

# That Good (feat. Ty \$, C Ballin)

## Glasses Malone

Push er in division baby  
Dollar sign I got that good get it girl  
I already know that I'm the shit girl  
And if I fuck with you then you see it too  
Girl stop playin what that shit so  
Dollar sign push ya in the label baby  
That whole 10 big, getting paper baby  
Presidential Rollies and them red bottles  
Anything cheesy but you know I got it  
You know I got it Where the ladies at?  
If you got some good pussy baby say yea yea  
Say yea yea  
If it taste like water let me hear you halla  
In the club with the homies popping all the bottles  
Dollar sign!  
Now we ain't going to the bar  
Girl you fuckin with a star  
I like the way you wind that skirt  
Don't let a nigga go to work  
Go to work, go to work Girl I give you that good dick  
Girl I give you that good dick  
Fuck with me and get some good dick  
Girl I give you that good dick  
Fuck around, fuck around Good dick  
Girl I give you that good dick  
You gon fuck around and get some good dick  
That good  
Girl I give you that good dick  
Fuck around, fuck around  
And I, and I put that on the hood  
I'mma give it to you good  
I'mma do it like you should  
Say that pussy deathrow, call me sure  
Ha! Run it then beat it up  
Once you feel it in your stomach then eat it up  
And it ain't no keeping up  
She ain't hitting her, no tight - deep enough  
I go deeper  
Million dollar sign, this the sleeper

Million dollar dream, you near my Mercedes girl  
So when I scoop you baby girl Now we ain't going to the bar  
Girl you fuckin with a star  
I like the way you wind that skirt  
Don't let a nigga go to work  
Go to work, go to work Girl I give you that good dick  
Girl I give you that good dick  
Fuck with me and get some good dick  
Girl I give you that good dick  
Fuck around, fuck around Good dick  
Girl I give you that good dick  
You gon fuck around and get some good dick  
That good  
Girl I give you that good dick  
Fuck around, fuck around Aye, we can get it in the booth  
Or we can take you to the coupe  
We can do it on the far what it do  
It's when I'm in it had left my Mercedes now woo Woa, we can get it in the booth  
Or we can take you to the coupe  
We can do it on the far what it do  
Go to war on the pussy, better call the troops  
That's the truth, truthfully you never had been  
There's the X's, why the Z's like the last letter?  
Then I mash like potatoes, I'm a cash getter  
Baby blast, never let me down Now we ain't going to the bar  
Girl you fuckin with a star  
I like the way you wind that skirt  
Don't let a nigga go to work  
Go to work Girl I give you that good dick  
Girl I give you that good dick  
Fuck with me and get some good dick  
Girl I give you that good dick  
Fuck around, fuck around Good dick  
Girl I give you that good dick  
You gon fuck around and get some good dick  
Girl I give you that good dick  
Fuck around, fuck around

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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