

## 2 Skinnee Js

### "You Ain't Right"

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[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]

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