

Jay-Z

"It's Alright {Bonus Track}"

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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
You 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, holla back

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 eyes, E-
Class
Ladies screamin' Jigga you know we ease that
Flowin' out like Jees-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 nights

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?

Now we can, bounce if you wanna bounce, ball if you
wanna ball
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In the middle of a war rockin' a vest
Who's the illest shorty alive, I confess
I take life 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

Everything left out, you can blame it on the brain not
the heart

I'm playin' 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 made this 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 Jew-el's I blew more money than Latrell,
who else?

They don't know you, think they know you too well, you
gel

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 do 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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It's alright, you heard me? It's alright then holla back

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