

## **Trick Daddy "Ain't No Santa"**

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(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  
Chillen 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 89 stepdaddy's me and  
my mother  
And ten others, Lets see that's three sisters and 7  
brothers  
All we had was each other and or daddy because I love  
him  
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)

Ya'll best beleave 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 justic one time you tried to fram OJ and beat the  
shit out of Rodney King  
Hell

(Trick Daddy)

I was born amunch raseism, that's why the police hate  
me and I  
Cam see it in their faces yeah they wanna give nigga  
cases and  
They wanna see me in jail hell they can't wait to take  
me, wanna  
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 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

(Trick Daddy)

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 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 it's no thing but I'm scared to of tab, and if you  
think im gonna change  
You can kiss my ass

(Trick Daddy Talking)

I just wanna say use that enough for personal use, only  
personal use only,

No capital a finces no way forst degree misterminers  
haha,

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

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