

TLC, What It Ain't

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