

Ain't No Santa

Trick Daddy

Turn It up, Because I have something to say ya'll
Ya'll pay attention ova there representin' 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
Ellis we never had shit, we real

And there damn sure ain't no Santa Clause because, if it
Was like Santa we would be having a Thanksgiving dinner
While ya'll was dreaming of a white Christmas I was out
Chillin' wit my niggas out spilling trying to make a living
And if I robe for a million I just hope god would forgive me
After I spent it on his children
See I was born in da struggle eight nine stepdaddy's me and my mother
And ten others, let's see that's three sisters and seven brothers
All we had was each other and or daddy because I love him
I never seen a flying reindeer so if Rudolph called dog ya'll
Just tell him I ain't here, and I ain't da Grinch who like to steal Christma
s
But if you pay attention you'll learn a lesson just listenin'
See I believe dat da children know our future but if you don't rise
Them right they'll grow up and shoot cha

Ya'll best believe that all these lies you know what I'm saying?
Fibb's and all des story's be like history one month out the year
You know? All dat walking Martin Luther King did and they only gave
Him justice one time you tried to frame OJ and beat the shit out of Rodney K
ing
Hell

I was born amongst racism, that's why the police hate me and I
Cam see it in their faces yeah they want to give nigga cases and
They want to see me in jail hell they can't wait to take me, want to
Hog tie me and take my bar, take me off around Christmas cracker
Don't make me run
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 nervous back, matter fact saying those ova there where them terrorist
And they ain't coming back till Bin Laden and all those fighters are found
Dead shoot up in the mountains of Airkida

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 ain't even press me you ain't even the
m
To justice yet, you better go get 'em

Mr. President tell me why my people doin' bad some blacks wit no dads
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 won't, I'm not dumb but mad
And sad which I should be, you tried framing me I'm forced to live wit out
A job or work at Mike D's or I could rob Circuit City and get five or three,
slang
A kane its no thing but I'm scared to of tab, and if you think I'm gonna cha
nge

You can kiss my ass

I just want to say use that enough for personal use, only personal use only
No capital offences no way first degree misterminers haha
And there damn sure ain't no Santa Claus haha
And there sure ain't no Santa Claus you snitching bitches
I'm gonna smoke one on ya