

Everything's Gonna Be Alright

Naughty By Nature

Smooth it out
This is a story about the drifter
Who waited through the worst for the best in crosstown
Who never planned on havin' so dick
Why me huh?

Everything's gonna be alright
Everything's gonna be alright
Everything's gonna be alright now
Everything's gonna be alright

Some get a little and some get none
Some catch a bad one and some leave the job half done
I was one who never had and always mad
Never knew my dad, mother fuck the fag
Where anywhere I did pick up, flipped the clip up
Too many stick-ups, 'cause niggas had the trigger hic-ups
I couldn't get a job, nappy hair was not allowed
My mother couldn't afford us all, she had to throw me out
I walked the strip, which is a clip, who wanna hit?
They got 'em quick, I had to eat, this money's good as spent
I threw in graves, I wasn't paid enough

I kept 'em long 'cause I couldn't afford a haircut
I got laughed at, I got chumped, I got dissed
I got upset, I got a tech in the banana clip
Was down to throw the led to any tellin' crack head
I'm still livin' broke, so a lot of good it would've did
Or done, if not for bad luck, I would have none
Why did I have to live a life of such a bad one
Why when I was a kid and played out was a sad one
And always wanted to live like just a fat one

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A ghetto bastard, born next to the projects
Livin' in the slums with bums, I sit and watch them
Do I have to be like this? Momma said I'm priceless
So I am all worthless, starved and it's just for being a nice kid
Sometimes I wish I could afford a pistol then, though
Last stop to hell, I would've ended things a while ago
I ain't have jack but a black hat and knapsack
Four squad stolen cars in a black jack

Drop that and now you want me to rap and give?
Say somethin' positive, well positive ain't where I lived
I lived right around a corner from West Hell
Two blocks from south shit, it was in a jail cell
The sun never shone on my side of the street, see
And only once or twice a week I would speak
I walked alone, my state of mind was home sweet home
I couldn't keep a girl, they wanted kids for cause of chrome

Some life, it you ain't wear gold your style was old

And you got more juice than dope for every bottle sold
Hell no, I say there's gotta be a better way
But hey, never gamble any game that you can't play
I'm slowin' and flowin' and goin' in on and knowin' not now
How will I do it, how will I make it? I won't, that's how
Why me, huh?

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My third year to adulthood and still a knucklehead
I'm better off dead, huh, that's what my neighbor said
I don't do jack but fightin', lightin' up the streets at night
Playin' hide and seek with a machete
... like Freddy swipe
Some say I'm rollin' on, nothin' but a dog now
I answer that with a tech, who wanna bow-wow?
'Cause I done been through more shit within the last week

Than I fly flowin' in doo-doo on the concrete
I been a deadbeat, dead to the world and dead wrong
Since I was born that's my life, oh you don't know this song?
So don't say jack and please don't say you understand
All that man to man talk just hot damn
If you ain't live you couldn't feel it, so kill it, skillet
And all that talk about it won't help it out, now will it?
And ill town fell like I stuck-up props, got shot

Don't worry, I hit Bob, flurry, and his punk-ass dropped
But I'm the one who has been labeled as an outcast
They changin' schools, I'm the misfit that will outlast
But that's cool with the bull, smack 'em backwards
That's what you get for fuckin' with a ghetto bastard

If you ain't ever been to the ghetto
Don't ever come to the ghetto
'Cause you ain't understand the ghetto
And stay the fuck out of the ghetto
Why me? Why me?