

# Pooh Man, Ain't No Love

Now \$hort! I know you didn't think that shit was over,  
you little ugly ass nigga!

Too \$hort...  
Nothin' can save ya  
Ain't no love, \$hort (4x)

Now mickity mic down  
Guns out, mothafuckas  
Lowin' the holes  
It's the kid from the gutter  
Punks get on tapes  
And they sound so real  
But real niggas don't get in court and squeal  
Yeah, regard all that punk ass Racia shit  
Got on the stand and ran your mouth  
Like a bitch, little snitch  
Pooh-Man did it! Pooh-Man did it!  
He made me with it!  
Court is in session, \$hort  
And you've been indicted  
Hoe trusta Oakland busta  
And you gets no love from the gutter  
See we remember when you had to have  
A baserock cawy and a nice hot bath  
Smokin' and chokin', Sir Too \$hort  
Just thinkin' about the day before  
See you never shouldn't fuck  
With the real killa  
I goes deep on you dopefiend nigga  
Got on the mic and called me a punk  
And funk is what you want

So there it is, junk  
Dirty, tired, fucked around  
And get my foot off in his ass  
Let's hood ride, mob, fuck talkin' bad  
No punk let's me check myself, partner  
I ain't gonna bust ya  
I rather ride up and drop ya  
But the rappin' is weak shit  
And I'm down with this street shit  
And you aint shit but a weak bitch  
The ugliest nigga in rap  
Try to cap on the nigga  
From the mothafuckin' hood  
So when I see you it's all good

Too \$hort...  
Nothin' can save ya  
Aint no love, \$hort (4x)

Ant Banks: read this...

I boarded to your ass last year  
But you didn't hear me dough  
It's 94 and Banks need a little more  
Lips lookin' hell of luscious  
Digidy down goes my zipper  
Nigga, you can suck this  
And you must like slurpin' dicks  
Because you ridin' on \$hort's tip  
Like a jockin' little bitch  
Ridin' around in your too-\$hort-hand-me-down

I left the Dangerous Crew  
And that's why you're clownin' now  
The bigidy Banksta ain't no gigidy gigidy gangsta  
When the truth comes out you aint shit but a pranksta  
Try to hang in my hood lookin' out of place  
With that blank ass look on your face:  
(What should I do? What should I do?)  
Now get in where you fit in, chunk  
Can't hang on the block  
Cause you aint shit but a punk  
So I ain't givin' no rule  
To assume you want some mothafuckin' funk  
Then bring it to the crew  
So bring it on if your ass wanna trip  
And to this hollow-tip, bitch  
Blast that ass, yes I would  
Cause on the streets, nigga, it's all good

Too \$hort...  
Nothin' can save ya  
Ain't no love, \$hort

Beep, beep, beep  
Oh, there goes my pager  
And it's your bitch, yo, I think I best to fade her  
Took her to the motel parking lot  
Little light skinned bitch got just a little too hot  
it's goin' down, pannies comin' off  
Another tramp bitch got automatically toasted  
I think you found out and got jealous  
Cause I was diggin' your bitch  
And runnin' back tellin' all the fellas  
But you took her home  
And wanted to marry the bitch  
I would dig her in this, mister  
And bury the bitch  
Stop spendin' all your cash and fix your teeth  
\$hort Dog must like bein' ugly  
Came at a nigga wrong  
Little cavity creep walkin' around with Nikes on  
Bitch ass nigga ain't got no heart  
Be ready to finish anythin' your punk ass started  
Cause I did funk with the best  
So when you ridin' in your lexus  
Nigga, put on the vest  
And stay the fuck out my hood  
Cause death is a factor and it's all good

Too \$hort...  
Nothin' can save ya  
Ain't no love, \$hort (4x)