I Can't Be Your Man

T.i.

Yeah to the ladies
One mo' message from T.I.P.
I represent every man in America
Naw, the world
You wanna know what he, what he thinkin' bout
When he talkin' to you 'bout why he can't be your man you
Sure you wanna know here it is
My girl say I don't love her she say we just fuckin'
Nothin' against you it's just that I hate tux
She wanna toast with the mo' and the ice throwin' the rice
Wake up with me for the rest of your life
Ask me where I'm going, when I'comin back when I bounce
Runnin' her mouth, call herself the queen of the south
Redecorate the crib throwin' satin on the couch
Catch me out adulteratin' takin' half of the house
Well it ain't she don't deserve it just I don't wanna give it
The life she wanna live shorty I don't wanna live it
Makin' money shorty's missin' to all kind of digits
From Keke's to Chaniques's to Bianca's and Brigettes's
Poppin' up unannouced, shorty call 'fore you visit
Nothing about a number, mind your goddamn business
Look dick, some shit 'bout tip won't change
We can hang, but I got to let you know one thang
I can't be your man
It ain't you it's me, I'm sorry shorty
I can't be your man
Where I been, I don't see no rings on these fingers
I can't be your man
Look to the future, find somebody better than me
I can't be your man
You deserve much more, I'm no good to you shorty
Don't it seem like shit be cool for a month and a half
All of a sudden you frontin' and showin' your ass
Complainin' bout what you got, shorty look what you had
Before me, it was pull-out couches and bilitant bags
Now she mad 'cause she ain't got a TV in her Jag
I tell you what if that ain't good enough get back on the bus
Give up the princess cuts and the Prada and stuff
I take you out to eat and you order a bottle of what?

Ungrateful wonderin' why I'm not faithful
Ballin's all good but this shit is just wasteful
Want me to pay your bills help you get a bigger crib
Shorty I don't mind helpin' but show some initiative
Ain't brought nothin' to the table but hard times and heartache
Do something get on your grind for God's sake
A reminder, rewind this message from your highness
For those that chose to take my kindness for blindness
I can't be your man
I don't cheat 'cause I ain't shit, I'm cheatin' cause you ain't shit
I can't be your man
Every time I walk in the house you sittin' on that goddamn couch
You ain't got nothing better to do
I can't be your man
Cook, clean, iron, pay the water bill, shorty do something
Work with me
I can't be your man
Ay, pack you shit shorty I'm droppin' yo ass off
At yo mami house, right now
One more scenario 'bout another jazzy hoe
That I met on the road after a show in Ontario
Shorty say she got a man that don't really scare me though
But she say he got a temper so but what he jealous for
'Cause you told him you were cheatin'
Hell, well what you tell him for
Shit, what that got to do with tip
You better let him know
Now she want to let him go but what for
So you can get with me and keep being a slut hoe
I don't think so baby better stay where you at
I'm no good for you never mind the way that he act
You got a kid and a crib with him what's better than that
I'm in town for the week you better settle for that
I can't be your man
I'm here for 4 days shorty, 4 days, I can't change the world
I can't be your man
He don't treat you right? What that gotta do with me?
I can't be your man
He be cussin' you out and shit
You cheated on him shorty, can you blame him?
I can't be your man
You ain't fend to bring that bullshit to me, I don't want naan parts of it
I can't be your man
Look here man get that shit out of my face kick rocks
I can't be your man

I ain't fend to have nothing to do with it
Their will be none of that round here
I can't be your man
Besides shorty you talk to much I can't deal with it
I can't be your man
You say you work where
Mickey D, get the hell out of here shorty
Man look ay, I can't deal with it
You got too much baggage with you man
You and little, uh, uh, uh little opus cunningham
Y'all kick rocks down the damn street
I can't deal with it shorty
N complain what you ain't got what?
Shorty when I met you shorty you was barefooted
Sittin' on the railroad track with some straw in yo mouth
What the hell you complainin' about what you got now
Wh-wh-what nigga you got steak and eggs right here
I'm sayin', what the business is? Get the hell out of here man
Ay man you need to show me some appreciation round here
You in the damn living room more than the muthafuckin' furniture shorty
I can't deal with that shit man get a damn job
Do something for me
Lazy bitch, all the bad bitches in the world and I had to hook up
With the sorriest hoe in America
Why don't you take the weight off my back every now and then
Why don't you pay a bill
30 damn dollars, the cable bill ain't but 30 damn dollars shorty
Why don't you change, flip the mattress
Man wash some clothes, change a light bulb
Goddamn shorty, I gotta do every thing round this sumabitch
A lazy bitch, ain't nothing worse than a lazy bitch shorty wasted talent

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/