Trick Daddy, Ain't No Santa (Bonus Mix) (Bonus T

(Trick Daddy Talking)
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 gat
and they jewelry and they cars,
i want to talk about somethingwe never had shit, be real

(Trick Daddy)
And there damn sure aint no Santa Clause because,
if it was like Santa what happen to Thingsgiving dinner
while ya'll was dreaming of a white Christmas
I was out chillen wit my niggas out stealin 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 thats 3 sisters, 7 brothers
all we had was each other and i did 'cause I love'm
I never seen a flying raindeer so if rudoff called dawg
ya'lljust tell him I aint here,
and I aint da grinch who like to stillChristmas,
but if u pay attenion there a lesson to learn 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

(Chorus)2x
24,7
3,65
aint no christmas in da ghetto
just tryin' na stay alive
he neva even seem them
he never even hear them
only HO HO HO, Is da Hoes i know

(Trick Daddy)

I was born amunch raseism, thats 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 sent them ova there where them terorist,
and they aint coming back till Bin Loden
and all thoes fighters are found
dead shoot up in the mountins of Airkida

(Chorus)2x

(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
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 circut city and get 5 or 3,
slanga kane its no thing but I'm scared to of tab,
and if you think im gonna change
than cracker you can kiss my ass

(Chorus)4x