

# The Good Life

## Chiddy Bang

Man, I'm looking for the good life  
Something that you can't imagine  
It's something you don't know  
Man, I'm looking for the good life Baby girl, I got a ticket, do you wanna go?  
Swelly, swelly, swelly, swelly, swelly, swelly, swelly, swelly I call  
And we could have a good night  
Show me that you got some good sense Show me what you know  
Make your trunk go  
Make your make your trunk go  
Make, make, make, make, make, make your trunk go Man, I gotta be fresh and I gotta be ill  
We locate from the jungle where it's killed or be killed  
And I'ma get mine, don't care how you feel  
In an artificial world where nothing is real We searching for wild for something that's greater  
And hopefully I'll make it there sooner or later  
Remember I was younger and I didn't have a thing  
And then I had a dream they call Martin Luther King I'm swelly on top for the world it seems  
Cash rules everything around me, get C.R.E.A.M.  
Good morning, to my haters all I say is good night  
They ask me what I'm looking for, I need a good life Man, I'm looking for the good life  
Something that you can't imagine  
It's something you don't know  
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Make your make your trunk go  
Make, make, make, make, make, make your trunk go I bet you know now if you didn't know then  
I step into the booth and it's time to go in  
And P got the bass, turned up the low end  
And this is that soul for the big oh ten I never thought that I would be a man in the game  
I brush off my shirt where there used to be a stain  
I came a long way where I wasn't so fly  
Made music like Kweli just to get by I never had a job, but that couldn't stop him  
'Cause now I get paid and I never clock in  
And I will never stumble, fall or take a pay cut  
I'm in that elevator and I'm on my way up Man, I'm looking for the good life  
Something that you can't imagine  
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