

# U Ain't Bout That Life

## Waka Flocka Flame

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"U Ain't Bout That Life" (feat. Alley Boy & Slim Thug)

U ain't bout that life So everything that growlin' a dollar you see over words, you never turn my back on y'all U  
ain't bout that life So just because his body full of hatin' tattoos in his face I can tell that U ain't bout that life So  
you ain't never get it out the streets Dip and doge the police,.. 'til I rest in peace U ain't bout that life So just  
because he robs his liquors, got shot and locked up, I can still tell ya U ain't bout that life  
He flexin', he flexin' He ain't never flip a bullshit, flip a purp He don't know how they fuck for really keep He  
ain't never lose a doggy, he's fuckin' innocent He ain't have the weapon 30 times just to keep just to kill a bitch  
Them tattoos and that jury don't make you hardest And your coochy rap about it in your car garage You fake as  
hell, fake it, counterfeit You a fart under pressure, tell quicker than your boss Time to hit your hood with a  
bodyguard They so not squad, young'uns, they will pull your cars U ain't bout that life I could tell the same  
fucker on the streets or in jail but

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Big ball and no bite, big mouth and no fight Flip this motherfucker fo' that bitch fine No matter but he ain't  
right Earned my G stripes as I'm livin' I'm a robbin' it Hell when Chelsea needs slap automo I'm with your  
friend Lucas He ain't 'bout that life, he ain't 'bout that life We know the boy gets talkin' 200 hundred rounds in  
your project At that same store barkin' I told what the fuck? They said Diddy is fucked Then all that false  
clappin', that gang bangin', throwin' the wrong sets up Manicurin' their nails and their toes 2020, get his... in  
his faces I'm 'bout that life, Yodi I'm a thin it like a Tobe The brick squad and the Dante Marv Who the fuck it?

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You ain't 'bout that life, You ain't got no stripes You talked and took but you ain't tryna fight Let this fucker  
sell it all his life, he's so Aks somebody brought in the hood his whole life Talkin' 'bout you got prize, you  
work at Popeye's Ain't never sell no work, he was too scared to go outside Get up in that booth and he Tony  
Montana Ain't got a hundred grand, clamin' you king of Atlanta You ain't 'bout that life, young bitch you got a  
invention Virgins, don't let 'em fuckin' get you when you're splurgin' You ain't 'bout that life hoe, same  
signome Cause I can tell how you talk, it ain't signals

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