

I'm Alright

Master P

I'm too strong to lose, I mean
My hustlin skills keep me in the game
I've got too much paper to fall off
Man you can take all kind of shots at me I'll bounce back

You only get one life my nigga
And they steady throwin stones but I'm alright my nigga
The same way they did Christ my nigga
But I ain't mad at 'em, they hurtin and I'm alright my nigga

See "I'm a Hustla" homey and you a customer homey
I ain't Cassidy or Jigga but you can't touch me homey
I get my money from the block nigga the Ghetto Bill Gates
I got niggaz on my team from the South to the Bay
I didn't change when I made it I kept stackin my bacon
I'm on the block hustlin hard like I'm black and Jamaican
First they love you then hate you, man these bitches'll break y
ou
From the streets to the pen, man these niggaz'll fade you
Man yo' mother could take you, man yo' brother could hate you
I got cousins tryin to kill each other, catchin the vapors
Disown ya mayne, run up on ya mayne
Pops said what don't kill you make you stronger mayne

Niggaz rattin for cream, rappers switchin up teams
I'm like Michael Jordan nigga I'm tryin to follow my dream
Real niggaz gon' feel me, see these streets'll kill me
But I'm out here thuggin tryin to feed these children
Turn my family against me, man these cops'll flip me
Play my records if I die, like radio miss me
Ghetto niggaz made history, then the media hit me
I guess I ain't controversy enough like Game and 50
I'm from the streets my nigga, pack that heat my nigga
I'm a boss but suit and ties that ain't me my nigga
I'm from the hood my nigga, what's good my nigga
Uptown, Callope, I'm a bull my nigga
I'm on the block gettin paper nigga you can't hate me nigga
My son worth seven figures you can't break me nigga
I'm on the grind gettin cheddar and cheese
And I started in the ghetto back in New Orleans
I'm a hustler homey

[Chorus]