It's All Right

Guerilla Black

It's all right if these fools keep trippin'
We going start a fight then take it outside
Pull the heats out the car
And they ready to die
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Well I'm Guerilla Black, the one they talking about
Wit a fresh throw way and some dope in my mouth
Just trying to make a liven
C P T, hard times that's a given
Flee from the bees, or starve or go to prison
No not me, I hope that be, I don't have to sovote the fiens
I got another plan, I got another plot
I got some-mo grams, I got another spot
Where we can put it, pull out the draws and cook it
I got my enemies all shooken
On the way I handle the .38 and work the weight
I got a stash if the search the place
Move up, or move out the way
You just stand back and do as I say
No, you don't need to know hey they call me hustle man
If you show stop my money, watch me touch you man
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And they ready to die
You don't really really want it
You don't want it
You don't really really want it
You don't want it wit us, no wit us, no
You don't really really want it
You don't want it
You don't really really want it

You don't want it wit us, no wit us, no
It's been a long time
I shoulda left you in the ditch half dead
Fa 'cause I help you
I got a nephew, was caller 40 cal
I got five shots that'll slow you down
Ask around whose compound this
Drinking slize malt liquor
Trey pound in the vest
(Yes sir)
Lay down in the nest, I got a nice stash
Get to close watch ya ass see a bright flash
Aight man, I give you fair warning
I promise you want breathe, they'll see the morning
Little cock and squeeze, wit those high lows
Smoke lots of weed, that's my motto
I hope you got a good relationship wit Jamaica
Shoot you in Compton, watch them find you in Jamaica
Double the paper, I'm loving the odds
Huh, 20 to 1 I'm taken it all dog
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