

Alright

Das EFX

Intro: *alright* (x16)

No doubt

Aha, see what you want baby?

Check it out! one-two for my peeps like this, check it out
Verse 1: skoob To the, aah, tick tick, my clique is mad
thick so don't slip (yeah)

Cos mad nigga's throats gettin slit

By the mister wit the heat ta burn ya til ya blister

You punk bitch, when the funk hit, the tongue twister (yeah)

It's the...now I'm the maniac with the flow (what?) ? ? ? ?

Til I knock out your regulars and your gold teeth (nigga)

Be doin my thing on a day-to-day (ha ha)

Some say I got too much posse like flavor flav

Books in reverse, the worst nigga out the clique (what?)

Ci-lo satan when I hit you with the triple 6

Your shit be stressin it's lessin, I'm flexin with the adjectives

Shittin on mc's like I just took a laxative

Now niggas know I gives a fuck about'cha crew

You try to keep up but got stuck like the two

Between nevers and atlantis, I kicks a frantic

And goddamn it, watch me and my man rock the planet

Like this, boy! Hook: *alright* (x8)
Verse 2: dray Well uhh, one-two, comin thru next

Nigga krazy drayzie representin das efx

Stompin wit my crew comin thru your projects

Bring ya from the east so fuck the peace so if you spot us

You do us a fave bip, you pull your piece and shot em (baa!!)

You're makin dollars overseas (uhh), nigga please (uhh)

Squeeze these cos we're gettin paid by the g's wit ease (word up)

We're blowin up your fuckin spot (no doubt)

Cos when you're hot, you're hot and when you're not, you're not

Now everybody be the nicest but jesus christ this

It's a crisis, I kill em dead with my devices

My advice is you better learn a trade

Before you kick a rhyme and end up fuckin gettin sprayed

I keep you open like you're fuckin sessin me

You're just a pest of me, you'll never get the best of me

Cos justa me, the k-to-r-a-z-y

Use to rock fila, bettin like I'm eli

With houston your style in need of boostin

Your crew that need to stomp, no conk, you know you're losin

I put my dues in so you know it's only right
I gots ta hold it down so all my niggas hold tight (hold tight nigga)Chorus (x14)Verse 3: dray, skoobTo the, aah,
boom bang, my slang is mad thick
My rappin antics'll keep em runnin fran-tic
The shit the man kick'll make ya fuckin ass sick
I bring you from the pit and never quit cos it's the krazy
Poppin all this shit cos his rhymers don't amaze me
It pays me to rock it so why not I stop it
I make it by the bucket so fuck it, I stock it
It's just for safe keepin so when I'm sleepin I sleep safe
I'm comin with my timbs in ya face (motherfucker)
Back in the place I'm gettin stupid in ya sector
I be the krazy drayzie, nigga check the way I wreck
Fuckin flow to final, motherfuck the title
My nigga dj dice is on the vinyl (motherfucker)
That's my recital, kid I flipped it til the end
I bring it from the sewer , here my nigga come againThe books in reverse kicks a verse
I'm takin it to ya face, I'm iggity on the case I persuit
To stomp an mc like grapes and then scrape em with the boot
I bring swing to the ring like luke doover
Diggity-got land like a cruiser, pop duke he rip a cougar
For pages, I kick it raw til my jaw caves in
Amazin and plus off-beat like caucasians
Me get done? never son, I hold it down for 7-1-a
Where niggas fuck around and where niggas lay
Ain't nuttin slim, I got game like tim hardaway
Fouls like the proudest so I'm labbin in rca
Aw shit, I got you buggin, flippin that shit that you lovin
Plus I got another back in the oven
Some heard the style and then construction on it
But they just touching on it, bitch ass niggas ain't got nuttin for it
C'mon, broke my blocks or I'll blow ya spot
I rock like that bald-headed nigga on fox
(so how we do?) no shorts from niggas or they fuckin girl and (what you
Got?)
More styles than the last got served (no doubt)
So if you wit me and you're higher than a hippie, hold tight
Cos e'rything gon' be aight! (no doubt)Chorus to fade