

# Live Good

Ryan Leslie

Yeah, 5 seconds of fame that's all it takes, man  
The grass might look green, I watch the snakes, man  
Put a couple 02s in my bank statement  
Then hire a lawyer to look after my estate plan  
Yeah, so I can plan my vacation  
Somewhere I can get tan and have relations  
With my Tunisian girl, yeah she super hot  
Super luxury, breakfast is on a super yacht  
The terror of the French Riviera  
Rolling down the strip I'm in that rare Carrera  
Pose for the haters when I pull up at the cross walk  
The whole club sold out to hear the boss talk  
And we gon' shut down the city tonight  
My homie Sheed 'bout to spend about fifty tonight  
So if you and your girlfriends get pretty tonight  
We gon' show u what good livin is like

So I'mma live hard  
I'mma dream big  
Cause in the end, homie  
I'm just tryna live good  
I'm just tryna live good  
Do it bigger than anybody else ever did  
Cause in the end, homie  
I'm just tryna live good  
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I'm black and successful I guess I beat the odds  
The rare chance a mortal could actually beat the gods  
I took that chance, believing I could win this  
Take my seat on the throne - the peak of Mount Olympus  
I'm slipping the day it turns cold in Hades  
SLR McClaren yea that's the old Mercedes  
It's catching the eye of every bystander  
Lanvin to fly - call that high standards  
At the border know I'm asking for trouble  
The customs officer found 30 stacks in my duffel  
I said I'm partial to nice uniforms on a chick  
She let me off with a warning but she wanted a flick  
The by-product of celebrity  
She don't even know who I am, but she'll remember me  
So I reinvest in a fan for longevity  
Caught up in the fame - that's where I'll never be

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Yo I ran through the park some nights, holding cocaine  
No I'd - I'm lonely in this cold game  
Once I get back on my feet I gotta a family far away

Somewhere in Dubai and it's deep  
Coconut water and spliffs fly honey bunnies  
Wrangler jeeps, 6 hundred horse sonny  
Listening to Big and Pac  
In a world where they kidnap your girl and bitch smack your pops  
I'm all about more commas, Fisker Karma  
But I'm stuck on a bench in a bomber  
A ski hat a pair of these Lees, I'm wearing these trees it be that  
Quick fast to blast for G's  
Never been nothing but a street king  
Now let the beat bang, gimme a mic check my mean swing  
Sooner or later we large and I'll glance at myself  
Biggin' shit up you know who started it

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