

Long Time

Too \$hort

You in the mix with Too \$hort

Attitude on too sheezy
Sixteenth letter of the alphabet, I'm certified, believe me
My campaign is so greezy, that alcohol was too easy
Take off your hat before you greet me
No hand outs, no freebies
Can't afford to lose my life or go to jail, my people need me
F.A.B. called me 6 AM, I just left the booth
Said I ran plays on Salute Me and Pie 22
Told me let's work, I said what's good? I'm lacing up the boots
Flight leave at six up to So Cal to get some game from Snoop
It just hit me, I'm surrounded by panthers and lions
Huey P. Newton's, Bobby Seale's, black kings, we timeless
I don't tap out, I do not quit
Yes I'm a dog but not the bitch
Red nosed pit but I'm mixed
ALLBLACK ready, I stand tall like a Great Dane in this bitch
Don't do leashes, no leftovers, I ain't locked behind no fifth
Pass a dog, give Rollo the keys so he can drive my whip
It's a rager at Cal Berkley, got the addy, bitch it's lit
I like to party with white crowds who play pony shit
I mix brown and clear together, y'all ain't bent how I be bent
Forgot to introduce myself, I'm your real daddy bitch
E14 to Post Street, don't wear no suits and I don't limp
Run all fades and I pull cards, I'm anti to simps
Hibachi chicken over rice, I do not fuck with shrimp
I'm from Oakland, ain't no fuckin' city like mine
Marcus Peters in that booth, bitch it's game time
Came back home, runnin' my city like I'm Marshawn
Foothill boys, roll with the forty when I was on my grind
It's BLACK

Nigga I been gettin' money for a long time
It took all day to count them bands, that's a long time
Nigga I been gettin' paid for a long time
I ain't seen no rainy days in a long time
A long time, a long time
My diamonds shining but my Rollie say the wrong time
Every time your bitch say she need alone time
She with me, I'ma get some love me long time

Poochie's son, everybody know my mama
Catch a flight to the Bay, everybody 'bout that drama
Can't swim in the bay, it's a school of piranhas
Where them bands, it ain't a dollar in your wallet
You ain't really from the Bay, what you know 'bout carryin' drama?
Snatch my chain, it's a shootout
Fuckin' right, I talk my shit and tell the truth
Give a fuck about no rhyming
I be trippin' out in public, I be trippin' when I'm private nigga, Rolla

Yeah, I been said I'm the coolest in the city
It's good where I step, everybody fuckin' with me from
Ice City to Brookfield, my niggas is too real
They shootin' that real steel, these niggas will kill Bill
Posted on the corner 'cause we had to

Long day at work, late nights bringing in the food
Campus Village baby, Lower Bottom raised me
I'll be damned if I let a nigga play me, bah

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Hella Disrespectful
It's that Bay shit
We in the mix
This ain't the new Too \$hort album
It's the mixtape