

Alright (Ratatat remix)

Memphis Bleek

Ayo we can't stop, won't stop never intend to
They feel the style inside em call it jujitsu
Back to new York all the shit that I've been through
Some niggas say they dogs but to me they jus shitzu's
I've been too, down through all the thoughts and the issues
All the principals had to keep it official
'Cause you don't want no nigga have to grip that pistol
I bought the pistol turn dudes to fish food
These dudes want me lookin all miserable
Don't want me getting paper, go to Jacobs , or spend a few
But I be in them interviews
Takin bout how I been in coups
And how tech will sprig a nigga like a innerlube
Fuck round give you flats like an innertube
Poke you up just some of the shit I'm into
So fall back and maybe get a clear view
Of all my life and how I stare through the rear view[Chorus]
You got me back on the block again
Back with the rock again
Watching for cops again
All about the profit and
They got me back in this game again
But I swear we all gon be alright
(x2)Yo they say it can't be done no one can do it
I'm straight off promo, right back to it
Back to the booth where I got a spit fluid
There's money in the streets, I gotta go pursue it
I'm the truest you know who, you know that ? produce it
As soon as Guru moved in the flow get stupid
I'm sort of a ?? cause I'm sound is acoustic
Ain't biting the style their wearing hurdles to boost it
But, they say I'm slipping, ain't no new shit
The numbers never lie so you can't refute it
And don't confuse M with none of the bullshit
To the street I'm tied, like my mommas shoes is
I couldnt fathom the sight of me losing
Any Malcolm X Boulevard I'm bout movement
Im getting money I don't need ya two cents

The structures been build way before the blue print[Chorus]Yeah it's M to the E,M heading to the top wit this

Say it's niggas on the rock that don't wanna rock wit this
Damn! Thats the thanks I get
When you know I'm the one that started all this fuckin gangster shit
Riding out with the peeps, smoking that refer with Jena
'Cause me and Jena tag team and beatin the beat up
Rockin the Caesar, pushin the two seater with Jesus
Niggas didn't believe us, now they hate when they see us
In the crib got multiple features
Anybody gotta thought or none of them lease
This is a gift from God, I don't go to the preacher
I've flossed for years you watch me I'll teach ya
I just dropped M.A.D.E. I admit it was a sleeper
Anybody without pocket, now I'm beatin the streets up
Put it in my hood, in two weeks it heats up
We've don stacked up but Jay will never leave us[Chorus]

Songwriters

CARTER, SHAWN / BYRNE, DAVID / FRANTZ, CHRIS / WEYMOUTH, TINA / HARRISON, JERRY /
ENO, BRIAN / LEEPER, IMSOMIE / DASH, DAMON

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