

# It's Alright

## Sista

[Chorus]  
It's alright  
As you may have heard  
To smoke the fat one and let the thunder burn  
It's okay, to play this loud  
Mr DJ, don't mean to sweat you down[Missy]  
I stuck my fingers in the socket, I blew up like a rocket  
in the market, now I cannot stop it  
Oh mami, oh papi, why they envy me?  
Messin up my creativity with all this negativity  
so now I'm drinkin gin-and-seng  
Anything to mess with my concentration with hallucinations  
of invasion, from waiting on the nation  
to get with my style  
Cos I'm about to transmit into some funky ish  
Can you get with this?  
Zay, villaveu, yes, ugh!  
They ask me if I'm nasty, they ask me, they bet me too  
Like osh-kosh-bigosh, osh cock suck their cocks  
Osh miss Miss iss oh shit  
I gets mad styles, get it get it  
I'm wit it wit it if you wit it, oh shit then let's split it  
into a 20 sack, and I'ma be back  
wit my boy Craig Mack like that, ugh!Chorus[Craig Mack]  
Don't sweat me down  
This jam needs a frontin MC, leave MC's shakin in the ground  
Here come the bumpenin sound  
Worth more than the coke that they sellin by the pound  
I walk the street like Shaft  
Hop to kick a paragraph, floatin on the funk like a life raft  
Down with Sista, it's the MC brezzle twister  
Mackalicious boy I'll pop you like a blister  
Craig Mack's a Jedi Knight with The Force of course  
I can run MC's thru my teeth like dental floss  
So back up and don't sweat me down  
Boo docks on locks, fat boys nabbed the home town  
And you can get the balls like that  
Hittin wicked like the funkalicious rhymes that's phat, uhh  
And we can get back in forth off the backChorus[Missy]

Oh if, I could bring sucker-suckertash  
When I farts I poops cash from my ass  
Cos If You Think You're Lonely Now  
like Bobby Womack in gangsta format, I dunk shit like Shaq  
I'm not greedy, I feeds the needy, I smokes a beady  
I feel, the need to stroke the weedy  
Oh big daddy, is you ready \*slurp\*  
to slurp me in your mouth like spaghetti?  
Hi Ho Silver, ya killer, my drug dealer  
fo' reala, I drinks some Miller, ugh  
Look up in the sky ARGH ARGH!!  
It's a birdie, yes I'm worthy for certy  
Black eyed peas, all in my butt like fleas  
Oh we's smell panties  
All in my crack  
My amplifier's on the maxi light, Kotter Welcome BackChorus [x2]

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