

**Aaron Wilson And Fred Durest****"Everything is Alright"**

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[Chorus]

Everyting is alright (it's ok)  
It's alright (it's ok)  
Everything is alright (it's ok)  
Everything is alright right (ok)

[Verse 1]

Everything is alright everything is all good  
Got a brand new Chevy trimmed out and all wood  
Yeah I wish a nigga would yeah I wish a nigga might  
Everything is all good everything is alright  
Was you in flight like smokin an ounce with back  
accounts  
Bigger than the smartest nigga can count  
We get paid for taking all of y'all and making you  
bounce  
I got a question "So what you motherfuckers hatin  
about?"  
See I can slow it and speed it up  
Fine we can beat it up  
Don't you feel it heatin up  
Turn your damn speakers up  
Creeping up stabbing and sticking all in your lane ho  
See if this blood drips tell me which way your brain  
goes  
Silly what you came for  
Why you play these games for  
I'm gonna play em with you but tonight I'm getting  
brains ho  
Pimp till I can't pimp no more  
Archie beat it all night  
Ask them what they limping for cuz everything is alright

[Chorus] - 2X

[Verse 2]

You see all these haters can't stop us the cops can't  
touch us  
Every fine broad that see us wanna fuck us  
We above the law and we ain't never taken alive  
We the realest million dollar niggaz ready to die

We as deadly as fire still stacking our cheddar  
Why the hell you trying to go gold when platinum is  
better  
So hot have your boys unwrapping your sweaters  
This is my first cd I'm coming back even better  
It's alright yeah it's ok  
Made your girl cook me breakfast and go the whole  
day  
Everything is all tight everything is all gravy  
One million dollars can make any balla go crazy  
If you didn't know I gave your girl a throat baby  
Cuz she's really fine likes a lot and smoke grazy  
Suprised it's your lady no cuz Archies diggin in they  
drauers  
I'm the young pimp that all y'all never really saw

[Chorus] - 2X

[Verse 3]

Everything is alright now that we making profit  
Number one rule fat boys carry really fat pockets  
Hate it but can't stop it  
We gonna keep droppin  
Cd's that you play through your speaker so let them  
knock it  
Jumpin like hydraulics right over your head  
I'll be the last man standing all your soldiers is dead  
Probably choke on the red most of them child envolved  
If we want the new J's then we'll go buy out the mall  
Hundreds ain't nothing when you owe something  
Baller start rolling something  
Rap is my hustle that's why my pockets swollen cousin  
Make sure they hate us all  
Mad cuz we take their broads  
But it don't matter if they sniff up then we break them  
off  
We be them pimps and players  
Y'all be them ho's and haters  
Your girl candy I can cut her up now or later  
Matter of fact I had her stuck in the Navigator  
I headed to the Catur  
I'll holla at you later

[Chorus] - 5X

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