

Too Short, 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
F**k 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 wanna 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 some'in
cause I might end up f**kin
I don't care what you say, I don't owe you hoes nothin
I f**k tall bitches, even f**k small bitches
Too bad I can't f**k 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
F**k 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 f**kin 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
F**k that; do what you gotta do
I see you creepin through the hood buyin prostitutes
I know I'm f**kin hoes, and gettin high
You wanna criticize me but you livin a lie
with yo' suit and tie, and yo' love for hoes
You ain't shit motherf**ker 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 niggaz 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, niggaz say be careful
Back in the day they woulda killed yo' ass
for a reason, they might even keep you breathin
F**k 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 f**kin up then you get to go
Somebody gon' hold you down
so you can't get up off that cold ground
Lights flashin, and you keep passin out
You know you f**ked up with your bad-ass mouth
Once upon a time they woulda knocked you out
Maybe back in ninety-nine, but not in 2000
Anybody wanna do it like the old school?
Hella niggaz at the park with no shootin
Sunday afternoon, at the park
Niggaz 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, BEOTCH!