

These Are The Tales

Too \$hort

These are the tales
These are the tales that I tell so well
(tune in to the history channel)
These are the tales (learn a lesson biatch)
These are the tales that I tell so well (Short Dog)
I'm thinkin' way back, it's been a long long time
In 1980 I wrote my first rhyme
I like to spit a lot of game
But back then, I was just sayin' my name
I had a record player, on my stereo
Got down on my knees with my radio
From Oakland California with some new shit
I'm Sir Too \$hort I'm bout to do this
In 1981, that's where it all begun
We do it for the money we don't rap for fun
Five dolla's fo' a tape, Too \$hort and Freddy B
Money in my pocket's all I ever need
It was me, Fred B, and Freddy Brack
Dipped the sermon sticks then we smoked them phat
While we rapped about the bitches and all the ho's
Can't be in the hole tryin' to ball without vogues
In '82 you was in the game
With a Falcon, Cougar or a Mustang
Me and Freddy B used to hit the turfs
With a bag of tapes puttin in work, Biatch
In '83 you hit a house party
A dolla' get you in and a dolla' fo' a drink
I'm on the turntable smokin' get-right
And at mid-night I'll be rappin' on the mic
I did the same thang, for the next two years
That's why they say my name, when I come through here
When I was 16, I want'd to be a mack
I went to Fremont High with Lil' D and Black
Young ballers in the town livin' real phat
Never had the sack but I smoked a little crack
Crushed up in the weed, we call em bass rock Caddies
Goin' on them grimmies make them ho's call me daddy

These are the tales, these are the tales that I tell so well
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It's been 15 years since that shit happened
But Too \$hort don't stop rappin'
In '85, I was on the right page
Ten thousand niggaz, \$hort live on stage
Underground tapes was all they ever heard
But the whole crowd sang along with me word for word
And that changed everything
Went to Seventy Five Girls and hooked up with Dean
Real player-ism and that's no joke
Snort a lot of coke with ho's that like to smoke
I was makin' records but wasn't makin' money
You can take it seriously or you can think its funny
By '87, I was on my own, started Dangerous Music
And I made the song "These are the tales, the freaky tales"
No radio or video or CD sales
Six platinums in a row Ice Cube and Cool J

Who else did that shit? \$hort Dog from the Bay
These ho's try to play it safe
But I been mackin' hard since eighty-eight
And from eighty-nine to ninety-six
I was rappin' on the mic talkin' shit about a bitch
I'll retire 10 times and I'll still be here
My old records sell about a half a mil' a year
I say "bitch get naked" so pimpishly
Spit rhymes through decades and centuries
And bitches just love my dirty mouth
When I see you again I'ma cuss you out, BIATCH!
That's my gift, now all you rappers get to say that shit
I wont sue you, but that's the trademark
I was a grown ass man when you was playin' in the park lil' nigga

Now I'm in Atlanta I still love the O
I gave you my bitch but you can't have my flow
I guest appeared on 47 albums
Fuck McDonalds and fuck Calvin
I get money with Erick Sermon when I'm in New York
I get respect, they call me Too \$hort
I live swell in A.T.L. cause I'm a player
We fuckin' hella ho's at X House in Decatur where it's greater
You know how we ride
I got love for all niggaz from the EastSide
It was me, Ant Banks and Shorty B
All we need to do is find my nigga PeeWee
We used to be on Murdel Street makin' funky songs
If you see him tell him Short said its back on
Lets get this money, midwest down South
East coast West coast ride out, BIATCH

That's my gift to rap, you can have that word
Say bitch all you want, all you regular fake ass niggas
You finally get to have Too \$hort's bitch, trick

[Hook]