

It's All That

MC Hammer

(Hey, it's all good)
(It's all good)
Y'all ready for this?
(Uh-huh, it's all good)
(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 fame
Since I'm known to create the 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' CDs, I'm the one MB
You wanna beat the G? I'll beat you like hizzos
In the backseat of my Caddy
You'll be callin' me Hammer Daddy
I'll work you like a slave, don't misbehave
You were gonna pay tax on one of my brothers' souls
Hit the street corner, caught up in your deuce
Since 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

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It's all good, the talk you been talkin'
To talk that talk, you gotta walk that walk
Oh, the Hammerman's talkin', so enter the dragon
And once you burned up those
That's caught in the diss Hammer bandwagon
Suckas, 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 OG
Yo, I was runnin' the whole scene
You started talkin' that mess
But I'm callin' your bluff, trick
I thought you knew
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

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I'm fed up, so now I gotta set 'em up
Knock 'em to the ground and 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
Dres, I make ya look head
But first, I'mma get your teeth
Talkin' about my mama's where I draw the line, Redman
Dancin' with the corners of yo dome
I'mma blow your mind, so!
Since I'm not the run of the mill
I feel the need to 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 rat-a-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'll bail out
And it's all good

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