

# Good Life (CS & Miskeyz Remix)

## Kanye West

Like we always do at this time  
I go for mine, I got to shine  
Now throw your hands up in the sky  
I g-go for mine, I got to shine  
Now throw your hands up in the sky I'ma get on this TV mama, I'ma  
I'ma put shit down  
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey  
Hey, I'm good Welcome to the good life  
Where niggaz that sell D  
Won't even get pulled over in they new V  
The good life, let's go on a living' spree  
Shit they say the best things in life are free  
The good life, it feel like Atlanta  
It feel like L.A., it feel like Miami  
It feel like N.Y., summertime Chi, ahh  
(Now throw your hands up in the sky)  
So I roll through good  
Y'all pop the trunk, I pop the hood, Ferrari  
And she got the goods  
And she got that ass, I got to look, sorry  
Yo it's got to be cause I'm seasoned  
Haters give me them salty looks, Lowry's  
50 told me go 'head switch the style up  
And if they hate then let 'em hate  
And watch the money pile up, the good life Now I, I go for mine, I got to shine  
Now throw your hands up in the sky  
Now I, I go for mine, I got to shine  
Now throw your hands up in the sky I'ma get on this TV mama, I'ma  
I'ma put shit down  
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey  
Hey, I'm good Welcome to the good life  
Where we like the girls who ain't on TV  
Cause they got more (Ass than the models)  
The good life, so keep it coming' with the bottles Till she feel boozed like she bombed out Apollo  
The good life, it feel like Houston  
It feel like Philly, it feel like D.C.  
It feel like VA, or the Bay, or Ye  
Ayy, this is the good life Homie, tell me what's good  
Why I only got a problem when you in the hood

Like I'm new in the hood, the only thing I wish?  
(I wish a nigga would)  
He probably think he could, but, but  
I don't think he should  
50 told me go 'head switch the style up  
And if they hate then let 'em hate  
And watch the money pile up, the good life Now I, I go for mine, I got to shine  
Now throw your hands up in the sky  
Now I, I go for mine, I got to shine  
Now throw your hands up in the sky I'ma get on this TV mama, I'ma  
I'ma put shit down  
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey  
Hey, I'm good Have you ever popped champagne on a plane  
While getting' some brain  
Whipped it out, she said "I never seen snakes on a plane"  
Whether you broke or rich you gotta get biz  
Having' money's the everything that having' it is  
I was splurging' on trizz  
But when I get my card back activated  
I'm back to Vegas cause  
I always had a passion for flashing' before I had it  
I close my eyes and imagine, the good life Is the good life better than the life I live  
When I thought that I was gonna go crazy  
And now my grandmamma ain't the only girl calling me baby  
And if you feeling' me now then put your hands up in the sky  
And let me hear you say hey, hey, hey, ooh  
I'm good

Songwriters

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