

Fun Lovin' Criminals "Is Ya Alright"

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Yo kid. I'm from your block yo. I took yodr chain. I took
your moms out twice. I put the g in the game its been
like Tangiers. I put the grease in the gears left your
dad in tears. When i boxed his ears i'm reppin avenue
c. Where the wack catch a slap i keep my cretin's
crackin and the meatpackers mackin puttin things in
relief so baby sit in the seat never touch the levels. Just
bump the beat
Feel the fiibe. Cop my style on this bitch ask the boys
downtown. Yeah they know this kid. From my babies on
the block to the killers on the corner. Don't start no shit.
Hell rain on you
From downtown brooklyn to the L.E.S Let me hear it for
the city is ya alright
All you bottle blonde she-devils. Out on patrol you'll
catch a trick real quick so baby slow your roll and all
you mop-top critics can't get me down. I count my
money first then i beat your ass down i got the Saville
Row suit. So fool. Don't act cute' cause...

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