

C-Murder, That Ain't Right

[Curren\$y Talking]

Tru Records exclusive, Curren\$y Da Hott Spitta & XL
Action packed nigga get your cassettes ready
It's about to go down like this here

Uh, uh, these niggas keep hatin, that ain't right though
I'ma throw it down like this here

[Curren\$y]

Now I ain't trying to take over the game
I'm just trying to get a Range Rover and a couple of chains
I got a X-ed out college bitch giving me brains
Gave her my e-mail address and an alias name
And they tell me take it easy but I can't help it
I want more green than the Boston Celtics
Let a tru nigga breathe don't be selfish
Bet on hot spitta competition getting delt wit
Hollerin bout you totin guns
But I see you with no straps like low-top Air Force Ones
And U hollerin bout money ain't got no funds
And U rappin on beats using pots for ya drums
And you'll never see me with ya bitch
Oh I got the hoe with me, you just can't see through the tint
And I'm beggin ya dog please don't quit rappin
If you quit rappin I quit laughin

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Don't wanna see us with no paper ha (that ain't right)
Don't wanna see us niggas make it ha (that ain't right)
I ain't gon call you a hater dog (cuz that ain't nice)
Just let a nigga breathe in the game aight

[Curren\$y]

I got a flat so I had to leave the V in the garage
And X see the bar on his Bentley ???
Headin to the spa for a weekly massage
Me, ya lady, and ya sister do minag trios
And I just copped two Porsches
And the dashboard got more wood than the Evergreen Forest
Pull up on the block, two glocks two torches
Shorty too hot like papa bear's poridge
Talkin bout you pop caps to wet me
The only cap you pop is off a bottle of Pepsi
I got enough waves for you to ride on jet skis
And fuck a bodyguard I let the tech protect me
Hell in a black end male with white break lights
Known for spittin raps out like that on tapes right
Say you got skills ha bitch keep frontin
And I'll carve ya face up like a Halloween Pumpkin

[Chorus]

[XL]

I guess I ain't supposed to spit
You probably want me locked off in the back so you can hush my shit
You probably thinkin is C wrong for this
But XL ain't just a name known for production and shit
If ain't nothing else, I'm never ya bitch
Lyrically I'm hot, like the different color paint on my six
And if y'all really ain't on my shit, it's cool
Cuz that ain't right
I guess I know you better than me
You probably a pimp who get the pussy wetter than me
You probably a thug with more ice and cheddar than me

Fuck that if i was you I'd be better than me
Ya bitch you, you better be better than me
You're probably right, that ain't right
Naw dog, not on your life
You're better off trying to fuck with a dike
If you smart why you sound so dumb on the mic
You can't fuck with my beats let alone what I write
My click, or the fact that we tight
It ain't us, ya'll ain't doin it right
I ruined it right
A producer that ruined your life
Aw fuck it they done gave me a mic

[Curren\$y]
That ain't right {*repeat 16X*}

[XL talking till end]