

**Lmt****"Everything Gonna C Alright"**Visit "[Everything Gonna C Alright](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[BIG CIXX a.k.a SIX PAC]

Everything is gonna C alright so nigga don't trip  
Nationwide Rip Ridaz is what we claim, Crip  
Buckin' on Slobs day to day cause it's mandatory  
Real Crips know the rest of the story, it's like  
C-raggin', blue Dickie saggin'  
I took out another Slob that's what we braggin'  
Celebratin' cause the time is right  
Go get a case O.E.  
We big chillin' tonight, nigga  
Go get the Hennessy, the bud, the 'gnac  
Here go a 50 dollar bill with my nigga and he'll be right  
back  
Big Cixx steady up to no good  
And when my nigga Young Cixx touch down we burnin'  
Hollywood  
Professional wig splitters on the front line  
The homies locked up crippin' doin' hard time  
Real soldiers always on patrol  
Young homies lookin' for a Snoop to peel the fool

[AWOL]

Layin' you niggas down for this East Side set trip  
Doin' this shit for fun oh well I'm willin' to go to hell for  
the Crip shit  
Don't say it's all good - this Kelly neighborhood  
187 on a motherfuckin' Holly Hood  
So let me gang bang, let me get my blast on  
Give me a second, let me tie this blue rag on  
And take a note from ?? I'm a Crip down  
Fuck a Elm, fuck a Holly, fuck a Fruit Town  
T-Black, Kelly In Peace for the set trip  
Now at 8 lay the monkey make me empty clips  
I get loose when I'm creepin' through slow  
Slobs still bitin' the dust but steady yellin' it's on  
Slobs runnin' and duckin', Slobs fallin' and yellin'  
Hey what Slob we gon' blast on next, Cuz? It ain't no  
tellin'  
I ain't no motherfuckin' natural born killer  
That's just a trade I picked up from these Compton  
niggas

If you play your cards right  
Everything will C alright  
Everything will C alright with me  
Everything's gonna C alright  
If you play your cards right  
Aw, If you play your cards right  
Everything will C alright with me  
Everything's gonna C alright

[TWIN LOC]

We don't die, we multiply, simply cause we straight  
crippin'  
Dippin' through that evil East Side where I'm killin'  
Willin' to burn bodies fucked up nuthin' but ash  
Have your momma at the cemetery orderin' a fuckin  
casket  
A block as my Glock split your mutherfuckin' cranium  
Show 'em no mercy for these Slobs so I see aimin' 'em  
Choppers and A-K's I sprays with the quickness  
Doin' a way with the remains with the swiftness  
Layin' low in my hood on the late nights rap right  
A dead 6-4 lay low with the dead light  
Jack off my strap check my tracts 'fore I blast 'em  
Creased up khakis and a .44 Magnum  
AG's 40, 5-3 C killin'  
8-8, 11-6  
Straight C willin'  
For homicidal enemy killin'  
Smokin' Slobs  
And the Avalon Gangsta  
Got it straight goin' on like that

[SCARFACE]

Well it's the Baby Gangster Face from the big bad A.D.  
S doubles niggas don't wanna C this  
Compton nut who don't give a fuck about shit  
Act a motherfuckin' fool for the CARIPS  
Slobs slip you get dealt with it, real simple  
Caught this Glock I pop it dome like a fuckin' pimple  
Jack me nimble wasn't quick enough so he got  
Popped with the Glock Slob dropped on the block

[G-BONE]

You were slippin' so that ass got mashed on  
My nigga young Face straight got his blast on  
So you niggas know it's on with them B.G.'s  
Them A-G Crip crazy-ass L-O-C's  
Nigga please you don't wanna see these nuts  
Loc up, let's straight tear this muthafucka up  
You need to kick kacks C cool and ?? tonight

These Slob niggas everything will C alright

Chorus...

[BRONCOE]

I'm chasin' paper on the daily with this rap shit Cuz  
And lockin homie I'm the same as I always was  
The shit is hectic I expected nuthin like this shit  
Hey yo the picture I had in my head was cool  
But this shit is quite different listen  
Many many moons have passed niggas got blasted  
I stay heated in the cut cause shit is drastic  
Struggle through life get high and deal with the stress  
I guess wishin' it was different is like wishin' the way  
death  
Just make the day a good day  
Make sure today is alright  
Let me worry 'bout tomorrow loc if I live through the  
night  
And even though I keep the strap and ??? at night  
I say my prayers doin' favours ready to take flight  
I'm in the game it's all the same ain't nuthin' changed  
I'm a rider  
Oh Lord would you bless me and keep me safe from  
the East Side  
Bless all my young Locs, my folks and the Crip Card  
All my dead homies and real niggas with heart  
I'ma stay a true, blue down for sure till I'm through  
C real and chill and kill the enemy and bang with my  
crew  
And if I play my card right A-1 tight  
Everything is everything Loc and it's way alright

[BIG FREEZE]

Oh Lord I know you see me out here the wrong, the  
streets stressin'  
Feelin' all alone steady holdin' on to this Smiff &  
Wesson  
Vision blurry cause I'm high  
Stompin' on ??? in the fast lane headin' for the East  
Side  
Rip Ridin' to the fullest  
It's me and my Locs against the world and we can do  
this  
Whether it's C killin', robbin' or stealin'  
Or mobbin' up a Crip hater for fuckin' off how we're  
killin'  
Everything is still C alright  
Niggas just stay tight  
We can makin' many more nights  
Shoot that kite to the pen with the package or some'

A nigga got a little bill fools stop frontin'  
See it don't take much to show a nigga some Crip love  
Duece's and Three's, Ten's to Fives to Dubbs  
And every night and day  
Even that struggle is need  
I took the 40 to the curb for Capone and ??  
Tiny Half much love - as I blow  
And remiscin' how I kill a few Slobs maybe I  
Got a death wish, up a slug after slug  
Night after night  
Got the '3rd sought up tight so everything'll C alright  
Franklin Square Crip till they carry me  
Two Crips on East Side, three Crips on that side and  
they bury me

Chorus...

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