

## Tlc "What It Ain't"

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Goodie mob & tlc  
Appears on the album "world party"

Now t-l-c will challenge goodie mob  
To a game of ghetto laser tag  
When they say "what it is"  
You scream "what it ain't"

1999 (yeah)  
Tlc, the m-o-b  
Goodie mob  
The synergy of ghetto sounds  
For the y-2-g

What you wanna do wit it  
What it is and what it ain't (what)  
Either you bring it (we gon' bring it)  
Or you can't  
Sometimes it gets kinda messy (sometimes)  
Out there  
But we get by (what you wanna do wit' it)  
One day at a time

I still go eat  
At waffle house  
After 112  
When I go out  
Where do you hang  
Or do you slang  
Or wear a chain  
Or platinum rings  
I still maintain  
My ghetto side i  
Keep my pride  
Get on my ride  
20 inch rims  
I sport a brim  
Hang with my girls  
Go to the mall  
Around the world  
And keep your change  
The finest things

Will still remain so

Bridge:

Ooooooh

Don't even look from across the room  
You don't know enough about this world to  
Ever get it on with me  
Or hang out where I do

Ooooooh

Don't even look from across the floor  
You don't have rhyme enough for no tour  
To come upon a girl like me  
And that's not a possibility

She's a built plastic girl  
I'm a big boss man  
I like old model cars and big sedans  
You like two doors  
Funding their clothes and rolls  
I sit on the porch  
Sip some and pose  
I like the 9  
When you're humpin' hot ho's  
I do sweets while you preferred the lows  
Tonight I'm choose 'cause ya already chose  
It's grown folk business and I'll run the floor

Chorus:

'cause you ain't ghetto enuff for me  
And you ain't hot enuff for me  
And you ain't fly enuff for me  
And you're too tight with your money  
'cause you ain't ghetto enuff for me

And you ain't hot enuff for me  
And you ain't fly enuff for me  
And you're too tight with your money

Shit my baby is still ghetto like hot fries  
I come from lovin' niggas  
And give 20/20  
With his bloodshot eyes  
Got turned into gold  
Went from two o's to thirty two lows  
Which is enough to buy a rolls  
Ain't but nobody knows  
Stay in my place  
Keep my diamonds out of your face  
You wanna be with this player  
Got to play at my pace  
I'm slum but I can still cum

Over there where you're from  
If you want some bullshit you better buy you some

#### Bridge

Shorty where your booty (shorty)  
Shorty where your gold teeth  
Shorty where your long nails  
Shorty where your fake hair  
Shorty got the attitude  
All up in the news  
To represent the 90's girl  
You the oldies too  
I got your back you got the front  
It's time we pull it off in the woods  
With the bump on them dubs ain't no scrubs  
Don't conceal I'm a ghetto millionaire  
Can you see me gettin' it clear  
I'ma keep on servin' here like I'm supposed to baby

#### Chorus

What  
Don't be suffocatin' my pockets  
While I'm recessitatin' these topics  
Like bring your g's where your loot  
You're lookin' real dumb when you get the boot  
What it is my road to me  
Come from some of the hardest of streets  
Me custom navigate to the club  
With some of the hardest of beats  
What it ain't what you sleepin' with all the shit that I've  
been through  
'cause i'ma keep doin' all the things that I gots to do  
Damn it I'll put your ass to work  
Comb your nappy head till it hurts

Where those saints stop  
These are the ropes  
Take your wealth up the street  
Or you might hurt your throat  
You know you're ghetto  
When you don't show up in court  
For not payin' your child support  
Or you too bullshit for me  
You act like you're too good to eat  
At church's, popeye's, and hartz  
I shop at walter's bright creek  
In the mall where it's steep and deep  
I hang out in bank head  
You prefer buckhead

Your favorite color is hot pink  
I love that thing

Chorus

Chorus

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