

Top Down (feat. About Face)

Too \$hort

Too short:

How freaky can you get to a long fat dick
hella freaky like i said to a song that hit
i'm the dirty rapper too short, the triple x
run up in the pussy, rub the nipple next
bitch, which is worse?
my bark or my bite
you heard about me
and now i'm fucking you from dark to the light
you must of thought i got nicer
talking about heiser
i'm an old dogg and old dogg's get wiser
caught up in the game, got ya thinking while your doing this
you never did this, sucking on a big dick
what bitch? you better check the size, and recognize
when i'm between your thighs
shit, i get hard from the sound of a kidrum
riding down the strip with your diamonds and?
shiny bald head catching sun rays
smashing down the strip going backwards down runways
four eighteens with the zues and the zapto
sounding like i'm riding out a concert at a rap show
hit a back street and put the top up
stopped at the light see some hoes watch 'em jock us
i'm so roll with my electric top
hit a button, ain't gotta get out, fuck with nuthin
let the top just fold up and lay down
slamming hard passing by the schools and the playgrounds
everybody knows when short's in town
cause i keep the beats thumping hella-hard with my top down
(whisper) drop the top
(whisper) just drop the top
(short) we call 'em rags, you call 'em drops
(short) whatever you call it just drop the top
(short) we call 'em rags, you call 'em drops
(short) whatever you call it just drop the top
Nine albums out, ain't changed my talk
a thousands hoes walked on i'm still a dogg
ain't changed nuthing but the hoe that i'm fucking

still riding through the hood all the homies say "was?"
give me my props cause i always rock
and i still gets cock when the fine hoes jock
still smoking indo getting burned out
still got the orange juice bottle full of gin 'bout to turn out
a show
a hoe smashed back to the o
put them bitches on my beeper then pull some mo'
cause i bump more hoes than acme
i guess you bitch can't learn that you just can't mack me
i'm off of gin and juice
don't even introduce
if you ain't fucking back up cause i'm free to choose
i want some pussy that could make write a freaky tale
drawls back, bootie cracks, bitch in a hotel
just to say you got some too short dick
you wanna show some evidence, don't swallow don't spit
cause i bust more nuts than a squirrel
and my dick been in pussies all around the world
if you had a picture of it and you asked the bitch
whats this?
i bet you say, "too short dick"
i still taunt the fine hoes and get shot down
i say "bitch", slam the beat
smash off with my top down
Just riding with my top down
(short) we call 'em rags, you call 'em drops
(short) whatever you call it just drop the top
(short) we call 'em rags, you call 'em drops
(short) whatever you call it just drop the top
We rode the ac transit bus
selling joints for a dollar, smoking angel dust
on the way to a house party
a maybe delux
slanging too short tapes
making some bucks
looking out the window at the mustang and falcon crew
asking myself "how can you?"
roll like the giants down the foothill strip
with beats thumping top down bumping a bitch
shit i had to have drop
didn't care, if i had a volkswagon
pick up the beat, had a hoes flaging
siding with the top down, lit like a lamp
blowing out the amp, trying to bump a tramp

most niggers couldn't afford to have a drop top
so they got they shit cut at the chop shop
couldn't tell niggers nuthin way back then
a lot of niggers died or they went to the pen
couldn't even see the homie short bubble
bank get fat and my whole account double
when i walk in a club bitches say "oo god,
is that you todd?"
me and my homies just who-ride
and take advantage of a life we never had
fuck eating cheese sandwiches, broke, living bad
i'm a do it for my homies that's there to lock down
ride with my beats slamming top down
(whisper) drop the top
(whisper) just drop the top
(short) i got my top down
(whisper) drop the top
(whisper) just drop the top
(short) i'm just rolling with my top down
(short) we call 'em rags, you call 'em drops
(short) whatever you call it just drop the top
(short) we call 'em rags, you call 'em drops
(short) whatever you call it just drop the top
(whisper) beyotch

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

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