

# Too Short, Game

## Intro

\*guy toking and coughing up\*  
(\$hort) Freddy B!  
(Fred B) Wuz up \$hort?  
(\$hort) Ai, y'know they been waitin on this ol' school game  
Let's bring that game back!  
(Fred B) Like game one thru five?  
(\$hort) Yeah nigga, just like we use to do it!  
(Fred B) Well check this out

Game! Is the shit  
Like what? A rat-haired bitch

## Verse 1: Old School Freddy B

I was sittin at my home, all alone  
Thinkin 'bout bitches I use to bone  
Tight young bitches, I can't deny  
Rat-haired bitches, I can't lie  
The bitch had body is all I know  
Only 18 but looked twenty-fo'  
Her name was Bitch, class of '92  
Skyline High and the shit was cool  
Took her to my house, Moms was gone  
Turned off the light, unplugged the phone  
The bitch said "Fred, I hearda you  
Anything you want, I will do"  
I dropped my drawers, dick all swoll  
She couldn't believe the position was pole  
In and out, out and in  
I used the bitch like a ATM  
G'd the bitch like the one and only  
Bust two nuts and called her phony  
She couldn't believe what I said  
The next thing you know she was on my head  
Suckin the dick like it's suppose to be done  
Rat-haired bitch make me cum  
Freddy B that's the name  
Rat-haired bitches, I got game

(\$hort) Cos Game  
(Fred B) That's the shit  
(\$hort) Like what? (Like what?)  
(Fred B) A nasty bitch

## Verse 2: Short Dawg

I like to f\*\*k a nasty bitch  
Witta big fat ass and shit  
First lay, dick gettin sucked  
Bitch don't give a f\*\*k  
Cos real players run that game  
When I f\*\*k that bitch she won't be the same  
Cos when Short Dawg run up in it  
F\*\*k a bitch for about 30 minutes  
Real player-like, straight to the point  
Bust a nut while I'm smokin a joint  
Stop f\*\*kin, still smokin  
Lay my dick on her lips, say "Open!"  
Ain't nuttin like a nasty bitch  
Acting all fast and shit  
Bitch just love to flirt  
When I see her at the club, I'll be puttin in work

Feelin on her ass at the bar  
Let's get a room, girl it ain't too far  
On the way, y'know what happened?  
She sucked my dick while I was rappin  
I just couldn't resist  
I couldn't hold back, I said "BEEYATCH!"

(Fred B) Game!  
(\$hort) All I do is stack  
(Fred B) Like what?  
(\$hort) A motherf\*\*kin mack!

### Verse 3: Old School Freddy B

My Copue DeVille is all white  
Yes bitch, it's hella tight  
Crush blue velvet, gameless game  
White on white wit tha gold thangs  
Bounce tp the spot, check my crap  
Wash, wax, straight on fat  
The bass on heat everytime I ride  
A long haired bitch on the passenger side  
Mackin on the cellular phone  
I can't be stopped, 50 G's strong  
Fred Benz, Freddy B  
Oaktown, a bitch don't sleep  
A motherf\*\*kin mack that's what I am  
Taxin a bitch like Uncle Sam  
She pays the tax, Fred Benz' the pimp  
16 G's put the bitch in  
No ordinary game, just give it and take  
East Oakland can't be fake  
I slapped the bitch, the money was short  
Macked on the bitch and now she knows  
Fred Benz baby, the game is fat  
Ask these bitches, I'm a mack

(\$hort) Game!  
(Fred B) Is like ridin vogues  
(\$hort) Like what?  
(Fred B) Breakin hos

### Verse 4: Short Dawg

Breakin hos day and night  
They call me Shorty The Pimp, my game is tight  
I never do give hos slack  
I'm like Fred Benz, I'ma mack  
So bitch break yourself  
I'm an Oaktown nigga, I'll take your wealth  
Cos that's what I was raised to do  
Break these bitches, get payed fool  
Y'know Short Dawg ain't afraid and hurt  
Any bitch I get, you can't take her  
Cos the game is fool-proof  
Bet'cha momma say I'm tellin ya true  
So won't you pay the man  
Hundred dollar bills all in my hand  
While I break you bitches  
Tell a story 'bout ridin with bitches  
'Bout these pimp ass niggas from The O  
We know just what to do with a ho  
Take her where the tricks get laid  
Where the hos get paid

You need a pimp, bitch give me a call  
I drop the top in my El Dawg

(\$hort) Cos Game  
(Fred B) It's the shit  
(\$hort) Like what?  
(Fred B) Like a bitch

Outro

(Fred B) Ai, Short Dawg?  
(\$hort) Wuz up Fred?  
(Fred B) I ain't smokin no more dank wit no more bitches  
(\$hort) Hell naw nigga  
Bitch wanna smoke a 20 sack, sge got to spend 20  
Knowhutl'msayin?  
(Fred B) If the bitch wanna 50, what she gotta do \$hort?  
(\$hort) She gotta do me, you and the whole crew, he hah  
(Fred B) And my nigga PO too!  
(\$hort) Hey, y'know what? Freddy B.....  
(Fred B) What's that baby?  
(\$hort) And Too \$hort. We go way back man!  
1981, Freemont High School  
We the two niggas who invented the word 'BEEYATCH!'  
(Fred B) BEEYATCH!  
(\$hort) Hey wait wait wait. BEEYATCH!