

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 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
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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
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