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Freeway F/ Beanie Sigel "Everything's Gonna Be Alright"

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[Intro]

Smooth it out

This is a story about the drifter

Who waited through the worst for the best in crosstown

Who never planned on havin' so dick

Why me, huh?

[Chorus]

Everything's gonna be alright (alright)

Everything's gonna be alright (alright)

Everything's gonna be alright now (alright)

Everything's gonna be alright (alright)

[Verse 1]

out

Some get a little and some get none Some catch a bad one and some leave the job half done

I was one who never had and always mad

Never knew my dad, mother fuck the fag

Where anywhere I did pick up, flipped the clip up

Too many stick-ups, 'cause niggas had the trigger hicups

I couldn't get a job, nappy hair was not allowed My mother couldn't afford us all, she had to throw me

I walked the strip, which is a clip, who wanna hit?

They got 'em quick, I had to eat, this money's good as spent

I threw in graves, I wasn't paid enough

I kept 'em long 'cause I couldn't afford a haircut

I got laughed at, I got chumped, I got dissed

I got upset, I got a Tec and a banana clip

Was down to throw the led to any tellin' crackhead

I'm still livin' broke, so a lot of good it would've did

Or done, if not for bad luck, I would have none

Why did I have to live a life of such a bad one

Why when I was a kid and played out was a sad one

And always wanted to live like just a fat one

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

A ghetto bastard, born next to the projects Livin' in the slums with bums, I sit and watch them Why do I have to be like this? momma said I'm priceless

So I am all worthless, starved, and it's just for being a nice kid

Sometimes I wish I could afford a pistol then, though Last stop to hell, I would've ended things a while ago I ain't have jack but a black hat and napsack Four squad stolen in cars in a blackjack Drop that, and now you want me to rap and give? Say somethin' positive? Well positive ain't where I lived I lived right around a corner from west hell Two blocks from south shit, it was in a jail cell The sun never shone on my side of the street, see And only once or twice a week I would speak I walked alone, my state of mind was home sweet home

I couldn't keep a girl, they wanted kids for cause of chrome

Some life, it you ain't wear gold your style was old And you got more juice than dope for every bottle sold Hell no, I say there's gotta be a better way But hey, never gamble any game that you can't play I'm slowin' and flowin' and goin' in on and knowin' not now

How will I do it, how will I make it? I won't, that's how Why me, huh?

[Chorus]

My third year into adulthood, and still a knucklehead I'm better off dead, huh, that's what my neighbor said I don't do jack but fightin', lightin' up the streets at night

Playin' hide and seek with a machetti ??? like Freddy swipe

Some say I'm rollin' on, nothin' but a dog now I answer that with a tech, who wanna bow-wow? 'Cause I done been through more shit within the last week

Than I fly flowin' in doo-doo on the concrete
I been a deadbeat, dead to the world and dead wrong
Since I was born that's my life, oh you don't know this
song?

So don't say jack, and please don't say you understand All that man to man talk just hot damn If you ain't live you couldn't feel it, so kill it, skillet And all that talk about it won't help it out, now will it? And illtown fell like I stuck-up props, got shot Don't worry, I hit Bob, flurry, and his punk-ass dropped But I'm the one who has been labeled as an outcast They changin' schools, I'm the misfit that will outlast But that's cool with the bull, smack 'em backwards That's what you get for fuckin' with a ghetto bastard

[Outro]

If you ain't ever been to the ghetto
Don't ever come to the ghetto
'Cause you ain't understand the ghetto
And stay the fuck out of the ghetto
Why me?
(alright)

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