

## T.i. "I Can't Be Your Man"

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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 ain't  
talkin to you bout why he can't  
be your man you sure you wanna know

Here it is

*[Verse 1]*

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 unannounced, shorty call 'fore you visit  
Nothing about a number, mind your goddamn business  
Look bitch, some shit bout Tip won't change  
We can hang, but I got to let you know one thang

*[Chorus]*

I can't be your man  
It ain't you it's me, 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 someone better than me  
I can't be your man  
You deserve much more, I'm no good to you shorty

*[Verse 2]*

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 T.V. 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 the grind for God's sake  
A reminder, rewind this message from your highness  
For those that chose to take my kindness for blindness

*[Chorus]*

I can't be your man  
I don't cheat cause I ain't shit,  
I'm cheatin' cause you aint 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

*[Verse 3]*

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

*[End Chorus]*

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 the..., 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

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