

# Everything Will Be Alright

Above the Law

We for breakin backs in the 9-4, time to play a hoe  
Like we never did before  
Since the prices went up for a piece a ass  
See I still get freebies cause I got gap  
And when it comes to the question  
"What have you done for me lately?"  
Yo, G, I make them bitches hate me

So grab ya coat, grab ya hat, cause its like that  
Ya try and play the role and ain't nothin but a hood rat  
So don't front yeah you're names Terri not Halle  
But you sprung like a motherfucker when I  
Hit that berry and let a hoe know whats poppin  
Cause it comes with the territory when you come a jockey

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Yeah I'm in the mood I need a hoe with much aptitude  
To creep wicked, to come kick it  
With the P-I-M-P, pimp clinic number 1  
Ya say I ain't shit but cha sprung  
But ya holds the number then folds the number  
Then ya crawls to my house for a late night slumber

Yeah cause bitches in the 90s ain't shit  
They claim that they a lady steady suckin every other niggaz dick  
So now you at my house on my couch screamin out  
My name, my status and my motherfuckin clout  
"And ya nigga don't know whats goin on"  
Cause he always broke and he always gone  
Now people might say that I am scandalous  
But it ain't my fault if a bitch can't handle this

Now I just had lit a flya show  
I bumped up so I gotta spit at the hoe  
Yeah she bound to let me smoke but make no mistake  
I gotta 8 year bid next day for a rape  
Owww, actin like crows  
And ya wonder why we call ya bitches and skeezas and hoes

Yeah, she shoulda used the fuckin mase  
Tryin to come up on the homie cause the county check was late  
Uh, thats the problem with you bitches now-a-days  
Since you drop a couple a babies think you kickin it and gettin paid  
I waitin for Mr. Timesalt  
So he can pull yo fuckin creep up, and pay my fuckin bills off

I only speak of what I've been through best believe I've been around  
From the pimp clinic, hip, keep ya veins in ya fuckin mouth  
Bitches used to treat me like a bowl of onion soup  
Now they gettin tossed on the hood of my Lexus Coupe  
I keep clownin as you hoes cause you boos  
I got the hat, the nose, and the motherfuckin funny shoes

I clown on the witness I kick this  
Bookers in my business, know that I'm attracted to the bomb  
And ya know the thing is ones around that like to play  
And hit you up with that ass with no delay  
Shit, I learned hoes like takin off they clothes  
When them 100 dollar bills is on the flo' really doe