It's Alright

JAY-Z & Memphis Bleek

Bounce if you wanna bounce, ball if you wanna ball
Play if you wanna play, floss if you wanna floss
It's alright, you heard?, It's alright, holla back
You get ill if you wanna ill, smoke if you wanna smoke
Kill if you wanna kill, Loc if you wanna Loc
It's alright, you heard? It's alrightI need a ho in my life to blow on my dice
So we can make our points twice and skate out a town
I need that glow in my ice, E-Class
Ladies screamin' Jigga you know we ease that, flowin' out like Jesus
Jay-Z and me holdin' the mic
So when you like you find MC's so impolite
And me I'm so into nice, got cats on the corner like
Don't me and Jigga be flowin' alike?
Nah, Not in your life ain't nobody copin' like
Mr. Jay-Z, shit you're crazy
I'm hot like the six maybe, Deep dish with the great seats
I flow greater than you're navigator
I drop in you're town, block you're data
Pimps all comin' through with a hot pair of gators
And a crew with rocks the size of craters
Can't touch like hot potatoes, ya heard?Now you can bounce if you wanna bounce, ball if you wanna ball
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In the middle of a war rockin' a vest, who's the illest shorty alive? I confess
I take nine to the chest and I swear to the Heaven sky's, I bless
The mics until the day I rest, till they can feel what I feel
I'ma try my best and if you real like I real you can provide the rest
Anything left out, you can blame it on the brain, not the heart
I'm playing my part, stretched out, just about the best outAny nigga realer than me, is in a mess hall with their chest out
Any rapper with less clout, sell more records than me
We extort them as soon as they record 'em, bleek
My name is clear, back when a shorty used to braid my hair
On the project stairs, once I drop to a ceaser, Ma I don't need ya
From the block to the hot two-seatersNow you can bounce if you wanna bounce, ball if you wanna ball
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It's alright, you heard? It's alright, CheckOn the two Jewel's I blew more money than Latrell, who else?
They don't know you, think they know you too well, you jell
Like Flubber I hover above the city in a private jet, the livest set
Press you're brakes, Feds wanna investigate, Mr. I don't cop nothin'
Less than eight, and anything involved with my name
Regardless of the fame, it's hard, I can't even walk through Harlem again
Charge it to the game, I'm platinum like American ExpressMy boy died, and all I did was inherit his stress
To make every jam tougher, you ain't my man fuck ya
I suggest let you live right? Negative, I swear
It's dough or die, I hope your soul provides you with an afterlife
Close you're casket tight
Take you're last two deep breaths and pass the mic
To Jay-Z nigga, that's rightNow you can bounce if you wanna bounce, ball if you wanna ball
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It's alright, you heard?, It's alright, holla back
You get ill if you wanna ill, smoke if you wanna smoke
Kill if you wanna kill, Loc if you wanna Loc
It's alright, you heard that? It's alright, holla back
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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