

# What It Ain't

Goodie Mob

Now T L C will challenge Goodie MoB  
To a game of ghetto laser tag  
When they say, "What it is"  
You scream, "What it ain't"

That is all, get it  
1999, yeah, TLC  
The Goodie MoB  
The M O B  
The synergy of ghetto sounds for the Y 2 G

What you wanna do wit it?  
What it is, what it ain't  
What  
Either you bring it  
We gon' bring it  
Or you can't

Sometimes it gets kinda messy out there  
Sometimes  
But we get by one day at a time  
What you wanna do wit' it?

I still go eat at Waffle House after 112 when I go out  
Where do you hang or do you slang  
Or wear a chain or platinum rings?  
I still maintain my ghetto side

I keep my pride, get on my ride, 20 inch rims  
I sport a brim, hang with my girls  
Go to the mall around the world and keep your change  
The finest things will still remain so ooh

Don't even look from across the room  
You don't know enough about this world to  
Ever get it on with me or hang out where I do

Don't even look from across the floor  
You don't have game enough for no tour  
To come upon a girl like me  
And that's not a possibility

She's a built plastic girl I'm a big boss man  
I like old model cars and big sedans  
You like two doors funding their clothes and rolls  
I sit on the porch sip some and pose

I like the 9 when you're humpin' hot ho's  
I do sweets while you preferred the lows  
Tonight I'm choose 'cuz ya already chose  
It's grown folk business and I'll run the floor

'Cuz you ain't ghetto enuff for me  
And you ain't hot enuff for me  
And you ain't fly enuff for me  
And you're too tight with your money

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Shit my baby is still ghetto like hot fries  
I come from lovin' niggas and give 20/20 with his bloodshot eyes  
Got turned into gold went from two O's to thirty two lows  
Which is enough to buy a Rolls ain't but nobody knows

I stay in my place, keep my diamonds out of your face  
You wanna be with this player got to play at my pace  
I'm slum but I can still cum over there where you're from  
If you want some bullshit you better buy you some

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Shorty where your booty? Shorty  
Shorty where your gold teeth?  
Shorty where your long nails?  
Shorty where your fake hair?

Shorty got the attitude  
All up in the news  
To represent the 90's girl  
You the oldies too

I got your back you got the front  
It's time we pull it off in the woods with the bump on them dubs  
Ain't no scrubs don't conceal I'm a ghetto millionaire  
Can you see me gettin' it clear?  
I'ma keep on servin' here like I'm supposed to baby

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What it is  
What it ain't  
What it is  
What it ain't  
What it is  
What it ain't

What don't, don't be suffocatin' my pockets  
While I'm resuscitatin' these topics like  
Bring your G's, where your loot?  
You're lookin' real dumb when you get the boot

What it is my road to me

Come from some of the hardest of streets  
Me custom navigate to the club  
With some of the hardest of beats

What it ain't what you sleepin' with all the shit that I've been through  
'Cuz I'ma keep doin' all the things that I gots to do  
Damn it I'll put your ass to work  
Comb your nappy head till it hurts

Where them saints stop these are the ropes  
Take your wealth up the street or you might hurt your throat  
You know you're ghetto when you don't show up in court  
For not payin' your child support or you too bullshit for me  
You act like you're too good to eat

At Church's, Popeye's, and Hartz I shop at Walter's Bright Creek  
In the mall where it's steep and deep I hang out in Bank Head  
You prefer buck head your favorite color is hot pink  
I love that thing

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