

I Ain't Trippin'

Too \$hort

I was told not long ago
Too \$hort don't stop that rap!
Now everytime I grab the mic
I rock you just like that
8 years ago when I started to rap
I use to sell tapes everywhere
It was me and my homeboy freddy b, yoo
Kickin' it like big players
Everybody loved my raps like 100 dollar bills
I rocked house parties on 98th
Even rocked in 69 vill
Might find me on the mic at Hot Lips house
Or at the Eastbay Dragonspot
All the 85th boys with their hand in the air
Screamin' Too \$hort just don't stop!
Like Royal Park, like Plymouth Rock
First street and Sunnyside
Like Sobrante Park and Brookefield
East Oakland, yeah, that's right
5 years ago I continued to rock
And if you haven't yet heard my name
It was all in the papers, on the evening news
I was stone cold in the game
Around that time a friend of mine
My homeboy Lionel B hooked me up like this, yoo
On the stage just rockin' the beat
Some say I have a dirty mind
Sometimes that might be true
But these are just some dirty times
I ain't trippin' on you...
I ain't trippin', keep on talkin'
You think I'm smokin' that pipe
I got money, homeboy
I even got some of your future wives
Well, my story goes like this, man
I smooth went out on wax
Singin' Girl, That's Your Life'
Female Funk' and Shortrapp'
Silky D worked the beat kicked me cold cash
I was ridin' the bus one day
Next day I was on the gas
Everybody loved Too \$hort

Rollin' down the strip
Then one day just like that
Homeboy jumped on my tip
You started spreadin' rumors, man
Said you saw me rappin' in jail
No, I never came down to the flatlands
I was chillin' with the homies from the hill
I ain't trippin' but the word went out
Sir Too \$hort was through
Can't really say where it all began
So i'ma blamin' it all on you
Everybody use to say
Too \$hort don't stop that rap!
Now everytime you see my face
You say i'm smokin' crack
Oakland, California, I heard it all before
I'm makin' big bank now, rockin' the crowd
I ain't trippin' no more...Now I'm back on top again
I still don't stop that rap
Everytime I grab the mic
My bankroll's gettin' fat
Freaky Tales' took care of that
You know I'm comin' up
Cause everytime you see my face
I'm rollin' all so tough
When I made the cut... the-he-he Freaky Tales'
I started picturin' this
I named my album Born To Mack'
With the cleanest raps and beats
Everythin' was kickin' in
Me and Ran kept cashin' checks
Next thing I know there you go
Guess who's on my tip?
You said I just got out of jail
Jumped right back on that pipe
Your sister's boyfriend told you, man
I'm smokin' every night
Then you came to my show
And stood there so damn bold
You said Too \$hort, man, you smoking'
And I'm standin' here dreamin' gold
I ain't trippin' no more
Really ain't worth my time
So to squashed it off I kicked on back
And wrote you all the rhyme
Benzes rollin', Beemers jettin'
And Caddies keep on dippin'
You keep on talkin' all that crap
I ain't trippin'...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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