

# Good Life

## Frank Sinatra & Count Basie and His Orchestra

Like we always do at this time  
I go for mine, I gots to shine  
Now throw your hands up in the sky  
I go for mine, I gots 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, 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 livin' 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, 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 comin' with them bottles

Till she feel boozed like she bombed at 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

Welcome to the good life

Homie, tell me what's good

Why I only got a problem when you in the hood?

Welcome to the good life

Like I'm new in the hood, the only thin' I wish?

I wish a nigga would

Welcome to the good life

He probably think he could, but, but

I don't think he should

Welcome to the good life

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

Hey, 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 gettin' some brain?

Whipped it out, she said, "I never seen snakes on a plane"

Whether you broke or rich you gotta get biz

Havin' money's the everythin' that havin' it is

I was splurgin' on trizz, but when I get my car back

Activated, I'm back to Vegas 'cause

I always had a passion for flashin' 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 grandmama ain't the only girl callin' me baby

And if you feelin' me now then put your hands up in the sky

And let me hear you say hey, hey, hey

Ooh, I'm good

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