

# The Loot (feat. Too \$hort)

## Ant Banks

[Ant Banks]

Yeah, we got my nigga Short Dog in the motherfucking house  
Telling why'all niggas about that loot  
Cause you don't know nothing about that, you know?  
Do it to 'em[Too \$hort]  
I used to be a broke-ass nigga from the Oaktown  
Remember Too \$hort? Bitch I ain't broke now  
I sold 6 million albums since I got my start  
I be all up and down them Billboard charts  
That shit is easy, fucking with the Dangerous Crew  
And kick back while I tell you about making the loot  
Get in where you fit if you making it fast  
Cause a real motherfuck might check your ass  
Take all your loot, kick down your door  
The word got around you's a bitch-ass hoe  
Hanging with these same ass niggas that owe you cash  
That won't pay your ass  
Them niggas just owe you for life  
Be all in your face every day and night  
If you'd have broke their ass off years ago  
For fucking off all them counts of dough  
You wouldn't be a broke-ass nigga today  
(I'm a get that shit back) Well I'd figure you'd say that  
Cause you go way back, rewind and play it back  
You just a fat fucking needle in the haystack  
They should've just named you jack  
Cause you ain't never gonna get that back  
So reminice on the things you had  
Cause you having money was just a fad[Ant Banks]  
That's right (Bitch)  
Either roll thick, or suck a fat dick (Gotta get my loot)  
And niggas can't fuck with that (Gotta get my loot)[Too \$hort]  
You working every day and can't never gat ahead in life  
Stop punking out running cause you're scared to fight  
You hang with nine broke niggas, you know the rest  
Kiss a fake nigga ass and give a hoe respect  
Lying all the time about your cash flow  
And talking about shit that you think you know  
Well motherfucker if you only knew

You made the next nigga rich while he stole your loot  
You've been hoeing so long I bet you feel like a bitch  
    Why can't niggas like you get rich?  
    Cause you gotta be a hustler, can't be a buster  
    You ever get a ho, nigga, please don't trust her  
    Used to be rapping, now you slanging dope  
    Stressing so hard you want to hang your hope  
Dreamed of owning a house, maybe two or three cars  
    Come up like a motherfucking movie star  
    But the shit ain't happened yet  
    And I'm an old-school rappin' vet  
You trying to get your loot, I say you ain't some  
    Niggas get their cash, and some can't  
Short Dog on the mic, watch me gank this bitch  
All that shit you doing, boy you can't get rich  
    But don't give up, just stop faking the shit  
    Get off your ass and start making it, biiiitch!

Songwriters

A. BANKS, T. SHAW, G. CLINTON JR., B. WORRELL, B. COLLINS

Published by  
Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other  
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>