

It's All Right

Afroman

It's alright even though am not in the spotlight
Amma get pay even though you don't wanna pay me right
It's not about the come up, it's about the come back
Pipcup pipzoo gedaboo, vouges on my catalogue

My beer not selling, weed business failing
Snake came keep cup am still bailing loss money on hoes, loss money on shows
The rap game not respecting my flows
My son and my daughter ask when you coming home
I think about my woman, and my fleek wood bros
My Mama's gettin old, the world's gettin cold
No show ticket, a record sold
I make more at the house than I do in the street
While I burn bean and smoke swish
Build a studio, get my bars up
Take some weed money, fix my cars up
Get the cally get the mustard, get the turn up green
Get the smart TV, with the plasma screens
Make love to my baby mothers
Laugh with my kids and watch the blues brothers

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People think they got it bad, but they really got it good
But they won't know until they go Hollywood
Reveal, remodel, organise my house
Spend time with my kids, break up with my spouse
Write me a rap song from the heart
Pick up a pencil and draw some art
Take care of my mom and my grand daddy
Lowrap my sixtools and 83cardi
Everyday I play my music
It's a privilege when you get to choose it
Making the pictures on my computers
Look at the women, look at the hoods
Every rapper wanna be number one
But out off the spotlight, I can still have fun
Fame, I had it before, Check game i dont need it no more

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Mehhh, I mingle with the stars and nobody call me
So much wasting energy, makes me wanna vomit
My post, don't get no likes
My album, don't get no mics
My videos, don't get no views
Am the only person sipping my brews
My girl, don't really love me she thinks am beneath and she's above me
She gat a nice behind see
She don't stand behind me, she don't mind me
Matter of fact, she undermines me

That's okay, am a PIMP drinking out my pimp cup till its empty
Gang mehh ain't over till the day I die
And am a spotlight amma still look fly
Nine times outta TM, afro mother fucking M A E M
We'll do it again, don't let me get back on a radio
Amma pimp and you know you gotta pay me oh

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