Good Enough

Big Krit

Life is funny ain't it
Cause I don't think this is my parents dream for me
[Verse 1:]
Cheah
Lord I ain't cha best son
I ain't been to church in a while
But on that liquor I confess some
I missed a couple blessings wasn't ready
I was counting money
But I swear I'll catch the next one
I did some dirt to be the fresh one
I lost my friends over ends but I guess it's where I get it, huh
Chasing dreams that I can barely see
Shooting for the stars, when that's something I could never be
Maybe all the flash wasn't meant for me
Maybe I'm too real for this industry
I sit alone in this 4 corner room
Writing about life and how it goes to soon
Pimpin these broads fast cars and jewels
All in the blink of a eye I could lose
It's all good, love and pain
Somethangs I just can't change
I jsut can't change
[Chorus:]
I can't keep worrying bout the things in my life I can change
Dear Lord give me the strength to fight the evil in this game
Ooh I close my eyes and get down on my knees
Pray to the heavens protect my family
If I leave that's good enough for me
[Verse 2:]
My girl think I'm no good
And she should
I ain't done much to make her thank different
Late night chicken chicks really wasn't effortless
I'm erasing messages so she ain't caguht me slippin
I never really knew how much I loved her till she gifted
Besides she ain't scared of lion tigers and bears
But she scared of being in love with me
How'd feel that I'll sleep with every broad on the road I see

Probably so-do I ride solo
On the mission for some mo doe
Ball hard to ease my mind
Tried to call her and she picked up
Said she really can't talk it ain't over but she need some time nah I'm a limpo
It ain't simple yeah I feel her
Says she got a friend a word is she really dig him
I'm dealing with the pain I lost her and I know it
I'm praying for the strength not to show it
Seems hopeless
[Chorus]
[Verse 3:]
I was just waiting on this moment in my grandmama kitchen
An artist from Mississippi like who a listening
I'm southernize countryfied no doubt
I hustle hard my slang bross so what now
Get it in by any means I said
Having dreams of a such things I bled
Sweat and tears poot and dro with beers
Liquor helps me think but I pay the toll in years
Women gloring, some were hores
They never feel avoid all I wanted was more
The company up under me was shady
Childhood friends turned enimies they hating
Alot of folk done made it to hell I know they waiting
For me to fall off and burn if I'm forsaken
We work as up and neck with it, Lord we knew better
It's hard to be broke and do better
Father forgive me
[Chorus]
That's good enough for me [x4]

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