about me, I fucked her best friend I guess she wants to see if I can do it again You want to be like me, so damn bad The impossible dream all you MC's had If you could rap like me, you wouldn't have the dream Start rapping quit flapping like a chicken wing If could rap like me, they say you're so great But when they talk about you, they say you're so fake And as the days go by, you can't forget The way I make you feel like shit MC's like you, I've seen 'em before You keep on saying "Fuck Too \$hort" But I'm a better MC than you And ain't a damn thing you can do, but bitch On the TV screen, in the magazines When they interview you, you just make up things You're on an ego trip and you're fronting like you're down You're not the first real rapper from the Oakland town You're just a new jack, and you can't even rap You wanna trip? Trip on that I'm like MC Lyte, checking hoes tonight If you're not a real rapper, get off the mic Cause with a fake MC, a song's never complete You'd better learn to rap like me

"Thought you want to be like Too \$hort" [Scratched 2x]

Whenever I rap, you call it noise I'm tearing up shit up like the Acorn Boys On 10th street, I got a big freak Until you learn to speak, realize you're weak Cause it's the Oaktown, and they all get down To the rhythm of the Too \$hort funky sound It goes boom, baseline's on ya Dangerous Crew from Oakland, California Bitch don't front cause Short Dog is hard If you answer my rap, I tear your ass apart Just liket this, it lasts forever You make a song and I make one better You say I cuss, I say you're fake Your eyes pop open like paper plates You fronting MC, I hate to cap I make hit records with the vicious raps I said it before, I'll say it again The boy ain't nothing but one of my fans Like silicon titties, can you feel 'em? How can a fake rapper fuck with a real one? Shit, I'm that rapping man I like you like the Klu Klux Klan Motherfucker want to front on me? My posse got a real MC, Too \$hort And it don't stop, and it don't stop, and it won't stop Cause I'm Too \$hort baby on the microphone and I'm macking, bitch

"Thought you want to be like Too \$hort" [Scratched 4x]

Now back to the subject, my boy MC Whatever you say, you can't rap like me Rappers like me make real hits Rappers like you talk bullshit

I told my boys there's a new Funky Drummer in town You're trying to be like James Brown If I couldn't be me, who would I be? I damn sure wouldn't be a sucker MC Cause I'm not like you, my game is true I pimped these hoes and I pimped you, too Cause I'm boss, and boss makes the rules You disobey and you be a fool (Now listen) One, remember how it all began Don't guess, the answer is "Oakland" Two, you'd better learn to rap like me Or you like to be a fake MC Three, never talk down on a player I wouldn't care if you was Fred Astaire Last but not least, number four: Don't ever fuck with Too \$hort, bitch

"Thought you want to be like Too \$hort" [Scratched 2x]