The Blues Brothers "Ain't No Santa"

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[Trick Daddy]

Turn it up, Because I have something to say ya'll Ya'll pay attention ova there Repersenting 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 ain't 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 niggaz out spilling trying to make a living

And if I robbed for a million

I just hope God would forgive me after I spent it on his children

See I was born in the struggle

89 stepdaddy's me and my mother and ten others Let's see thats three sisters and 7 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 the grinch who like to steal Christmas But if you pay attenion you'll learn a lesson just listen See I believe dat the children know our future But if you don't raise them right they'll grow up and shoot cha

[Trick Daddy]

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 justice one time

You tried to frame OJ and beat the shit out of Rodney King? Hell

(Trick Daddy)

I was born amongst racism

That's why the police hate me and I can 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't we all get along?"

Huh cause niggas just when I nervous back

Matter fact saying those ova there where them terorist and they ain't coming back

Til Bin Laden and all thoes fighters are found dead Shoot up in the mountins of Airkida

[Trick Daddy]

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 get them to justice 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 niggaz 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 tried framing me
I'm forced to live wit out a job or work at McD's
Or I could rob Circuit City and get 5 or 3
Slang a 'caine its no thing, but I'm scared to of tab
And if you think I'm gonna change you can kiss my ass

[Trick Daddy]

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

No capital a finces no way forst degree misdemeanors

haha And there damn sure ain't no Santa Clause haha And there sure ain't no Santa Clause you snitching bitches I'm gonna smoke one on ya

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