

## That's Why

### Too \$hort

Yeah we gettin real on this album y'all. you know I'm hearin all these Rumors out here bout, they ran \$hort dogg up outta east oakland. nigga Moved to atlanta, ain't got no mo love in the town. I got much love in Oakland y'all, you know what I'm sayin, I been doin this shit fo years. So I'm a tell it to you juss like it happened.... bitch.

I don't stop rappin,  
Ever since the very first day,  
I grabbed the microphone, made a funky ass tape,  
I had sixteen hoes,  
Suckin ten toes,  
Game from the "o",  
An any real pimp knows,  
The only love hoes get is what they paid fo,  
Gimme my scratch,  
What the fuck I'm a stay fo?  
I gotta make moves bitch,  
Stack some g's,  
From the whole stroll,  
To my fax machine,  
I got money comin in from everywhere,  
From new york,  
To l.a.,  
To the mutha fuckin bay,  
It's true,  
I'm the man g,  
I'm underground 106 can't ban me,  
All on the air sayin they don't fuck wit me no mo,  
I go back wit rap like k-p-o-o,  
From the very first time I grabbed the mic,  
Niggaz smokin burner,  
Ready to fight,  
I don't promote violence,  
I'm from oakland where the real kick it,  
You might get killed nigga,  
Or make a mill ticket,  
Move down south 'cause the town is wild,  
Now the radio jocks wanna clown my style,  
I raised too many rappers you support,  
Ask 'em who they grew up on.... too \$hort,  
Fuck all that black ball shit it won't last,  
Kmel y'all can kiss my ass.

That's why the town got rid 'o \$hort (2x)

It all started back when c & h,  
Went to t & b tryin to playa hate,  
I flipped a brand new lexus,  
93,  
Joda balls called me up said ya lyin to me,  
He said I heard you an ran got the cash an split it,  
If I don't get my cut,  
You mutha fuckaz gonna get it,  
It was thirteen g's all mine,  
Didn't give teddy gram one dime,  
Now listen real close 'cause it might be,  
Hard to follow,

Chris told ted it was fifty thousand dollaz,  
Shit sound petty,  
An it is,  
But that's how it goes when you in show biz,  
Niggaz fallin out,  
Should be makin millions,  
Instead of studios,  
We seein lawyers in buildings,  
Then we stop speakin,  
Shit got funky,  
I don't give a fuck,  
Mutha fucka get my money,  
I ain't never been a hoe you can't pimp me,  
I do all the work while you pimp me,  
I tried to buy him out,  
But right about then,  
They let the lions out,  
Niggaz start eatin that shit up,  
You shoulda never listened,  
I'm always on this money makin mission,  
Sold a car an a truck in oakland fo that lex,  
Jock loaned me five an I was rollin that bitch.

\*(chorus)\* x2

Don't believe everythang you hear nigga.

\*(verse 3)\*

I went to the freak-nik,  
Shit turned me out,  
Came back fo jack the rapper,  
Bought me a house,  
That was august '93 time to dip,  
I hade warrants in the town an I was hot as shit,  
Everytime I got stopped,  
Nigga went to jail,  
Treat me bad 'cause I was hangin wit criminals,  
I wanted to buy me a house in the oakland hills,  
Nice lil sumpthin fo a half a mill,  
That's was right around the time chris hooked dru down,  
The luniz came through an them tricks got clowned,  
Rappin ron tore 'em up on the freestyle tip,  
An niggaz ain't ran nobody outta shit,  
Then they put it on the town,  
Shit got real,  
When you was in the fourth grade I had a record deal,  
You got one hit record now you ballin,  
You make one fake album you'll be fallin,  
An that shit don't apply to me,  
Present or past,  
You can meet me at the mall an get my autograph,  
Or you can flash back,  
If you can do all that,  
Me fred benz,  
An freddy craps,  
Smokin burner upstairs in hot lips house,  
It's been fifteen years an I ain't played out,  
They playin too \$hort steppin on a chevy pedal,  
Back in the days kmel played heavy metal.

\*(chorus)\* x2

\*(verse 4)\*

Niggaz shootin at the studio late at night,  
Seen a charokee,  
Started shootin at spice,  
At the e-40 picnic out in the park,  
Niggaz gather round fo some shit to start,  
They had bullets wit my name,  
But we never got to me,  
See me sucka mutha fucka,  
Shootin at the street,  
It was me,  
Boo, howard, an jock,  
A full clip,  
One in the chamber an it blockin t.b.,  
Still tryin to be my pimp,  
I could lose my life,  
Or give my money to him,  
I'd rather die before you use me,  
I tried to buy him out,  
The nigga sued me.

\*(too \$hort talking)\*

An that's where it stands right now y'all. fo the mutha fuckaz that  
Don't know, like the notorious say, "if you don't know, now you know."  
Biatch!!