

That Ain't Right

Fun Lovin' Criminals

They call me little chiggy. Cause I chiggy a little New York trips
rot never caught me in the middle

4 5 6 still up in the mix still comin' to grips. Still cashin'
in chips with the hits that make the chicks get sexy on the floor
or pass the dutch cause uncle Mike got more the ladies that get
zealous. And try to make us jealous dancin with some fellas they
perceive are out to get us

The way you move your hips. Makin old hearts skip and all the ho
meboys trip. That ain't right if you out all night. And you do
n't know why you started that fight. That ain't right if your d
addy hurt you the city took your virtue the bouncer tried to se
arch you that ain't right if you puffin your love. And the cops
roll up they try to crush your blunt that ain't right

I clear out the club with a round in the ceiling I'm telling my
self but feelin' ain't belivin poppin many bottles with the fam
ily DiFontaine some of us didn't make it we salute you just the
same hall my drink on the floor when they rock the clash bridg
e and tunnel gettin nervous cause we bust that ass its nut like
we all violent and actin aggressive but their women get us goi
n when they dancin all suggestive'

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I see guys and girls dancin

Do it to the crowd

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