

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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