

# Alright

## JT Money

Yo if you wanna go to war, its alright  
well if you ain't hardcore, its alright  
you wanna get it on nigga, its alright  
its alright (its alright), it's alright (its alright) (jt money)  
i got a problem with fuck niggas  
always talkin' shit and try to duck niggas  
sucker niggas won't finish what they started  
be coppin' dueces cause them niggas soft-hearted  
they straight bitches  
always puttin' on shows for these niggas and hoes  
be wantin' to run your mouth but won't throw no blows  
ain't got no scrap, better kill that rap  
think life is a game, until that ass get tapped  
and when it do, what you do, you run like a bitch  
or do you straight turn state on a nigga and snitch  
when you ain't got your boys, you ain't got no balls  
and you ain't gangsta with all them 911 calls  
real niggas don't call police  
real niggas handle theirs when they got beef  
flawed niggas talk shit and know they can't back it  
know they ain't real but always trying to act it  
I'm the original jacker, flawed boy attacker  
taking your life ain't nothing but a factor  
matter of fact, i'm a killer straight out the slums  
no time to dump, i got these pumps for you chumps  
and i ain't talking bout' the reeboks  
getting three glocks and jumping out of treetops  
making suckers flee spots, and leave knots  
got guns, get funds, yeah i'm packing styles  
suckers acting foul, get smoked like black and milds  
nigga know a plan, laying down this thing  
beyond all that rap shit, i only spit game  
you scared, say you scared, but just peep what i said  
i'm so wicked off the head, probably shoot out of dread  
thats right, all you suckers better recognize  
before i start recognizing, ain't gonna have you niggas sweatin' mine  
i'm in this thang for real, ain't nothing fake here  
putting down in the zone with my nigga shakespeare  
(big gipp)  
i wear my hat low, when i walk through a circle of folks i don't know  
it ain't to much chalk in these streets that can hold me back  
i make stacks and stacks, for the weeks and weeks i got slapped

freaks, i got the grill with the white gold  
keep a pistol in my hand with the tight hold  
from the city where they drop blows  
known to pin-hold down off them figure fours  
shit shady, we all about to bust on sight, lighting up the night  
putting hoes off in 74's and watching em' all blow  
it ain't shit funny, its the money man and gipp  
holding sawed-off pumps in your face chump  
don't disrespect the city, streets, that i'm standing on  
niggas from miami and atlanta holdin' heat  
it ain't nothing happy  
you see, it ain't all about that rapping  
(jt money)

straight up and down, i'm a let you fuck nigga know  
you niggas don't want war, talking all that shit  
cause you apted up on that motherfucking tough guy juice  
get round' the motherfucking boys, listen to this goddamn rap music  
and niggas think its a motherfucking game  
alright, play with it  
jt money, big gipp, let you niggas know

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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