

## **Trick Daddy F/ Twista**

### **"That Ain't Right"**

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While emcees were burning ism I earned degrees in  
journalism  
Learning the system and about how freedom of speech  
is worth killing for  
But watch what you say in all those interviews!  
You're in limbo? WELL WE'RE IN LIMBO TOO!

Contact the dead to get advice from Anne Landers  
Transmit personal problems like head lice in bandanas  
The big man on campus has delusions of grandure  
Doing a thesis on ebonics, unconsciously using poor  
grammar

Your mannerisms are suitable to cancer victims  
How much opposition does it take for your stance or  
position  
To dance to this rhythm? (you're jignorant, baby!)  
Dance to this rhythm. (Go ahead, baby!)

Ah, forget it. It's actually accepted for rappers to have  
no ethics  
Their albums would benefit if they put in half the effort  
I attended candle light vigils for Matthew Sheppard  
While you put out another "fuck you, faggot" record

That Ain't Right

I blame my hate mail on typographical errors  
Correct the misspellings and then send out thank you  
notes for the love letters  
Accept rejection when I get a return to sender  
Reject acceptance when the girl's got an agenda

I've entered this Brave New World of true cowards  
Talkin' 'bout, "No one goes to shows no more. They're  
too crowded."  
So they stay home and burn shit  
Then they say, "I downloaded your life off the net.  
Totally worth it."

It's 2003. Time to stop acting like assholes

It ain't about backpackers or cash flow  
Fashionable afros, salon style dreds or frat clothes  
And it ain't about these fuckin' loud mouths shoutin,  
"BATTLE!"

African medallions didn't sell platinum albums  
That's part of the reason why you think hiphop died  
It was here before you were. It'll be here in the future  
Life's not a bitch, she's just sick of being personified

That Ain't Right

This household is filled with the half-deads  
They've got a mouthfull of pills because they're crack  
heads  
They shout that I'm ill, but they're doubtful of skill  
With the type of stabbing that turns my back red

I don't blast lead, I write until my pen explodes  
All over fashion dreds and your Echo clothes  
I don't listen when they say, "Shit ain't ever gonna  
change,"  
and they say I ain't got no sooooooooouuuuul..

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