

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 homeboys
trip. That ain't right if you out all night. And you don't know why you
started that fight. That ain't right if your daddy hurt you the city took
your virtue the bouncer tried to search 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 myself but
feelin' ain't belivin poppin many bottles with the family 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 bridge and tunnel gettin nervous
cause we bust that ass its nut like we all violent and actin aggressive
but their women get us going when they dancin all suggestive'

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I see guys and girls dancin

Do it to the crowd

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