

# It's Alright

Jay-Z

[Jay-Z:]

Bounce if you wanna bounce, ball if you wanna ball  
Play if you wanna play, floss if you wanna floss  
It's Alright, you heard?, It's Alright, Holla back  
Get ill if you wanna ill, smoke if you wanna smoke  
Kill if you wanna kill, loc if you wanna loc  
It's Alright, you heard? It's Alright, yeah yeah

I need a ho in my life to blow on my dice  
So we can make our points twice and skate out a town  
I need that glow in my ice, E-Class  
Ladies screamin Jigga you know we ease that, flowin out like Jees-ass  
Jay-Z and me holdin the mic  
so when you like you find MC's so impolite  
And me I'm so into nice, got cats on the corner like  
Don't me and Jigga be flowin alike?  
Nah, Not in your life ain't nobody copin like  
Mr. Jay-Z, shit you're crazy  
I'm hot like the six maybe, Deep dish with the great seats  
I flow greater than you're navigator  
I drop in you're town, block you're data  
Pimps all comin through with a hot pair of gators  
And a crew with rocks the size of craters  
Can't touch like hot potatoes, Ya Heard?

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[Memphis Bleek:]

In the middle of a war rockin a vest  
Who's the illest shorty alive, I confess  
I take nine to the chest and I swear to the heaven sky's, I bless  
The mics until the day I rest, till they can feel what I feel  
I'ma try my best, and if you real like I real  
you can provide the rest  
Anything left out, you can blame it on the brain, not the heart  
I'm playing my part, stretched out, just about the best out  
Any nigga realer than me, is in a messhall with their chest out  
Any rapper with less clout, sell more records than me  
We extort them as soon as they record 'em, Bleek  
My name is clear, back when a shorty used to braid my hair  
On the project stairs, Once I drop to a ceaser Ma I don't need ya  
From the block to the hot two-seaters

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On the two Jew-el's I blew more money than Latrell, who else?

They don't know you, think they know you too well, you jell  
Like Flubber I hover above the city in a private jet, the livest set  
Press you're brakes, Feds wanna investigate, Mr. I don't cop nothin  
Less than eight, and anything involved with my name  
Regardless of the fame  
It's hard, I can't even walk through Harlem again,  
Charge it to the game, I'm platinum like American Express  
My boy died, and all I did was inherit his stress  
To make every jam tougher, you ain't my man fuck ya  
I suggest let you live right? Negative, I swear  
It's dough or die, I hope your soul provides you with an afterlife  
Close you're casket tight  
Take you're last two deep breaths and pass the mic  
To Jay-Z nigga, That's Right!!

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