

## Alright with Me

Wretch 32

No matter what I tell them  
Seems I always end up misunderstood  
No matter my intention  
All they gotta say is I'm up to no good  
I ain't even mad  
Why would I be mad?  
It's all alright  
It's all alright with me

The kids don't wanna turn down  
They with a bad chick hoping she ain't fertile  
I got two kids, maybe I'm the third child  
I just put the work in, hoping that it works out  
See, I got two bitches at the same time, I know  
She just drop it down till she can't go low  
I'm sick and tired of being sick and tired, I'll throw up  
When I drop Growing Over Life, I'll grow up  
Say they got ice but it must be Carte D'Or  
When you're living sky high, you design your own floors  
Running by my ride, holding on the car door  
Slip it into gear five, why I got the Porsche for  
Rappers sold less, claiming that they know more  
Did their core fanbase even want an encore?  
I had a Cuban link, had to take my chain off  
She be looking at me funny every time I take off, ayy

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The kids don't wanna work now  
The student loan got them feeling it will work out  
They even told me on the low they prefer it loud  
They just turn up till they're floating with them fur clouds  
See, my niece is on fleek and in love with coco  
But four years ago she was singing "Don't Go"  
She says she wants a watch from her favourite uncle  
Michael Kors let the G-Shock, where'd the time go?  
Had to ask if she knows something I don't  
Had the longest conversation on the shortest drive home  
Said she sees what I'm saying, staring in her iPhone  
Guess she didn't get the message but there weren't a typo  
Lord-a-mercy, you see the god in me?  
That'll probably never let me fly economy  
I never had a better dream when I was asleep  
I guess the Ox in me really wants to top the league  
I'mma keep gunning, keep gunning

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Every day I make a prayer  
Lord, make sure I'm way up  
I'mma make my own way up  
No sleep, I'mma stay up  
Every day I make a prayer  
Lord, make sure I'm way up  
I'mma make my own way up  
No sleep, I'mma stay up

Stack to the clouds  
On the pennies, we look down  
But the pennies make pounds, what do you want now?  
But the pennies make pounds, what do you want now?  
We all want bags to be loud  
Don't let 'em make a sound  
But don't drink water till the well runs out  
But don't drink water till the well runs out  
Place to sleep so we're alright (alright)  
Food to eat so we're alright (alright)  
Alright, it's alright  
Alright, it's alright  
Family tree so we're alright (alright)  
Bun the weed so we're alright (so we're alright)  
Alright, it's alright  
Alright, it's alright with me