

Archie Eversole, Everything Is Alright

[Chorus]

Everyting is alright (it's ok)
It's alright (it's ok)
Everything is alright (it's ok)
Everything is alright right (ok)

[Verse 1]

Everything is alright everything is all good
Got a brand new Chevy trimmed out and all wood
Yeah I wish a nigga would yeah I wish a nigga might
Everything is all good everything is alright
Was you in flight like smokin an ounce with back accounts
Bigger than the smartest nigga can count
We get paid for taking all of y'all and making you bounce
I got a question "So what you motherfuckers hatin about?"
See I can slow it and speed it up
Fine we can beat it up
Don't you feel it heatin up
Turn your damn speakers up
Creeping up stabbing and sticking all in your lane ho
See if this blood drips tell me which way your brain goes
Silly what you came for
Why you play these games for
I'm gonna play em with you but tonight I'm getting brains ho
Pimp till I can't pimp no more
Archie beat it all night
Ask them what they limping for cuz everything is alright

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 2]

You see all these haters can't stop us the cops can't touch us
Every fine broad that see us wanna fuck us
We above the law and we ain't never taken alive
We the realest million dollar niggaz ready to die
We as deadly as fire still stacking our cheddar
Why the hell you trying to go gold when platinum is better
So hot have your boys unwrapping your sweaters
This is my first cd I'm coming back even better
It's alright yeah it's ok
Made your girl cook me breakfast and go the whole day
Everything is all tight everything is all gravy
One million dollars can make any balla go crazy
If you didn't know I gave your girl a throat baby
Cuz she's really fine likes a lot and smoke grazy
Suprised it's your lady no cuz Archies diggin in they drauers
I'm the young pimp that all y'all never really saw

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 3]

Everything is alright now that we making profit
Number one rule fat boys carry really fat pockets
Hate it but can't stop it
We gonna keep droppin
Cd's that you play through your speaker so let them knock it
Jumpin like hydraulics right over your head
I'll be the last man standing all your soldiers is dead
Probably choke on the red most of them child envolved
If we want the new J's then we'll go buy out the mall
Hundreds ain't nothing when you owe something
Baller start rolling something
Rap is my hustle that's why my pockets swollen cousin
Make sure they hate us all

Mad cuz we take their broads
But it don't matter if they sniff up then we break them off
We be them pimps and players
Y'all be them ho's and haters
Your girl candy I can cut her up now or later
Matter of fact I had her stuck in the Navigator
I headed to the Catur
I'll holla at you later

[Chorus x5]