

Short Dog's in the House

Too \$hort

"moving up!" "east oakland, yeah that's right" (4x)

Oakland, california, west coast life
You either play the game or you smoke the pipe
I became a rapper at the age 14
No gold ropes, no diamond rings
But look at me now, 10 years later
Ask any mc if I rap greater
See I'm known in fresno, even the big o
>from san diego to sacramento
They'll tell you yes, wherever you go
And I bet my life won't one say no
Ain't nothing like a too \$hort fan
I ain't tripping, you can play it again
Don't fight the feeling, life is me
I rock shows in nashville, tennessee
It wasn't "hee haw," so don't laugh
At the good ol' boys getting autographs
In cinncinatti, I know you heard
I got fined for the "cusswords"
It's true, baby, so so unique
Might slap your man, or just thump your freak
I come to your town, I'm not under
I want your name and your telephone number
You think I'm faking, but I'll call
We only got one night to do it all
I know baby it's such a pity
Tomorrow night, we hit another city
Cold macking in the game is all we do
Me and the boys called "the dangerous crew"
I used to be local til I signed with jive
Too \$hort then went nationwide
I went to georgia with the too \$hort sound
I went down like bobby brown
I said a rap and they took me to jail
Pulled out my bank, and made bail
This is my story, it could not wait
It all started out in the golden state
California, where I was born and raised
I used to play the drum in my younger days
I just hit that beat any way I can
Smooth high-stepping in the marching band
I turned in my drum and I started to rap
Now beats I make, make my bank so fat
It's too \$hort, on the mic tonight
Pennsylvania, can you see the light?
>from chicago, to indiana
>from mississippi, to alabama
Louisiana, even texas
Females, call me sexist
But don't they love it, you know me
Freak nasty in a room trying to blow me
Like engine, engine, number 9
Homies run a train, standing in line
If that train jumps off the track
Then my brother you will catch the clap
>from colorado, to arizona

All the way back home to california
In chatanooga, they know the tip
Short dog in the house, I'm that flip
Getting clip, or playing pool
I can't help it I'm so damn cool
Call me "dog" or leave me alone
I'm riding in a caddilac fleetwood chrome
With too clean, behind the wheel
I'm riding shotgun, rapping for real
Total boss in the back, give me superside
They like to roll 'em fat cause you know we ride
To the beat y'all, and it don't stop
It goes on cause I don't stop rapping
Now you know, nothing but the dog in me
You make love to me and I still act stingy
Oh should I pay you? you must be tripping
I didn't buy you and I sure ain't renting
I said "i love you" cause you gave me head
I didn't love you when we got out the bed
If I could love you, you know I would
But what you giving, ain't all that good
A little southern hospitality
You'd better try to get away from me
I love money, and I just can't fake it
I go to magic city and the girls dance naked
I'm somewhat of a hero by the way I rap
But I'm living like an oaktown mack
I'm in the house y'all, I'm like ? peeser? y'all
Rat heads get nothing but cheese, y'all
Or get slapped, put up your dukes
I kick you in your ass with my nike boots
Some rappers try to be just like too \$hort
Can hang with the dog, you'd better stay on the porch
In minnesota, virginia beach
Wisconsin, I got freaks
Atlanta, little rock
Louisville, it don't stop
Kansas city, missouri
I rock the house in east st. louis
Detroit, it's like oakland
It's a black thing, and I'm a black man
To all my brothers in the u.s.a.
Too \$hort baby don't even play
Woofers in the trunk, blasting the beat
I cross the bridge and hit 3rd street
Years ago, I rocked that joint
I say what's up to my homies from hunter's point
We go a long way back, it's always been like that
In the days that short dog was so young at the rap
I'm in the house!

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