

Afroman, If It Ain't Free

INTRO:

Ladies and gentlemen, homosexuals, lesbians and transvestites,
I am your platter spinnin' poppa, your woofer whopper, your G-mosave from the mohave
Sellin' weed out the alley of the anti-dope valley...
Rollin' like a tumbleweed through Pimpville, Pimpafornia...
I'm the Hungry Hustler, Afro mutha' fuckin' M-A-N
Givin' a shout out to all these parasites (parasites?...you understand me?)
These mosquitos (mosquitos), mosquito ho's,
Swarmin' around my water tryin' to suck me dry (hell yeah)
But money come to haaard...to give it all to a broad (I know that's right, hell yeah)
We all do stupid things....payin' too much for pussy don't have to be one of em'
So fellas, don't get pussy-whoopped (say what?)....
Whoop that pussy (while yer bullshuttin'...looky here boy)
And we ain't talkin' bout all women (henh)...
But if the maxipad fits, go ahead and wear it bitch (henh....do you undersmell me?)

(Check this out loco) Babay (uhoh), you are the woman...of my dreams
(yes you...go on an do your thang)
And I really want to put a woman like you.....somewhere on my team
You have a sense of humor (unh..c'mon) you sexy and you smart (you so intelligent)
But when you tried to take my money, honey...you broke my fuckin' heart
(c'mon cuz...where you at loco? ...You broke my fuckin' heart)
I said baby, yeah I need you...to step on out my car
(step on out my car....don't forget your panties and your bra)
Cuz now I know exactly what you are...

(Ladies and gentlemen, fresh off parole...the Quarterpiece Quartet)

CHORUS:

You gold diggin' bitch...usin' yer pussy tryin' to get rich...maybe
(what you say baby? You need some what? You need some money?)
If your pussy ain't free...it's not for me, baby
(you know you fucked up, don't ya? you know you fucked up, don't ya? don't ya?)
You's a gold diggin' bitch...usin' yer pussy tryin' to get rich...maybe
(n-n-n-n-n-n-no...you'd...you better not skip this song, you better not skip this song)
If your pussy ain't free (shit)...it's not for me, (I'll be sittin' up there) baby
(watchin' them male bashers Ricky Lake and Queen Latifah, so listen to this shit, biotch)

See, I finally figured out why these ho's be hoin'...
Pussy is the only thing a bitch got goin'
It must be Sunday, cuz you got no class...
With the G-string goin' up the crack o'yer ass (crack o'yer ass)
Yo, you didn't speak back when I spoke to you (spoke to you)
Why? Do I look broke to you?
You put your head down, baby, then you pass me (pass me)
You hit the dance floor and started dancin' nasty (nasty)
And it's a trip when a stripper start to strip
All the home boys feel obligated to tip
Baby, even though I love the way you grease your thighs
I'm savin' my money for some chile cheese fries
Please! Don't make me laugh ho (laugh ho)
Take yo gold diggin' hands off my afro (afro)
Give you money for dancin'? Come on boo
I wouldn't give it to you, if you let me cum on you
Ooh I never found a gold diggin' woman arousin'
I'm a stingy black boy from the year two thousand
Payin' a broad is preposterous...
Unless you stick your dick down her esophagus (ewww)
And even if you did that, you still a trick...(still a trick)
You need to make the woman pay for your dick (you know..)
You the one huffin'
You the one puffin'
She the one layin' there, ain't doin' nuthin'
And I bet you ate the pussy hopin' for good luck

Nine times outta ten you didn't get your dick sucked
Bitch too busy, thinkin' bout,
Takin' all the money out yer bank account
So get out my Cadillac, real slow...
And go back home to your dil-do
If your lookin' for a trick, Miss Gold Digger...
You need to go talk to a old nigga

You gold diggin' bitch...usin' yer pussy tryin' to get rich...maybe
(all these little undercover prostitutes, cuz)
If your pussy ain't free...it's not for me, baby
(get to the house and the bitch stick out her hand and shit)
You's a gold diggin' bitch...usin' yer pussy tryin' to get rich...maybe
(you know...I ain't tryin' to be too niggerish on the microphone, you know what I'm sayin' cuz?)
If your pussy ain't free...it's not for me, baby (hey, let's flip it with finesse, for the ladies)
(Honey) Man, this girl walked up to me the other day... (you can't have my money)
I ain't even fuckin' her...she want me to jeopardize my life...
Take her to the wrong neighborhood way across town...
(Honey) And got mad at me when I asked her for some money for some gas in my Cadillac
(you can't have my money) I told her like this eyea! Bitch I ain't playin'
It ain't like you my woman.....you know what I'm sayin'?
Talkin' bout a man s'posed to take care of a woman
I told her like sugar free, I said now wait a minute baby, hold on (hold on)
That's drama...naw, naw, that's some shit you got from your mama
Now I ain't fixin' to break nary fingernail goin' "oops" upside yo head
Talkin' bout "take me shopping"
I told her like "be legit"...check this shit out, I say, hey man,
I said "Hit me when your welfare check is comin'...
And maybe we can go to the mall, or sumpin'...punk bitch
(Hey what's Nate Dogg tell them bitches man? Hey let me concentrate and say..)
Cuz I-I-I (uh-oh) have never met a girl (whay you playin' me...hey comeon y'all)
That I love, in the whole wide world
(What Ice Cube say, hey check it out, he say)
Last night she sucked my dick...
Now she kissin' Little Man...
Won't he suck my dick and let's cut out the middleman-man-man-man-man-man-man-man