

Rap Like Me

Too \$hort

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 believe 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]