Good Times (Sick Pimpin')

Atmosphere

This next one goes out
To all the depressed women in the house
Whether you're taking the prozac the zanac or the paxil
Whatever the hell they put into that capsule
I want y'all to come up to the front of the stage
Grab me A shot of something along the way
Put A smile on the front of your head[CHORUS]
Got A thing for the women that dont love themself
So either loosen up your hair or tighten up your belt
This time, this time is A good time
Good timesGot A thing for the women that dont love themself
So either loosen up your hair or tighten up your belt
And this town, this town, is A good town
A good time. A good timeYou know while she's sitting by the window, she's waiting for her prince to come
And here I am on the opposite side of the room trying to pretend that I'm not that dumb
It goes older told and full of cold, but did I mention that it's well deserved
No let's make A mess, no let's make A baby, no let's make some hell on earth
Do you mind if I turn out the lights, if I'm going to be alone I'd rather do it in the dark
So I stare at half of A beer half wishing that the transmission would stay in par
She keeps the music down, so her neighbors don't complain
Keeps the drama up, so she doesn't forget the pain
I keep my momentum inside the reaction
And hide my pride inside of my laughter
It goes[CHORUS]And I'll never forget the day you woke up
To find A whole different world underneath your socks
Forgot to check your pockets before you the checked the cost
Yes man, I saw the sign, no man I couldn't stop
Drop off, now look who got water on the lawn
Whatever it takes to calm your tongue
If this livingroom fills with anymore false
I'm going to cut my finger, I'm going to paint these walls
If anybody watched us
They probably called the cops, cause
Its obvious that neither one of us can adjust
Discussion becomes disgust
If luck was a lady I doubt she would save me from the bumrush
Enough is enough, but how much is too much
Why am I still just A sheep to your touch
Why can't I ever fall asleep at dusk

Why do I need to see everything crushed
It's A big map girl, it's yours if you asked
If it dont wash up to the shore you wont discover it
Stand to get hotter then your head with that other shit
Swallow it to chase to follow the suffering
But I'm still smiling, still up to no great
Still trying to relocate
Somewhere I'm going to find some work that matters
Til then all you get is my smirk and my laughter
It goes[CHORUS]

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