

# Ain't Right

Waka Flocka Flame

I'm sick of these niggas just talkin about that life  
Yo broke ass nigga just barkin ain't got no bite  
I'm a trill ass nigga, you lame ass niggas ain't right  
Bitch I'm certified, you lame ass niggas ain't right  
You ain't right, you ain't right  
I'm a real ass nigga, you bitch ass niggas ain't right  
You ain't right, you ain't right  
I'm certified, you bitch ass niggas ain't right

They talkin, feel like I hold something  
Yea what I don't, oh hold on nigga nothing  
Get the fuck up out my face  
But niggas ain't talkin bout nothing  
Ya'll niggas out here starving  
They really ain't get no money  
No bitch is with em, they lonely  
Screaming real nigga they phony  
I'm ballin like real homey  
My lifestyle like Tony  
I'm the king, ain't no dethrone me  
To the top, that's where I'm going  
DG to the death of me  
Done that my big homey

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Ain't no real nigga round my circle  
This boot nigga talk might murk you  
Runnin off on molly going purple  
I'm a get money nigga then I will front you  
Broke nigga go and get a tat  
Your diamonds on my neck  
Bad bitches love when a nigga flex  
Throwin bands out my ass,  
These niggas ain't right, these niggas ain't right  
Style on muddy, I'm drinking on Sprite  
G to the nigga, shout what it be like  
Yo big homey through yo hood ain't right  
You a dog, niggas like you I show no love to  
Young cause I love to  
Open up his head for a fucking altitude on Peru  
Squad

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Ya'll niggas ain't right, ya'll niggas too wrong  
Ya'll niggas fell of, nigga I'm too on  
And my gang's too strong, and my pistol too long  
And when I bust that bitch, swear I won't stop til ya'll niggas gone  
Red rolled in a bit  
Turn up, turn up  
Let go of this bit  
Turn up, turn up  
Red could it be  
Turn up, turn up  
And if a nigga just spread, let loose in bitch turn up turn up  
On deep that

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