

You Ain't My Friend - 1/3

Interprété par Afroman.

[Afroman talking]

When you born in this world
You get these people that you coincidently grow up with
And you get this illusion of friendship
You know what I'm saying man
But as you get older
You notice, you notice people trying to take advantage of you
You notice people trying to like manipulate you
Then all of the sudden homeboy
It hits you
And you realize
You ain't got no friends cuz

Gotta get on down
Gotta get on down
Gotta get on down
Gotta get on down
Gotta get on down
You know I gotta get on down
Gotta watch my back
Gotta watch my back
Cause I might get jacked
Gotta pack my gun
Gettin beat up ain't no fun
Yeah baby baby
Aw yeah aw yeah aw yeah

[Chorus]

We don't kick it no more
You ain't my friend
You need to pay me back my ends
Cause you ain't my friend
Stop drinkin my gin
You ain't my friend, you ain't my friend, you ain't my friend
You be pinchin my sack
Cause you ain't my friend
Talkin all behind my back
Cause you ain't my friend
Yo man it's all good
But you ain't my friend
Cuz we from the same hood
But you ain't my friend
Droppin dope in my yard
You ain't my friend
Tryin to scope out my broad
Cause you ain't my friend
Never visit me in jail

You Ain't My Friend - 2/3

You ain't my friend
Never post my bail
Cause you ain't my friend

When it comes to friends I ain't got none
All I got is a double barrel shotgun
I can't stand a useless man that has no plan
Lookin at me with an empty hand
You always talkin but you never listen
When you ride in my car CDs come up missin
And that's strange
Damn, what happened to my loose change
If I remember correctly, you was flat broke
Now you eatin on chips and drinkin on a soda loc
Lookin at me smilin
But yo I need some gas and my stomach is growlin
Fools always act like they down with me
But they never wanna go outta town with me
Flip about four or five pounds with me
Get a motel sleep on the ground with me
But when I get back with my money stacked
All the homies start beggin and talkin smack
Tryin to scheme and plot on the cash I got
A cuz go head and shake the spot

[Chorus]

I used to be a gang member
Now I'ma gangsta
I don't trust he she him nor her
There's no honor among thieves
Everybody got tricks up they sleeves
You say you my friend but that's a bunch of noise
I stopped kickin back with my homeboys
That same mother fucker that's shakin ya hand
Be the first one to rat to the police man
Just when you think you've found a buddy
Get drunk and your buddy start actin nutty
Now isn't this an excellent adventure
He turned on you like a Doberman pincher
Crazy, as it seems
Afroman gotta million dreams
I can't hang with ya'll and drink alcohol
Get into a brawl over nothing at all
I got plans but you don't believe em
Hangin round you I'll never achieve em

Aw yeah, aw yeah, aw yeah
A, this one for all the loners out there

You Ain't My Friend - 3/3

I ain't got no family
I ain't got no friends
Only thing that I have
Is a big fat bottle of gin
Make me feel all right
Make me feel all right
Soothe me till i'm satisfied
Yeah make me feel all right
I got the gangsta blues
Yeah got the gangsta blues
Stacy Adams shoes
With the gangsta blues
Do the crip walk
Do the crip walk
A everybody, do the crip walk
A cuz, do the crip walk
Do the crip walk
Do the crip walk
Nobody loves me but my mama
And I think she's lying too
I could never be your friend homeboy
And I ain't trying to
Women can't stand
Afroman
Cops can't stand
Afroman
My wife can't stand
Afroman
My kids can't stand
Afroman
My mama can't stand
Afroman
My daddy can't stand
Afroman
Cause I'ma gangsta baby
I'ma gangsta baby
I'ma hustler sug
I'ma hustler sug
Ain't got no job
Ain't got no friends
But whatever you need
Baby I'm gonna get
Cause I'ma hustler baby
I made my point
So pass the joint
Can I get a light
That's all right