

# What It Ain't

## Goodie Mob

[Virtual Vicky]  
Now TLC will challenge Goodie Mob  
To a game of ghetto laser tag  
When they say: "What it is."  
You scream: "What it ain't." [Left Eye] (Big Gipp)  
(Battle zone, Goodie)  
1999 (Yeah)  
TLC, M-O-B (And Goodie Mob)  
The synergy of ghetto sounds for the Y-2-G  
(What'cha want to do with it?)  
What it is, what it ain't  
(What?)  
Either you bring it  
(We gon' bring it)  
Or you can't  
Sometimes it gets kind of messy out there  
(Sometimes)  
But we get by  
(Well, what'cha want to do with it?)  
One day at a time [T-Boz]  
Stuck on me at waffle house  
After 1:12, when I go out  
Where do you hang?  
Or do you slang?  
Or wear a chain?  
Wear platinum rings?  
I still maintain my ghetto siren  
Keep my pride  
Get in my ride  
Twenty-inch rims  
I sport a brim  
And when my girls  
Go to the mall  
Around the world  
And keep the change  
The finest things  
We still remain so oh [Chili]  
You 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  
You don't even look from across the floor  
You don't have game enough any more  
Come up on a girl like me  
And that's not a possibility 'cause...[T-Mo]  
You big plastic girl  
I'm a big boss man  
I like old model cars and big sedans  
You like two doors  
Frontin' their clothes and Rolls  
Or sit on the porch, sip something real cold  
I like the nine when you up and not O's  
I do suits while you prefer the lows  
Tonight I'm a choose 'cause you already chose  
Grown for the business and I run to flow[TLC]  
'Cause you ain't ghetto enough for me  
And you ain't hot enough for me  
And you ain't fly enough for me  
And you're too tight with your money  
'Cause you ain't ghetto enough for me  
And you ain't hot enough for me  
And you ain't fly enough for me  
And you're too tight with your money[Cee-lo]  
Check it, baby  
So ghetto like hot fries  
I come from Melvin and resemble  
Twenty-twenty with his blood shot eyes, got thirty-two loads  
Went from two O's to thirty-two loads  
Which is enough to buy a Roll  
But nobody knows  
Stay in my place  
Keep my diamonds out of your face  
You want to be with this player?  
You got play at my pace  
I'm slow, but I can still come over there from where you're from  
If you want some bullshit, you better buy you some[Chili]  
You 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  
You don't even look from across the floor  
You don't have game enough any more  
Come up on a girl like me  
And that's not a possibility 'cause...[Khujo]

Shorty with your booty showin'  
Shorty with your gold teeth  
Shorty with your long nails  
Shorty with your fake hair  
Shorty got the attitude all up in the news  
To represent the nineties girl  
Doing it, oh, I need to  
I got the back, you got the front  
That's how we do up in the woods  
With the bump on the log  
Ain't no scrubs over here  
I'm a ghetto millionaire  
Can you see me in the clear?  
I'm a keep on serving 'em like I'm supposed to, baby[TLC]  
'Cause you ain't ghetto enough for me  
And you ain't hot enough for me  
And you ain't fly enough for me  
And you're too tight with your money  
'Cause you ain't ghetto enough for me  
And you ain't hot enough for me  
And you ain't fly enough for me  
And you're too tight with your money[Chorus x 8]  
What it is  
(What it ain't)  
What it is  
(What it ain't)[Left Eye](Big Gipp)  
Uh-huh, yeah, what?  
Don't be suffocating my pockets  
While I'm recitating these topics  
Like, where your gs, where your loot?  
And you lookin' real dumb when you get the boot  
What it is?  
My road to me come from some of the hardest of streets  
We custom navigate to the club  
With some of the hardest of beats  
What it ain't  
Is you sleeping with all the shit I've been through?  
'Cause I'm a keep doing all the things that I gotta do  
(I'm ghetto) Uh, dammit, I'll put your ass to work  
(I'm ghetto) Comb your nappy hair till it hurts[Big Gipp]  
Oh, what I'm saying  
Stop using the rope  
Take 'em real off these streets  
Or you might hurt your throat  
You know you ghetto

When you don't show up at court  
For not paying your child support  
Are you too bossier for me?  
You act like you too good to eat  
At Church's, Popeye's, and Arby's  
I shop at Walter's Bright Creek  
In a mall with Steve and Deke  
I hang out at Bankhead  
You prefer Buckhead  
Your favorite color is hot pink  
I love that gangsta red[TLC]  
'Cause you ain't ghetto enough for me  
And you ain't hot enough for me  
And you ain't fly enough for me  
And you're too tight with your money  
'Cause you ain't ghetto enough for me  
And you ain't hot enough for me  
And you ain't fly enough for me  
And you're too tight with your money  
'Cause you ain't ghetto enough for me  
And you ain't hot enough for me  
And you ain't fly enough for me  
And you're too tight with your money  
'Cause you ain't ghetto enough for me  
And you ain't hot enough for me  
And you ain't fly enough for me  
And you're too tight with your money[Chorus x 4][Big Gipp]  
We'll stop here  
Yeah, I lost one

Songwriters

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