

Guerilla Black

"It's All Right"

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It's all right if these fools keep trippin'
We going start a fight then take it outside
Pull the heats out the car
And they ready to die

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Well I'm Guerilla Black, the one they talking about
Wit a fresh throw way and some dope in my mouth
Just trying to make a liven
C P T, hard times that's a given

Flee from the bees, or starve or go to prison
No not me, I hope that be, I don't have to sovote the
fiens
I got another plan, I got another plot
I got some-mo grams, I got another spot

Where we can put it, pull out the draws and cook it
I got my enemies all shaken
On the way I handle the .38 and work the weight
I got a stash if the search the place

Move up, or move out the way
You just stand back and do as I say
No, you don't need to know hey they call me hustle
man
If you show stop my money, watch me touch you man

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You don't really really want it
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You don't really really want it
You don't want it wit us, no wit us, no

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It's been a long time
I shoulda left you in the ditch half dead
Fa 'cause I help you
I got a nephew, was caller 40 cal

I got five shots that'll slow you down
Ask around whose compound this
Drinking slize malt liquor
Trey pound in the vest
(Yes sir)

Lay down in the nest, I got a nice stash
Get to close watch ya ass see a bright flash
Aight man, I give you fair warning
I promise you want breathe, they'll see the morning

Little cock and squeeze, wit those high lows
Smoke lots of weed, that's my motto
I hope you got a good relationship wit Jamaica
Shoot you in Compton, watch them find you in Jamaica

Double the paper, I'm loving the odds
Huh, 20 to 1 I'm taken it all dog
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