

Old School

Too \$hort

Old school, I'm from the old school
Old school, I'm from the old school
I came in the door as the story goes
Looked around the room all I seen was hoes

It's like a pussy supermarket; let's go shoppin'
Packed like sardines, clubs straight poppin'
Fuck the V.I.P. section
I'm bout to hit the pharmacy, and get my head connected

Get me some protection
Walk around and see who I want to have sex with
The usual, a nice high-yellow cutie
Or maybe tonight, I might find a black beauty

With a big ol' booty, no doubt
We'll have a few drinks and then roll out
I can't do the "Jungle Fever"
'Cause it's too many black hoes here that might see ya

If I peep a white broad with some ass and lips
fine as hell, I'ma have to ask the bitch somethin'
'Cause I might end up fuckin'
I don't care what you say, I don't owe you hoes nothin'

I fuck tall bitches, even fuck small bitches
Too bad I can't fuck all you bitches
It don't take players like me too long
To get bitches like you to let me take you home

I got the game from Oakland, California
I'm Short Dawg, I hope your momma warned ya
'Bout the old school, do the old school
I'm from the old school, do the old school

I'm always hustlin', always workin' hard
If you tryin' to get the money I'ma do my part
On the weekends, we like to celebrate
Cash checks ride away can't wait

Fuck crime, I'm bustin' Too \$hort rhymes
Unless it's bout millions I ain't tryin' to do time
It's like everyday is Saturday
So many bitches let me have my way

You can analyze it, all you want
But I was knockin' bad hoes with no teeth in the front
When I had no money and drove my momma's car
I had bad-ass bitches look like superstars

It's the game, old as it may be
it makes fine-ass hoes call me baby
I look down and think, this that fuckin' shit
Seein' this beautiful bitch, she just suckin' my dick

Too many times in a player's wife
We always have to hear what you squares feel like

Fuck that, do what you gotta do
I see you creepin' through the hood buyin' prostitutes

I know I'm fuckin' hoes, and gettin' high
You want to criticize me but you livin' a lie
with yo' suit and tie, and yo' love for hoes
You ain't shit motherfucker and Short Dawg knows

I'm from the old school, do the old school
Do the old school, I'm from the old school
Don't cross the game they'll take yo' life
Respect the game and you can play all night

If you snitchin', don't get caught slippin'
If you blood'n or crip'n, other niggas set-trippin'
watch yo' back, it don't take a brainiac
We got a lot of homicidal maniacs in the streets

Sometimes life is terrible
Y'all say goodbye, niggas say be careful
Back in the day they woulda killed yo' ass
for a reason, they might even keep you breathin'

Fuck your whole world up, you can't get down
Broke livin' on the streets and you can't skip town
But ain't no slow deaths in the triple-oh
If you fuckin' up then you get to go

Somebody goin' hold you down
so you can't get up off that cold ground
Lights flashin', and you keep passin' out
You know you fucked up with your bad-ass mouth

Once upon a time they would o knocked you out
Maybe back in ninety-nine, but fnot in 2000
Anybody want to do it like the old school?
Hella niggas at the park with no shootin'

Sunday afternoon, at the park
Niggas leanin' hella hard goin' by in the car
Do the old school, do the old school
I'm from the old school, do the old school

Old school, do the old school
I'm from the old school,
Yeah old school baby, Biatch!