

Bob "Alright"

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For my southern, for my southern homie
One more gain

So we take another shot
To take the edge off life
And then we roll another one
Make it feel no more

Prepared for the worst, it's back in the best
I said I'm like juice, ahead of the rest
I need a s, s on my chest
These niggas lame, made me the l on my neck
Looser, you are such a loser
Pull up in that rooster, you in that pt cruiser
Watch over that lucid, your girl such a chooser
She be with the crew before you even introduce her
Yea, I'm on that next level
You, you have no clue sir
This is what I do, I'm faded and I'm too turnt
Living life like a highlight
Your life like a blooper
Every verse edge and take mine too, cause truth hurt

So we take another shot
To take the edge off life
And then we roll another one
Make it feel alright
Lost in the moment, lost in the party one more time
So we roll another one
Make it feel alright

Yea, who that who that?
Me, I do that do that
Let them doors up, call that where's you roulette
Don't touch nothing in my whip
Who's that? you can't move that
Any city I'm right there wherever I put my booty
My roof back, my coupe black, my soup lack
My lute back, I re-up that loo pack
My new hat, I threw that
My gun serves me 2 pack
I crowd surf and don't snatch my shoe back

True immaculates (alright), too extravagant (alright)
Shittin on your whole life, sue me after this
I said true immaculates (alright), too extravagant
(alright)
I never miss a country cause IÂ'm usually mackin

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