

The Good Fight (Produced by 9th Wonder)

Phonte

When you wake up this morning, I want you to go to the mirror, and I want you to look at yourself in the eyes and say "Fuck you!, Fuck your hopes, Fuck your dreams, Fuck all the good you thought this life was 'gon bring you"

Now lets get out there and make this bitch happy
New Tigallo, New Tigallo, New Tigallo, New Tigallo
Up early with the sun, and the stars, 6 A.M. ring the alarm

Weather man say "it's 90 today but it gon' feel like 100 tomorrow

So throw some fresh water under the arms"

Bullshit soon as I come in the job

Boss hit me with the news like a box-cutter under the jaw

Said "they just had a meeting and about 3 hundred

Of y'all gettin fired cuz we been defunded"

Can't say I didn't even see it coming

I always knew that one day, they'd find a way to throw me to the wolves
And once they, came into my room on that Friday afternoon I was thinkin
"why you faggot ass niqqas couldn't find me on Monday"

I know it's not sane, but yo I'm just sayin

Everybody prays for the day they see the light

But the light at the end of the tunnel is a train

5 dollar gas, and poverty rates, are rising much higher than your hourly rates

So if you thinkin 'bout quittin you should probably wait

Cuz everybody gotta do a fuckin job that they hate

"Go and live out your dreams" that's what they tellin

Fam in my ear all day and they yellin

"Keep it real Te", and don't ever sellout

But how the fuck you sell out when ain't nobody sellin? Tired of playin with yall, I wanna fight the good fight

But it ain't payin me dawg

N.C., (Make ya money)

VA, (Make ya money)

To my man still hustlin hard, tryin to get it at whatever the cost

Wherever you at or whoever you are, that's me (Make ya money)

All day (Make ya money) It's like chasin a high, you just wanna get a hit

Just wanna get a taste, just wanna benefit

Everyday we wake up there's the legitimate

Struggle between doin whats right, and just doin some niqqa shit

Baby bro wrote me say he feel he lost me

I'm like dude I'm tryin back the fuck up off me

My single friends say "Te ya family's beautiful"

I'm like if only y'all niqqas knew what it cost me

This shit don't come with no blueprints

And with every change it seems more like a game you could never win
I tell my peoples I ain't rich but this harvest is the farthest a broke niqqa ever been

"Go for ya dreams" that's what they tellin
Fam in my ear all day and they yellin
"Keep it real Te", and don't ever sellout

But what the fuck is sellin out if ain't nobody sellin? Tired of playin with yall, I wanna fight the good fight

But it ain't payin me dawg
N.C., (Make ya money)
VA, (Make ya money)

To my man still hustlin hard, tryin to get it at whatever the cost
Wherever you at or whoever you are, that's me (Make ya money)
All day (Make ya money)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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