

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  
Called the police on me when I was just  
tryin' to make some money to feed my  
daughter (it's all good)  
And all the niggas in the struggle  
You know what I'm sayin'? It's all good, baby  
baby  
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 popped  
Smokin' weed in Bambu, 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, Brucie B, Kid Capri  
Funkmaster Flex, Lovebug Starski

I'm blowin' up like you thought I would  
Call the crib, same number, same hood  
It's all good (it's all good)

And if you don't know, now you know, nigga  
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 Moët and Alizé 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 honeys play me close like butter play

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' five 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

And if you don't know, now you know, nigga

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

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 thirsty  
Uh, damn right, I like the life I live  
'Cause I went from negative to positive  
And it's all (It's all good, nigga)

And if you don't know, now you know, nigga  
You know very well

Who you are

Don't let 'em hold you down

And if you don't know, now you know, nigga  
Reach for the stars

You had a goal

But not that many

'Cause you're the only one

And if you don't know, now you know, nigga  
I'll give you good and plenty

Representin' B-Town in the house

Junior Mafia, mad flavor

Uh, uh, yeah, aight

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  
Biggie Smalls, it's all good, nigga  
Junior Mafia, it's all good, nigga  
Bad Boy, it's all good, nigga  
It's all good  
That's right, '94  
And on and on, and on and on  
You know very well  
Who you are  
Don't let 'em hold you down  
Reach for the stars