Good Life

Brassroots

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
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
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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