Shorty

DJ Deathrat

So I told shorty I be producing
I be making those beats
Be making those hits, ya know
So I told her my name, My name is Tone, she said "Town!!"
You know like she never heard of me, ya know
So I said okay you may know me by my other name
Sometimes they call me, Track Mas-ster
We see you Tone, Tone the referee, we see you, baby
C'mon Shorty, that nigga Hov, holla
Yall niggas don't understand
Uh-uh, they dont understand, flow for'em
No lemme sing for 'em, just sing for'em
Check it, Mr. Kell
It's like this, some of yall niggas got, legs for lips
Running ya mouth mad cuz I, pop that Cris
Go up in 3-10, and cop that six
Then roll around with yo chick
Some of yall niggas mad cuz I drop these hits
Thug ass nigga, on some, R&B shit
Now that shit done fucked around and, made me rich
And, for those of you who don't like it, yall can suck my "Uhhh"
These honies to my suite like I'm, the Pidi piper
Now they ass hitin' high notes, like they Mariah
Get that pussy wet enough to put out a bonfire
She be like "Wooo", and I be like "Wooo"
When her tides got high, fuck it I'ma Don
Runnin late for the studio, fuck it I'm bout to come
Dress cold at club fuck it Air Force I's
Said I wouldn't mention Sisqo, fuck it he's a bum
Ali boom, buaya, Hit you with the right hook
You be like, what the fuck was that
Me and Jigga, we are like the industries popo
Nigga yall best shit can't even fuck with our demo's, Shorty
From New York on to L.A.
(Shorty)
Chi-Town we freak the night away
(Shorty)
Miami all the pretty girls
(Shorty)

We know chicks all around the world
(Shorty)
From New York on to L.A.
(Shorty)
Chi-Town we freak the night away
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(Shorty)
We know chicks all around the world
(Shorty)
Shorty, what yo name is? Shorty, who yo man is?
C'mon and make moves with a dude who move cane
Like a old man, you know who game this is, Young Hov
Name is respected in fifty different languages, mommy come roll
I keep a jet on the runway, Sunday in Paris
London on Monday, back to L.A.
This aint rap, this is real, I could trip and have a meal
In three hours ma the streets will be ours
(Wooo)
Shorty, I got something for you
Wouldn't give a chick a dime before
But now I wanna spoil you
Shorty, the trips to the gucc shop, getcha cooch hot
How bout I do a helipads on the roof top
Shorty, ya hella rag, your my rock star Shorty
Heres my number shit, you don't gotta to call me
Shorty
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(Shorty)
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Miami all the pretty girls
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We know chicks all around the world
(Shorty)
From New York on to L.A.
(Shorty)
Chi-Town we freak the night away
(Shorty)
Miami all the pretty girls
(Shorty)
We know chicks all around the world
(Shorty)
I'm chillin' in my 4.6, at the light
5 o'clock in the morning, been drinking all night

And plus I'm high, but it ain't over
4 slim bodies scooped me in a wide body rover
Panties and bras all the way from the bed to the sofa
For all you R&B so called playas, I'm bout to coach ya
Sit right there, and watch me freak yo girl chocha
Tongue all down her throat as if a nigga was trying to choke her
It's the best of both worlds, stickin' ya in the "Uhhh"
Put ya hands up like it's money in the air
We bout to rip these charts like Zorro Blade
So hot you're gonna need a cold glass of lemonade
To all my real live niggas, that shoot dice and play spades
In a nice crib, word up, juking the maid
On the rizel my nizel, that nigga Jigga is the dizel
R. Kizel in the hotel swizel's chicks on the mizel's
From New York on to L.A.
(Shorty)
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Shorty, Shorty

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