

Linkin Park

" Alright With Me"

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[Chorus]

I've got the illest live show (Now what you sayin?)
I drop the illest rhyme flow (Now what you sayin?)
But you still want to act like you don't know
Well, that's alright with me
People sample me like James Brown (Now what you sayin?)
When they want to hear that sound (Now what you sayin?)
But you still want to put me down
Well, that's alright with me

[Verse One]

The Kristyles is officially on blast
Don't worry about what he say, cuz he wont last
If you want to learn the way take a seat in this class
I write albums like singles and release them so fast
I get around the whole country on foot like Flash
I don't fly across country I be there with the mass
Drivin, drivin, pulling up to your hood spot
You sayin to your son, "now this how radio should rock."
I pray for these radio cats cuz they don't know
how fast I be movin when they be movin slow
This ain't no fast food rap dude, get it and go
This that home cooked type meal, lyrical flow
Spiritual grow, ya know cuz ya was there, fo sho
Like Joey Greck I'm not the average Joe
(Yo, welcome cats to the BDP show
with KRS, Kenny Barker, G Simone, and Chalk-o)

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[Verse Two]

I spit when I speak, when I speak I spit
When I spit what I spat it splits ya clique
Spit, spat, speak, spoke, either way
I spat that your rap's not dope any way
When you spoke I spit that splattered your scope
I split that and spit that unanimous quote
No hope when I battle I'm staggering folk
They slip-sliding away there rappers ain't dope
Get my coat, I make sure you can see shells
For sure you gon' see them cuz all you see is sales
Forget it you ain't wit it, admit it
Every thing you did I already did it

[Chorus]

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[Verse Three]

Too many emcees not enough time
nine out of ten niggaz say they wanna rhyme
Four out of nine talk about drugs and crime
Three out of four say they wit it but they not
Two out of five spit fire plus the underground
One out of three spit righteous but they never shine
One out of two claim they ballin all the time
And only one make it to prime
Do that math, only one Biggie, one Pac, one Jay-Z
one Nas, one Fifty, one X, one Slim Shady
One KRS-One, one L, one K, one Busta, one Pun, one
Love, only one me
Take that TNT, that spit is my property
You copy me, fuck you, pay me (nigga)

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