

## In the Trunk

Too \$hort

It's on  
Where they at, where they at, where they at

I sold tapes every day me and Freddy B  
Been famous since 1983  
Give me ten dollars, and you straight get blessed  
A rap all about you called the special request  
Oakland, you know I go way back  
To coug nuts, fal stangs, and cadillac's  
When homeboys put vogues on any car  
With 6 by 9's smoking burners  
Everybody got addicted to my dopefiend beat  
Whole town fucked around and started smoking D  
Every rap I ever made was about this town  
I made 7 whole albums with no James Brown  
And even though I love his music, I just can't stand  
The way they used it all up and didn't pay the man  
And after 2 platinum albums, you call me weak  
Cause I don't sell records in the East  
Now what's funky, I say pussy on an old hoe  
I guess y'all fools don't know  
Why some good rappers can't sell no tapes  
It's not the company's fault, the shit sounds fake  
You wanna be in the trunk, with the booming box  
While the young bitches ride on your jock  
You can't do it like this homey, so just pass it  
And stop kissing them white folks asses  
It's like you smoked a whole damn key  
You rap so fast you keep leaving the beat  
I'm from the old school, I love P-Funk  
But now rap music is all that they want  
So when I'm in my car, I play Clinton  
And when I'm on the stage I start pimping  
And when I hear your shit, I push eject  
Then I throw it out the window with the rejects  
And when the hard core rappers go soft  
I like to watch when they ass fall off  
Cause ain't nothing worth kicking like a sucka MC  
And any other rappers ever talk about me  
I don't stop rapping, that's all they can say  
And how I dogg bitches, every day  
But if you can't be a dogg, then you're weak  
You be phony like a side show freak  
Some rappers try to come off positive  
Where I'm from that just ain't how it is  
They say rap music is here to stay  
But the sucka MC's don't think that way  
It took 8 long years before I got my break  
So I wonder why rapper's make fake ass tapes  
You won't get paid like I did, so give up punk  
And while your in the studio, I'm in the trunk  
You got no choice, so don't flip that coin  
This ain't the military, so you punks can't join  
It ain't pop, it's called underground rap  
From Oakland California and the shit sounds phat  
I'm spitting raps to my motherfucking homies  
That's why they listen to the one and only

I used to be broke, but now we all used to be  
Got no game for a bitch, all the game is for me  
And these bitches, can't say shit to me  
They could never could fuck with Short baby  
I'm not a tounge twisting rapper with a funny style  
Don't dress hip hop and dance real wild  
But I do sell records like a motherfucker  
Even though you might I'm just another sucka  
I find the beat and then never switch  
Grab the microphone and then call you a bitch  
You want rent money, I got pimp money  
One thing's for sure, I won't give it to a hoe  
I throw a bitch in the god damn trunk  
And start slamming that Oakland funk  
Short Dogg's in the house, once again  
Trying to fade the platnum, with Shorty the Pimp  
And when I do, I'm going straight to the bank  
Withdraw some money and buy some dank  
You can't relate to my motherfucking homies  
That's why they listen to the one and only  
I grew up on the funk called P  
But these motherfuckers growing up on me  
And if I ego trip, and my head is fucked  
I take my ass back, to where I grew up  
And get real boy, it's never too late  
Before I do like you and make a weak ass tape  
I'm in the trunk...

In the trunk, in, in the trunk  
In the trunk, in, in the trunk  
In the trunk beating down the block

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