

Aw hell nah nigga  
We ain't doin' no freestyles  
Don't even know how to do that shit  
Yeah whatevah  
Check it out man, check this one out

I been rappin' for half my life  
I'm twenty-eight now sayin' pass the mic  
If you eighteen or nineteen speak up fool  
I was born on the mic before you went to school  
Talkin' bout pimp shit, you know whassup  
I wonder if you mom'll let you play that stuff  
Now you're flowin like your name is water  
But I'm ten years older and my game is harder  
I'm not tryin' to say you're out there dissin'  
I'm just tryin' to say lil nigga listen  
Before you grab the mic and act wild  
Bitin' on the next nigga's mackin' style  
And it's all from head, passin' round the mic  
Never even care who you sounded like  
Sound like Snoop Dogg, then you switched to Treach  
Bit the Pharcyde then A Tribe Called Quest  
And you got no respect for me, is that right?  
Well jump your ass on the train witch a backpack tight  
and keep rappin', I'm floatin past all the stops  
In a clean ass Benz I have all the props  
Fuck credit from a rapper can you match my Visa  
I heard your girlfriend was a real dick pleaser  
And a Too Short fan, faithfully  
When I came to your town she couldn't wait to see me

To the beat y'all, and it don't stop  
It goes on cause I don't stop rappin'  
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It goes on cause I don't stop rappin'

Let me tell you somethin' bout a nigga named Short  
Rappers always talk about the way I can't flow  
But let me hit the mall with the same MC's  
I be signin autographs, spend a gang of G's  
While you walkin round broke, nobody knows ya  
Lookin' like you smoked a whole sack of doja  
Outside in the parking lot in front of the cars  
Standin' in a circle with some wannabe stars  
Freestylin', but you ain't original  
You just shootin everything and you pimpin' hoes  
And to think you could hang with me  
I never would spit this game for free  
I'm the T-double-O, S-H, O-are-T  
I rock all stages and any parties  
Any my style is gettin' bank  
Gettin' head, gettin' hella dank  
I drop my top when it's hot and sunny  
So how you talk shit when you ain't havin no money  
I set trends in the rap game bitch  
And gives a fuck when other rappers talk shit  
I know you motherfuckers, heard me rap

So hard, I put your momma in my dirty rap  
No shit, the old bitch sucked a damn good dick  
Put them legs up high she couldn't handle it  
I'm not a no good punk, I coulda macked your mother  
But Life is Too Short, so I kept it undercover  
Now you're all grown up, with your partners rappin'  
But old Short Dawg'll your ass what happened  
To a fake MC, who tried to get with me  
I ended his career, instantly

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Now let's compare the lifestyles, of me and you  
You're phony and I'm all about bein true  
You drive a bucket, that you bought for a G  
I ride around snuffin them fo'-eighteens  
In the back of a motherfuckin big ass truck  
Jump two rows back and get my dick sucked  
Benzos, Lexus, Rolex and Caddy  
Fine lil bitches havin sex with Daddy  
I ain't givin no bitch, no kind of slack  
You got one girl then treat the hoe like a mack  
What's yours is hers, she don't trip  
Sucker ass nigga need to check that bitch  
But you're so weak, and it shows in your rap  
I'm out here, gettin hoes livin fat  
While you at home, gettin sweated by your mamma  
I bought my mother a house in Atlanta  
And you can't stand it, so whaddayou say  
Too \$hort can't rap, no fuckin way  
But here I am, workin in the studio  
And your album ain't out because you're movin slow  
By the time you make one I'll be on ten  
Hit the studio nigga, and do it again

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Now ask New York, can Too \$hort flow  
Ask Detroit, they'll let them niggaz know  
Then ask Philly, can I rap  
South side of Chicago, who's the mack?  
I never ever tripped on the shit that you spit about me  
Everytime I perform, I make a lot of G's  
Cause I'm paid for this motherfuckin rap shit  
Eatin good like a motherfuckin fat bitch  
Every single day at the house what's wrong wichu  
Eatin fast food if you only knew  
I understand though, cause I been there befo'  
Eat any damn thing and got nowhere to go  
Daydreams, about bein great  
It all started back when I was sellin tapes  
in eighty-two eighty-three eighty-fo' on up  
Waitin still waitin just to blow on up  
And when it happened, I still had to wait  
I didn't get paid til eighty-eight  
I made nine albums in nine years  
I'm a true blue West coast pioneer

Dr. Dre, Ice-T, and all the rest  
All that money we makin don't fault the West  
Cause we ain't the ones who created rap  
But when we made the shit, we made it fat

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Beyotch!