

Ain't No Santa (Bonus Mix)

Trick Daddy

(Trick Daddy Talking) Turn It up, Because I have something to say ya'll Ya'll pay attention ova there Reperesenting Page County You know what I'm saying? Everybody doin songs talking about what they got and they jewelry and they cars I'm gonna talk about something eles we never had shit, we real (Trick Daddy) And there damn sure aint no Santa Clause because, if it was like Santa we would be having a Thingsgiving dinner while ya'll was dreaming of a white Christmas I was out and if I robe for a million I just hope god would forgive me chillen wit my niggas out spilling trying to make a living after i spent it on his children and ten others, Lets see thats three sisters and 7 brothers all we had was each other and or daddy because I love him See I was born in da struggle 89 stepdaddy's me and my mother I never seen a flying raindeer so if rudoff called dog ya'll just tell him I aint here, and I aint da grinch who like to still Christmas, but if u pay attenion you'll learn a lesson just listin See I beleave dat da children know our future but if u don't rise them right they'll grow up and shoot cha (Trick Daddy Talking) you know?All dat walking Martin Luther King did and they only gave Ya'll best beleave that all these lies you know what I'm saying? him justic one time you tried to fram OJ and beat the shit out of Rodney King Fibb's and all des story's be like history one month out the year hell (Trick Daddy) I was born amunch raseism, thats why the police hate me and I they wanna see me in jail hell they can't wait to take me, wanna cam see it in their faces yeah they wanna give nigga cases and don't make me run hog tie me and take my bar, take me off around Christmas cracker If you know the moral to the words of this song, what about the words of Rodney King "Can we all get along?", huh cause niggas just when I nervus back, matter fact saying those ova there where them terrorist, and they aint coming back till Bin Loden and all thoes fighters are found dead shoot up in the mountins of Airkida (Trick Daddy Talking) I'd kill all dem motherfuckers every last one of them all them son of a bitches all them funny names motherfuckers disrespecting my country and my people, I wish ya'll would get yo fuck ass out of my face free at last my ass Mr. President you aint even press me u aint even them to justic yet, you better go get 'em Mr. President tell me why my people doin bad some blacks wit no dads (Trick Daddy) doin bad shooting bad and fo sho getting a limo got a wardrobe and I'm stuck wearing dis niggas clothes hell I go to school and dem teachers straight dog me I try to learn but my brain just wont, I'm not dumb but mad and sad which I should be, you tryed framing me I'm forced to live wit out a job or work at Mike D's or i could robe circuit city and get 5 or 3, slang a kane its no thing but I'm scared to of tab, and if you think im gonna change you can kiss my ass (Trick Daddy Talking) no capital a finces no way forst degree misterminers haha, I just wanna say use that enough for personal use, only personal use only, and there damn sure aint no Santa Clause haha and there sure aint no Santa Clause you snitching bitches, I'm gonna smoke one on ya

Songwriters

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