

## The Old Fashioned Way

Too \$hort

What you rhyme mayne? You always spend G's  
How much cash you got that you can lend me?  
Think I'll pay you back, think you flossin hard  
When you ridin down the strip in yo' boss's car?  
With your silver chain on and your fake diamonds  
Cain't do it right but you stay tryin  
You got big dreams, to hit a lick quick  
And buy a brand new house, but you ain't get shit  
Wouldn't even know what to do if you had bread  
How to be a baller - can you pass the test?  
There's more than one way to hit the top  
Trunk full of dope nigga don't get stopped  
Take it to the house and bag it up  
Make that money and stack it up  
Or spend it all in one place, what you want from me?  
I can't tell you how to run yo' company  
And don't start bitchin bout Too \$hort  
What the fuck I wanna listen to you fo'?  
Look at you, you ain't all that successful  
Them plates ain't made out of Cristal  
You just regular, plain ol' frontin  
You come from nowhere and you don't claim nuttin  
Stop bein phony, actin hella hard  
Girl at the mall, maxin your credit card  
Answer your cell phone, now you smilin  
Talk to your girl, man it's been a while  
Since she left to go shoppin, girl where you at?  
She out havin lunch with a player mack  
I'm in the background, don't trip partner  
Just munchin on the lunch that your bitch bought me  
She don't love you, she just used to you  
Got your mom and them wonderin what she do to you

I don't pay hoes, I turn 'em  
I teach hoes, you learn 'em  
How we get them hoes, don't concern 'em  
The old fashioned way, we earn 'em  
I been in the game, I did it  
I'm true to the game, I'm so committed  
I got a lot of hoe money, where you get it  
The old fashioned way, I just spit it

I'm pimpish, I never let hoes pimp me  
I let one bitch get me, and instantly  
She dipped to Mexico, I'ma get you hoe  
I'ma find you and check you like a physical  
I'm not a doctor, but I cut a bitch open  
With this game have her broken never quit hoein  
A bad habit, I picked up along the way  
Break a bitch, and make a new song every day  
I do my own thing, I'm original  
I was "Born to Mack" when I came in the do'  
Just so you know, I got the game from the East  
Lake Merritt(?) to Sobranny(?) in them East Oakland streets  
Took my game on the road, became a millionaire  
Tell the world get ready for a real player  
And so it happened, I grabbed the mic and start rappin

Make that money keep stackin  
I made a new album, fourteen times  
Hoes screamin out Too \$hort keep rhymin  
I got rich screamin BITCH  
My favorite word; I hear it on - E'RYBODY shit  
And when they say it like me, I couldn't want mo'  
Send a special thanks out to yo' Uncle \$hort  
Do yo' thang nephew, y'know I'm down witcha  
Stay strapped, watch yo' back, don't let the town getcha  
And when you get mad, try to use your brain  
Get some street etiquette, don't abuse the game  
You know us real ones, you know we never bite  
When these hoes start shit you know we never fight  
Cause I'd be layin on the ground feelin real silly  
All I did was fuck his bitch, that nigga still killed me  
And even though I know a sucker spent all his cash  
Just so he could fuck and try to get some ass

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