

# Ain't Right

NoCap

(D. Hill)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
(Gudda Tay on every beat, nigga)  
(Yeah, yeah)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah

My wrist right (My wrist)  
Said, my bitch right (My bitch)  
My fit right (My fit)  
Keep a stick, right? (Keep a stick, nigga)  
Right, right, right, right  
Right, right, right, right

Where they trappin'? We go spin it up  
Them niggas broke because of us  
That molly pink like pigskin  
Fuckin' on my bitch friend  
Got that Lambo' tinted (Right)  
And put Dracos in it (Right)  
Niggas, they was with me (Right)  
I don't know what happened (Yeah)

I had to get rid of bitches, I knew they was choosin'  
I'm rich, so I'm to blame for everybody when they losin'  
She don't know a song, but she gon' fuck me 'cause I'm poppin' (Right)  
Spent twenty up in Nieman's and I didn't plan on shoppin' (Right)  
Your top in my lap, girl, it's a hat  
Call Tez, he'll dunk on 'em like Shaq  
Don't try and flex on me, get embarrassed  
I'm fuckin' snow bunnies in these carats  
Got all these rings on like I'm married  
Got all these Cuban links on my neck  
I got a cold heart in my chest  
I got an opp bitch in my bed  
Say that they with it, dodgin' on the low  
I put some new attachments on the pole  
We just gon' burn them bridges for them trolls  
Niggas done took my vision all along

(D. Hill)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
(Gudda Tay on every beat, nigga)  
That's fire  
Yeah, yeah, yeah

My wrist right (My wrist)  
Said, my bitch right (My bitch)  
My fit right (My fit)  
Keep a stick, right? (Keep a stick)  
Right, right, right, right  
Right, right, right, right

Where they trappin'? We go spin it up  
Them niggas broke because of us (Yeah)  
That molly pink like pigskin  
Fuckin' on my bitch friend  
Got that Lambo' tinted

And put Dracos in it  
Niggas, they was with me  
I don't know what happened

Niggas ain't right  
Bitches ain't right  
These niggas ain't right  
But my bitch right  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, niggas ain't right  
Yeah, yeah, bitches ain't right