## Trick Daddy F/ Society "You Ain't My Friend"

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[Afroman talking]

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 cuz

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

## [Chorus]

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
Cuz 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 cuz go head and shake the spot

## [Chorus]

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 cuz, 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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