You Ain't My Friend

Afroman

When you born in this world
You get these people that you coincidently grow up with
And you get this illusion of friendship
You know what I'm saying man
But as you get older, you notice
You notice people trying to take advantage of you
You notice people trying to like manipulate you
Then all of the sudden, homeboy, it hits you
And you realize, you ain't got no friends 'cause
Gotta get on down, gotta get on down
Gotta get on down, gotta get on down
Gotta get on down, you know I gotta get on down
Gotta watch my back, gotta watch my back
'Cause I might get jacked, gotta pack my gun
Gettin' beat up ain't no fun, yeah, baby, baby
Aw yeah, aw yeah, aw yeah
We don't kick it no more, you ain't my friend
You need to pay me back my ends 'cause you ain't my friend
Stop drinkin' my gin, you ain't my friend
You ain't my friend, you ain't my friend
You be pinchin' my sack 'cause you ain't my friend
Talkin' all behind my back 'cause you ain't my friend
Yo man it's all good but you ain't my friend
'Cause we from the same hood but you ain't my friend
Droppin' dope in my yard, you ain't my friend
Tryin' to scope out my broad 'cause you ain't my friend
Never visit me in jail, you ain't my friend
Never post my bail 'cause you ain't my friend
When it comes to friends I ain't got none
All I got is a double barrel shotgun
I can't stand a useless man that has no plan
Lookin' at me with an empty hand
You always talkin' but you never listen
When you ride in my car CDs come up missin'
And that's strange
Damn, what happened to my loose change
If I remember correctly, you was flat broke
Now you eatin' on chips and drinkin' on a soda LOC
Lookin' at me smilin'

But yo I need some gas and my stomach is growlin'
Fools always act like they down with me
But they never wanna go outta town with me
Flip about four or five pounds with me
Get a motel sleep on the ground with me
But when I get back with my money stacked
All the homies start beggin' and talkin' smack
Tryin' to scheme and plot on the cash I got
A 'cause go head and shake the spot
We don't kick it no more, you ain't my friend
You need to pay me back my ends 'cause you ain't my friend
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I used to be a gang member, now I'ma gangsta
I don't trust he she him nor her, there's no honor among thieves
Everybody got tricks up they sleeves
You say you my friend but that's a bunch of noise
I stopped kickin' back with my homeboys
That same mother fucker that's shakin' ya hand
Be the first one to rat to the police man
Just when you think you've found a buddy
Get drunk and your buddy start actin' nutty
Now isn't this an excellent adventure
He turned on you like a Doberman pincher
Crazy, as it seems, Afroman gotta million dreams
I can't hang with ya'll and drink alcohol
Get into a brawl over nothing at all
I got plans but you don't believe 'em
Hangin' round you I'll never achieve 'em
Aw yeah, aw yeah, aw yeah
A, this one for all the loners out there
I ain't got no family, I ain't got no friends
Only thing that I have is a big fat bottle of gin
Make me feel all right, make me feel all right
Soothe me till I'm satisfied, yeah make me feel all right
I got the gangsta blues, yeah got the gangsta blues
Stacy Adams shoes with the gangsta blues

Do the crip walk, do the crip walk
A everybody, do the crip walk
A 'cause, do the crip walk
Do the crip walk, do the crip walk
Nobody loves me but my mama and I think she's lying too
I could never be your friend homeboy and I ain't trying to
Women can't stand, Afroman
Cops can't stand, Afroman
My wife can't stand, Afroman
My kids can't stand, Afroman
My mama can't stand, Afroman
My daddy can't stand, Afroman
'Cause I'ma gangsta baby, I'ma gangsta baby
I'ma hustler sug, I'ma hustler sug
Ain't got no job, ain't got no friends
But whatever you need, baby I'm gonna get
'Cause I'ma hustler baby, I made my point
So pass the joint, can I get a light?
That's all right

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