

# Living Good

## Evildead

[Chorus - Chamillionaire - 2X] I'm livin good, I'm livin, I'm livin good  
I'm livin good, I'm livin, I'm livin good  
I'm livin good, I'm livin, I'm livin good  
(Somebody said that you was lookin for me)  
I'm livin good

[Verse 1 - Chamillionaire] 8,000 square footage of bricks on some private property  
Plenty of surveillance for residents who be watchin me  
You ain't got to worry about if police or cops'll see  
All you need to worry about is if my new glock'll see  
Diamonds like a Skittle and big as a thumbtack (thumbtack)  
Each diamond in my necklace, no need to make contact (contact)  
Shouldn't wanna hate on me, you can trust you don't want that (want that)  
Cause I use to punch the clock, but now I just punch cats (punch cats)  
Uh, underground was quiet, I came back and they like "that's what's up"  
Freestyle or written, I bet you don't want to rap with us  
Boy you into rap, so don't rap, you just need to wrap it up  
Talkin like I'm stick shift, bet ya that I can back it up  
Told ya I'm a cobra, I'm strikin like I'm bowlin  
You tryna hate in silence but trust me that I'm knowin

Boys know I'm throwed and they steady scream my slogan  
With straps, I could bear bigger arms than Hulk Hogan

[Chorus][Verse 2 - Chamillionaire] Yeah, sophomore slump rumors, but trust me it ain't a problem though  
Mad and I'll be rappin and make you go call an audible  
G-4 captain, she sittin in that while callin you  
Got the same phone that the president's baby momma do  
Currency connect, I be gettin what they talk (talk)  
When it come to money y'all, I'm a "Hog" like J-Dawg (Dawg)  
Got a lot of hustlers involved with pesos  
Was tryna see the fly rides (hell naw), but naw the gate closed (closed)  
Stop the window shoppin and get to spendin some paper fool  
Ain't even my birthday but hope that you brought some cake with you  
Think you run the 'Ton, then trust me Famous replacin you  
Won't get on the song unless you did me a favor to  
Vehicles like Miracle Whip, 'til they look like mayo man  
Cars in the yard that block the route of the mailman  
When you see me comin, the witnesses all'll say you ran (ha)  
Coverin your face like your doin that Tony Yayo dance

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