

Is Ya Alright

Fun Lovin' Criminals

Yo kid. I'm from your block yo. I took yodr chain. I took
your moms out twice. I put the g in the game its been
like Tangiers. I put the grease in the gears left your
dad in tears. When i boxed his ears i'm reppin avenue c.
Where the wack catch a slap i keep my cretin's crackin
and the meatpackers mackin puttin things in relief so
baby sit in the seat never touch the levels. Just bump
the beat

Feel the fibe. Cop my style on this bitch ask the boys
downtown. Yeah they know this kid. From my babies on the
block to the killers on the corner. Don't start no shit.
Hell rain on you

From downtown brooklyn to the L.E.S Let me hear it for
the city is ya alright

All you bottle blonde she-devils. Out on patrol you'll
catch a trick real quick so baby slow your roll and all
you mop-top critics can't get me down. I count my money
first then i beat your ass down i got the Saville Row
suit. So fool. Don't act cute' cause...