

Non-Prophets

"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

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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

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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 soooooouuuuuul.
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