

Tricky F/ Terry Hall

"It's All Good"

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[Verse 1]

Put me off in any hood, I bet chu' I'ma survive
365 reasons to stay alive
In this jungle, lies be the king of these streets
But even the lies be runnin' from the crooked police
It ain't no peace cause they got the hood split up in
sections
Violate the wrong set and they comin' with techs
There ain't no questions be asked, no bullies gettin'
mad
Just killers on a task, and units bein' blast
With no remorse, I done seen it plenty of times
So I take it to my room and write plenty of rhymes
About the dirty game, thangs ain't the same no mo'
They try to stick together, just ain't what they claim no
mo'
So hit the floor when they hit the door, give up them
sacks
Everybody's got a posse so they robbin' in packs
On the attack and they keep gun runnin' like wood
And respect is something that chu' gotta earn in the
hood

[Hook]

It's all good in my neighborhood
We out hustlin' doin' thangs y'all wish y'all could
We in this game, gettin' money and we livin' good
Stayin' real to the end like we know we should
It's all good

[Verse 2]

It's all about the money, gettin' paid is an every day job
And we connected, makin' moves like a heavyweight
mob
And well respected, the hood is gonna make you or
break you
And livin' and learnin' through all the drama that it'll
take you
Keep you focused on reality, deep in the thoughts
Tryin' to count for every penny that you keep in the
vault

So keep your yoks and still watch ya back
Cause in the hood your own friends will be the one to
jack
Knowin' crosses is comin' throughout my whole nature
Takin' losses and dealin' with all this play hation
Steady chasin' that cheese and hangin' out with G's
Fuck what cha' sayin' bout gankin' and doin' robberies
I'm just tryin' to survive and keep myself alive
See I'm all about hustlin' can't work no 9 to 5
I'm stay thuggish not ruggish off in that hood
Steady tryin' to maintain and keep the paper good

[Hook x2]

[Verse 3]

You gotta watch ya back cause them killers be havin'
jacks
They travel in packs and they quick to pull them gats
Ain't no time for negotiatin'
Just give up for good, look at the occupation
I run in numbers before the drama even kicks off
Duckin' and dodgin' from all them shots they done let
off
I see it all the time in my neighborhood
Robbin' murder and madness but still the paper's good
I keep my mind on money and block out the pain
Ya see depression, deprivin' can drive ya mind insane
I'm trapped in this game and it ain't one way out
I strugglin' and strivin' to keep my pockets stout
See I'm tryin' to stay Southern, ain't no love for cowards
On the block steady hustlin' and don't cha' doubt us
I'm always down for my hood like I know I should
Gettin' plenty of money like I knew I could

[Hook x2]

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