

It's Good

Lil' Wayne

You who are rich and whose troubles are few,
May come around to see my point of view,
What price the crown of a King on his throne,
When you're chained in the dark all alone....

I'm as real as they come, I follow the rules
I'm still in the hood but I probably should move
Made enough money, I don't fuck around
I just felt they needed me, so I stuck around
Feds got my man, shit is real son
Cause my god son just became my real son
Think life is a game but all you get is a turn
You live and you learn, either you freeze or you burn
Kush in the air, I'm pushing the gears
Love turned into hate, hate turned into fear
If it ain't right, I don't sign the deal
Shoot me in the watch, I got time to kill
Gasoline, propane, ain't no salary cap in the dope game
Ain't no collective bargaining on cocaine
So in other words nigga, do your thing

Mind in one place, heart in another
Please pardon my brother
He's just angry at you niggas who don't have your heart in your rap shit
And got too fuckin comfy, cause we still fuckin hungry
Young Money, got the munchies
Faded, fuckin faded, aww yeah I'm fuckin faded
They tellin' lies about me, aww yeah i must've made it
Rikers Island on this flow, 8 months for that pistol
But at least they had some bad bitches workin' in that shit hole
Ahhh, 3 visits later, I went and did it major
So fuck the judge, and the jury, and the litigator
Watchin all these kids who thought they had it figured out
And then November came, they let my nigga out

Stop playin, I ain't with that bullshit
Niggas act like bitches. Shanaynay, oh my goodness
This is Wayne's World, and y'all are just some tourists
Give me three wishes, I wish, I wish, I wish, you would bitch
Brand new pussy, pussy good as baby powder
Two glock 40's, nigga you got 80 problems
Swimmin' in the money, Imma need some fuckin goggles
Its better to give, but we don't give a fuck about 'em
I just came home, shit then got real hoe
Lil Weezy-ana, the boot nigga, steal toe
I ain't workin with a full deck but I deal hoe
I just touched down, kick the motherfuckin field goal
Talkin 'bout baby money? I got your baby money
Kidnap your bitch, get that 'how much you love your lady' money
I know you fake nigga, press your brakes nigga
I'll take you out, that's a date nigga
I'm a grown ass blood, stop playin with me
Play asshole and get an ass whippin'
I think you pussy cat ha, hello kitty
I just throw the alley-oop to Drake Griffin
I lay em down, tempur-pedic
This shits a game of chess, you niggas think its cleavage

Its young money, yeah 'tis the season
I give you the business, bitch this a business meeting
My niggas hungry, my bitches greedy
Will I die a bloody murder? Dear Mr. Ouija
Nigga, I'm straight, my girl a faggot
Potato on the barrel, pop pop tater salad