

# If It Ain't Free

Afroman

Ladies and gentlemen, homosexuals, lesbians and transvestites  
I am your platter spinnin' poppa, your woofer whopper  
Your G-mosavé from the mohavé  
Sellin' weed out the alley of the anti-dope valley

Rollin' like a tumbleweed through Pimpville, Pimpaforia  
I'm the Hungry Hustler, Afro mutha' fuckin'  
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  
But money come to hard 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  
But if the maxipad fits, go ahead and wear it bitch  
(Henh do you undersmell me?)

(Check this out loco)  
Babay, 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 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)

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-no you'd you better not skip this song, you better  
Not skip this song)  
If your pussy ain't free it's not for me  
(I'll be sittin' up there)  
Babay  
(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  
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 come 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

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 you're 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 have never met a girl  
(Whay you playin' me hey come on 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