

(Fuck all you hoes) Get a grip motherfucker.

Yeah, this album is dedicated to all the teachers that told me  
I'd never amount to nothin', to all the people that lived above the  
buildings that I was hustlin' in front of that called the police on  
me when I was just tryin' to make some money to feed my daughter,  
and all the niggas in the struggle, you know what I'm sayin'?

Uh-ha, it's all good baby bay-bee, uh

It was all a dream  
I used to read Word Up magazine  
Salt'n'Pepa and Heavy D up in the limousine  
Hangin' pictures on my wall  
Every Saturday Rap Attack, Mr. Magic, Marley Marl  
I let my tape rock 'til my tape pop  
Smokin' weed and bamboo, sippin' on private stock  
Way back, when I had the red and black lumberjack  
With the hat to match  
Remember Rappin' Duke, duh-ha, duh-ha  
You never thought that hip hop would take it this far  
Now I'm in the limelight 'cause I rhyme tight  
Time to get paid, blow up like the World Trade  
Born sinner, the opposite of a winner  
Remember when I used to eat sardines for dinner  
Peace to Ron G, Brucey B, Kid Capri  
Funkmaster Flex, Lovebug Starsky  
I'm blowin' up like you thought I would  
Call the crib, same number same hood  
It's all good

Uh, and if you don't know, now you know, nigga, uh

You know very well who you are  
Don't let em hold you down, reach for the stars  
You had a goal, but not that many  
'cause you're the only one I'll give you good and plenty

I made the change from a common thief  
To up close and personal with Robin Leach  
And I'm far from cheap, I smoke skunk with my peeps all day  
Spread love, it's the Brooklyn way  
The Moet and Alize keep me pissy  
Girls used to diss me  
Now they write letters 'cause they miss me  
I never thought it could happen, this rappin' stuff  
I was too used to packin' gats and stuff  
Now honies play me close like butter played toast  
From the Mississippi down to the east coast  
Condos in Queens, indo for weeks  
Sold out seats to hear Biggie Smalls speak  
Livin' life without fear  
Puttin' 5 karats in my baby girl's ear  
Lunches, brunches, interviews by the pool  
Considered a fool 'cause I dropped out of high school  
Stereotypes of a black male misunderstood  
And it's still all good

Uh...and if you don't know, now you know, nigga

Super Nintendo, Sega Genesis  
When I was dead broke, man I couldn't picture this  
50 inch screen, money green leather sofa  
Got two rides, a limousine with a chauffeur  
Phone bill about two G's flat  
No need to worry, my accountant handles that  
And my whole crew is loungin'  
Celebratin' every day, no more public housin'  
Thinkin' back on my one-room shack  
Now my mom pimps a Ac' with minks on her back  
And she loves to show me off, of course  
Smiles every time my face is up in The Source  
We used to fuss when the landlord dissed us  
No heat, wonder why Christmas missed us  
Birthdays was the worst days  
Now we sip champagne when we thirst-ay  
Uh, damn right I like the life I live  
'Cause I went from negative to positive  
And it's all...

(It's all good)

...and if you don't know, now you know, nigga, uh  
Uh, uh...and if you don't know, now you know, nigga  
Uh...and if you don't know, now you know, nigga, uh

Representin' B-Town in the house, Junior Mafia, mad flavor, uh  
Uh, yeah, a-ight