

MC Frontalot

"It's All Good"

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It's all good
- Hammer
1994

(Hey...)
(It's all good)
(It's all good)

Y'all ready for this?

(Uh huh, it's all...)
(Hey...)
(It's all good)

Y'all ready for this?

(Uh huh, it's all good)

Now this ain't the name calling game
See, I can refrain from using names to get paid
Since I'm known to creatin kinds of beats that make
your rump shake
Records are great, But now let's set the record straight

(They thought you was a sellout)
I'm sellin' out tours cause sellin' CD's, I'm the one M. B.
You wanna beat the G, I beat you like hizzos
In the backseat of my caddy you'll be callin' the
Hammer daddy

I'll work you like a slave,
Misbehavin' you were gonna,
Pay tax on? my brothers soul

Hit the streets cornered?
And I refuse to forget that alright you talked tough
But face to face was a just a trick, bro

They put me in the mix, Too legit to quit
I came wit' a long list of it
And in the future you'll find me on the billboard

Or on the floor of the sign receiving music awards
And it's all good.

(Hey...)
(It's all good)

Y'all ready for this?

(Uh huh, it's all...)
(Hey...)
(It's all good)

Y'all ready for this?

(Uh huh)

It's all good!
The talk you been talkin',
To talk that talk,
You gotta walk that walk.

Or the Hammer man's stalkin', So enter the dragon
And once you burned up, Those? caught in dissin my
bandwagon.

Suckers, read billboard and weep,
You in the hot seat where I'm from talk is cheap
And when I see ya, The styles you wrote man
A mean left hook took ya out, And it came from
Oakland.

Check it, You punks don't know me
A true O.G. Yo, I was runnin" the whole scene
You started talking all that mess But I'm callin" your
bluff trick
I thought you new And boy you still can't touch, this

It's better than the average, bro.
I'm not the average Joe, With the average flow.
Yo I can still do things That you wish you could.
You're talkin' all that lip, But I don't even trip,
'Cause it's all good.

Chorus

I'm fed up, So now I gotta set 'em up.
Knock em till I never, never ever let 'em up.
But like a trick he might kick I'll be prepared to red 'em
up.
However, if you wanna slang em, Then we can get 'em
up.

Black sheep you're weak you're meek You're tryin' to
grow feet,
? I make ya look head But first, I'm a get your teeth
Talkin' about my mama's where I draw the line red
Dancin' with the corners of yo dome I'm a blow your
mind, So!

Since I'm not the one who could be I'll
I feel the need say 'you wanna be' you gotta be real.
Cause if ya ever come my way like I used to say,
Homeboy you better pray just to make it today.

I know what it is
The ratta tat piece of corny rhymes you keep sayin we
don't find worth playin
I don't feel like I'm a gangsta so you claim that I'm a
sellout
When we meet up on the street, then we'll see who bail
out.
And it's all good.

Chorus

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