

# Alright (feat. Allen Anthony)

## Freeway

State Property, Roc-a-fella Records  
This that feeling music you know  
We make that music you can feel Early "Just Blaze" I went from the ghetto to the ghetto and I'm  
back again  
And we doing it back and forth roll with a gang of thugs  
My burner my hood passport fresh from the airport I'm back again  
And I clap your men; I'm from a block where niggas might blast your pops  
No chance ambulance can't save your kin; smoke reefer burn reefer  
Chill in my spot instead of making selat drink liters of gin  
I'm drunk again I'm high again I just might fly a kite  
To my niggas up state knocked off in the pen  
They booked in a jail; I'm booking a flight  
It's fucked up last year we was all on the block  
This can't be life this can't be love  
They roll with a whack; I roll with a snub  
We all in a fight  
Alright, (woo) baby don't you cry (ugh)  
Alright, (tell em) everything's gon be alright  
Alright, (woo) I know we can make it through this  
Alright, (tell em) don't let go hold on tight (ugh)  
Alright, Alright, Alright Baby don't you cry  
Every thing gon be alright all night, Free is on his job let the music play  
And I ain't come to hurt nobody tonight  
But if a dude get out of line put him back in tech  
Must be out his mind let the ruger spray  
Clap until we alright all out of dodge (alright)  
That's right crush the club tonight with a watch on the Robb Report (sweet)  
Check on the war report; check on the stores we bought (yeah)  
Check on the kids and shit  
Hope everything's alright all night cause all day pop in the mix  
I might pop rock stars pop up on your strip  
Free pop out hits get paid for my thoughts and that's alright  
And my label the shit  
Alright (And you hating the click)  
Baby don't you cry (woo)  
Alright, (tell em) everything's gon be alright  
Alright, (woo) I know we can make it through this (tell em)  
Alright, (geah) don't let go hold on tight  
Alright, (woo) Alright, (geah) Alright I came from the hood and I'm bringing the hood with me  
(And don't you worry about a thing)  
It ain't a thing I'm bringing them things with me scrap  
And I take em around the globe travel around the globe

Been to Paris and back again  
Free fall back get stacks with a pen  
Still move like a king pen clapping you forward  
I went from gat in the tux  
Snatching your gold to platinum and gold plaques on the tuck  
Same shit different line up work gat and a tech  
I might get with Mac and act up in a Bent  
We came a long way from a pack and tech  
(We got to reach for something better) geah Alright, (woo) {hey oh oh baby} (geah)  
Alright, (woo) everything's gon be alright for you and me (geah)  
Alright, (right geah) {come on} (ugh it's the Roc)  
Alright, (it's the Roc){alright hey hey hey yeah} (geah)  
Alright, (geah) Alright,{oh oh oh yeah} (geah) Alright, (holla){All my homeboys out there  
dying} (Tell em)  
(woo) hey this world's a crazy place (geah)  
oh (geah) why didn't I find my (yes) place  
{alright alright} (clap clap clap clap) (holla)  
Alright (geah) {alright}  
Alright {alright}, Alright {yeah}, Alright {oh lord} Young Free, Allen Anthony, The Roc is  
definitely in the building  
Woo, geah, geah woop woop geah clap clap clap clap woo woo woo

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