

# That Ain't Right

C-Murder

Tru Records exclusive, Curren\$y Da Hott Spitta & XL  
Action packed nigga get your cassettes ready  
It's about to go down like this here

Uh, uh, these niggas keep hatin', that ain't right though  
I'ma throw it down like this here

Now I ain't trying to take over the game  
I'm just trying to get a Range Rover and a couple of chains  
I got a X-ed out college bitch giving me brains  
Gave her my e-mail address and an alias name  
And they tell me take it easy but I can't help it  
I want more green than the Boston Celtics  
Let a true nigga breathe don't be selfish  
Bet on hot spitta competition getting dealt wit  
Hollerin' bout you totin' guns  
But I see you with no straps like low-top Air Force Ones  
And you hollerin' bout money ain't got no funds  
And you rappin' on beats using pots for ya drums  
And you'll never see me with ya bitch  
Oh I got the hoe with me, you just can't see through the tint  
And I'm beggin' ya dog please don't quit rappin'  
If you quit rappin' I quit laughin'

Don't want to see us with no paper ha (that ain't right)  
Don't want to see us niggas make it ha (that ain't right)  
I ain't gon call you a hater dog ('cause that ain't nice)  
Just let a nigga breathe in the game aight

I got a flat so I had to leave the V in the garage  
And X see the bar on his Bentley ??  
Headin' to the spa for a weekly massage  
Me, ya lady, and ya sister do minage trios  
And I just copped two Porsches  
And the dashboard got more wood than the Evergreen Forest

Pull up on the block, two glocks two torches  
Shorty too hot like papa bear's poridge  
Talkin' bout you pop caps to wet me  
The only cap you pop is off a bottle of Pepsi  
I got enough waves for you to ride on jet skis  
And fuck a bodyguard I let the tech protect me  
Hell in a black end male with white break lights  
Known for spittin raps out like that on tapes right  
Say you got skills ha bitch keep frontin'  
And I'll carve ya face up like a Halloween Pumpkin

I guess I ain't supposed to spit  
You probably want me locked off in the back so you can hush my shit  
You probably thinkin' is see wrong for this  
But XL ain't just a name known for production and shit  
If ain't nothing else, I'm never ya bitch  
Lyrically I'm hot, like the different color paint on my six  
And if y'all really ain't on my shit, it's cool  
'Cause that ain't right  
I guess I know you better than me  
You probably a pimp who get the pussy wetter than me

You probably a thug with more ice and cheddar than me  
Fuck that if i was you I'd be better than me  
Ya bitch you, you better be better than me  
You're probably right, that ain't right  
Naw dog, not on your life  
You're better off trying to fuck with a dike  
If you smart why you sound so dumb on the mic  
You can't fuck with my beats let alone what I write  
My click, or the fact that we tight  
It ain't us, y'all ain't doin' it right  
I ruined it right  
A producer that ruined your life  
Aw fuck it they done gave me a mic

That ain't right