

# Good Stuff

## UGK

Intro (Pimp C):

Where the hoes, where the hoes  
Lookin', lookin', tighten up, tryin' to tighten up  
Where the hoes, where the hoes  
Check it out

Verse 1 (Pimp C):

I'm coming down candy, I put in my work  
Got a \$10,000 link medalion hangin' on a \$2000 shirt  
The game's been good  
And all the hoes want to sit on leather and the wood  
Bitches tryin' to price my diamonds  
But that shit is just so common  
'Cause they see a nigga shinin'  
But I'm movin' too fast  
96 karats if you think that you could manage  
Got the drink and the salad  
Now the bitch is on the ?  
I'm comin' down Gulf way, I'm tryin' to see what's up  
I see big ass and some titties  
Now we flippin' in the 'Bourbon to the city  
The attitude's shitty but I bought no plex  
Ain't talkin' 'bout the Malcolm but I'm ridin' on the X  
The highway was so wet, I'm slippin' out my lane  
The bitch was on her knees, but now she's runnin' me a game  
I bet you never seen a big truck like that  
I bet you never got a dick sucked like that  
The bitch didn't know that I was tapin' the whole scene  
Now we watchin' that bitch suck me on a 5 piece screen  
The glitter and the gleam, we saw them in the show  
Chauffeurs and the sofas, hotel pictures and the hoes  
I got the haters, and the jackers, and the million dollar crackers  
Tryin' to close me down, but I got ghetto love  
I'm Pimp see bitch, I'm comin' down richer than rich  
So bitch you know you gotta gimme good stuff

Chorus:

Lookin' for that good stuff  
Ba ba ba ba da da da  
Tighten up on that backstroke  
Ba ba ba ba da da da  
Lookin' for that good stuff  
Tighten up on that backstroke  
Comin' down on fresh paint  
Blowin' Swisher Sweet smoke

Verse 2 (Bun-B):

We flippin' worldwide, P.A.T. International jetsetters  
Bigger than the Hollywood letters  
But don't get us confused, you lose when you bet us  
Breakin' off the jealous with pitch black Baretas  
My fellas and tellers who holdin' plates against them Texas boys  
Bringin' the noise to haters in 9-6 plex  
Like you major boy you have done played yourself  
Too \$hort smoked you like a Newport, and you bought  
A one-way ticket to something bigger than you  
Over your head and got scared  
Exactly what I figured you'd do  
Now who you kiddin', I'm slangin', bangin', and skiddin'  
Busta playa moves and if you done it and did it  
As I sit in the lap of luxury  
DEA is tryin' to stick bugs to me  
Undercover motherfucker tried to sell drugs to me  
What could be more throw  
Mafioso puttin' bombs under my load  
Never show no grief miss the signs in the climate  
Now I'm comin' down shinin'  
Pieces and chains full of diamonds  
I'm winin' and dinin' and caligula  
Pretty boys gettin' off the hook  
Bitches sayin' but I'm diggin' ya  
But I know that make ya mega crunk  
And make ya make it man it make a niggas want to pop trunk  
Got skunk from the Rasta, eatin' steak and lobster  
Like a mobster and gots to be lookin' for the good stuff

Chorus

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