

U Ain't Bout That Life

Waka Flocka Flame

U ain't bout that life
So everything that growlin' a dollar you see over words, you never turn my back on y'all
U ain't bout that life
So just because his body full of hatin' tattoos in his face I can tell that
U ain't bout that life
So you ain't never get it out the streets
Dip and doge the police,.. 'til I rest in peace
U ain't bout that life
So just because he robs his liquors, got shot and locked up, I can still tell ya
U ain't bout that life

He flexin', he flexin'
He ain't never flip a brick, flip a pound
He don't know how that chopper really kick
He ain't never lose a doggy, that pussy nigga innocent
He ain't have the wrap it 30 times just to kill the weed scent
Them tattoos and that jury don't make you hardest
And your coochy rap about it in your car garage
You fake as hell, fake as shit, counterfeit
You a fraud under pressure, tell quicker than your broad
Type to hit your hood with a bodyguard
That so not squad, young'uns, they will pull your cars
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I could tell the same nigga on the streets or in jail but

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Big ball and no bite, big mouth and no fight
Flip this motherfucker fo' that bitch fine
No matter but he ain't right
Earned my G stripes as I'm livin'
I'm a robbin' it
Hell when Chelsea needs slap automo
I'm with your friend Lucas
He ain't 'bout that life, he ain't 'bout that life
We know the boy gets talkin'
200 hundred rounds in your project
At that same store barkin'
I told what the fuck? They said Diddy is fucked
Then all that false clappin', that gang bangin', throwin' the wrong sets up
Manicurin' their nails and their toes
2020, get his... in his faces
I'm 'bout that life, Yodi
I'm a thin it like a Tobe

The brick squad and the Dante Marv
Who the fuck it?

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You ain't 'bout that life, You ain't got no stripes
You talked and took but you ain't tryna fight
Let this fucker sell it all his life, he's so
Aks somebody brought in the hood his whole life
Talkin' 'bout you got prize, you work at Popeye's
Ain't never sell no work, he was too scared to go outside
Get up in that booth and he Tony Montana
Ain't got a hundred grand, clamin' you king of Atlanta
You ain't 'bout that life, young bitch you got a invention
Virgins, don't let 'em fuckin' get you when you're splurgin'
You ain't 'bout that life hoe, same signome
Cause I can tell how you talk, it ain't signals

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