

Frost**"You Ain't Right"**

Visit "[You Ain't Right](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[chorus - Diane Gordon]

you're no good
you're no good, baby
baby, you're no good
you're no good
you're no good, baby
baby, you're no good

[verse 1 - A.L.T.]

I was raised in a rough neighborhood
up to no good
I'm looking at the older fools in my hood
I wanna walk like 'em
I wanna talk like 'em
I wanna be a little G and hold a glock like 'em
I wear my dickies creased, I wanna sag
I wanna inhale some paint out of paper bags
and big puffing up a block got a fat money roll
and a firme '64
so
I guess it's me against the world
I'm only 13 and I'm raising up a baby girl
and I'm inducted in a hall of crime
'cause they jumped my ass in back in '79
now how you gonna tell me, that I should get a job
dirty money spends easy so I'd rather rob you, fool
but that's how it goes in the hood
and mamma used to say that I was no damn good

[chorus]

[verse 2 - A.L.T.]

I knock on the door about 6 in the morn'
"where the hell you been now it's the crack of dawn?"
I've been working in the studio hooking up some videos
but she knows I was out with some little hoes
it's like that song it's a thin line
she's starving for attention cause it's been a long time
and when I come home, I smell like a woman
there's lipstick on my collar
a phone number on a dollar

but that's just me
and just last week she found a hotel key
now every single time
she be hitting star 69
not knowing who she might find on the other line
will it be my homey
or will it be my hina
will she come home early and find her
hittin' that thing like I know I should
my woman used to tell me I was no damn good

[chorus]

[verse 3 - A.L.T.]

Nowadays it seems like things ain't the same
it's you and I killers in my gang
and all these little fools are looking up to me
I'm 33 so they're calling me an OG
and I'm telling them the stories of the old day
and how we handled things in our own way
we wouldn't drive by like a little punk
we'd tie his ass up and throw him in the trunk
we fought toe to toe and stood like a man
not shooting out the back of an Astro Van, damn
but nowadays they all on that speed and crack
and most of them ended up on their back
with a tag on their toe
I guess they didn't know
from 1981 to 1994
rest in peace
but that's how it goes in the hood
it's 1995 and it's still no good

[scratching(to all the homies rest in peace)]

[chorus x2.5]

Visit [Frost](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.