

Jay-Z, It's Alright

(feat. Memphis Bleek)

[Jay-Z:]

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
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 Alright, yeah yeah

I 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 Jeas-ass
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?

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[Memphis Bleek:]

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 out
Any nigga realer than me, is in a messhall 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-seaters

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It's Alright, you heard? It's Alright, Check

On the two Jew-el'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 Express
My 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 Right!!

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