I Ain't Trippin'

Too $hort

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I was told not long ago, "Too short, dont stop that rap"
Now every time 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, yo, kickin it like big playersEverybody loved my raps like 100 dollar bills
I rocked house parties on 98th, even rocked in the 69 vill
Might find me on the mic at hot lips house or at the east bay dragon spot
All the 85 boys with their hands in the air screamin
"Too short, just dont stop"Like Royal Park, like Plymouth Rock, First street and Sunny side
Like sobrante park and brookefield, East Oakland, yeah, thats right
5 years ago I continued to rock and if you havent yet heard my name
It was all in the papers, on the evening news
I was stone cold in the gameAround that time, a friend of mine, My homeboy Lionel B
Hooked me up like this, yo 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 aint trippin on youI aint trippin, keep on talkin, you think Im smokin that pipe
I got money, homeboy, I even got some of your future wifes
Well, my story goes like this, man, I smooth went out on wax
Singin girl, thats your life, female funk and short rap
Silky D worked the beat, kicked me down cold cash
I was ridin the bus one day, next day, I was on the gas
Everybody loved Too Short rollin down the stripThen 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 on the hillI aint trippin but the word went out, Sir Too Short was through
Cant really say where it all began, so Ima blamin it all on you
Everybody use to say, "Too Short, dont stop that rap"
Now every time you see my face, you say Im smokin crack
Oakland, California, I heard it all before
Im makin big bank now, rockin the crowd, I aint trippin no moreNow Im back on top again, I still dont stop that rap
Every time I grab the mic, my bankrolls gettin fat

Freaky tales took care of that, you know Im comin up
'Cause every time you see my face, Im rollin all so tough
When I made the cut, the freaky tales, I started picturin this
I named my album 'Born to Mack with the cleanest raps and beatsEverything was kickin in, me and Ran kept cashin checks
Next thing I know there you go, guess whos on my tip?
You said I just got out of jail, jumped right back on that pipe
Your sisters boyfriend told you, man, Im smokin every nightThen you came to my show and stood there so damn bold
Said, "Too Short, man, you smokin" and Im standin here drapin' gold
I aint trippin no more, really aint worth my time
So to squash it off, I kicked on back and wrote you all the rhyme
Benzes rollin, beemers jettin and caddies keep on dippin
You keep talkin all that crap, I aint trippin

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