

Goodman

Max B

(Oh, and I know she's no good)
Boss Don Biggavel
(But still, I keep my head up high)
Grease
(And try to do the things that a good man should, woah)
(Am I good man?)
Negro spirituals, baby, we workin'
(Am I a fool?)
Don velli (Am I weak?)
That's the one right there, baby
The creme de la creme, baby
(Or am I just playin' it cool?)
Let's do it, yeah, ooh, ooh, ooh

Martin Luther King (King)
He had a dream (I had a dream)
I had a vision (Vision)
Ended up back convicted
Ended up back in prison
Gave me no time to think
Gave me an opposition
Baby, it's time to drink
Bottle of that Ace of Spade (Yeah)
Let's make a trade

Hookers, I bought 'em cheap (Cheap)
Took many niggas off the street
He get all the beats (All of 'em)
[?] and Grease (Yeah)
Y'all call it, "Mean" (Mean)
We call it, "Street"
Mansion in Santa Barbara, got a spot where the bosses meet
French out in Calabasas, that life, man, it's far behind us
Natural disasters insurance don't cover forest fires
The Rolls is spacious, got my own Oasis
Clooney behind the scenes, rich niggas don't show their faces
Negro spirituals, we wrappin' up
These devils is white as cotton, Jesus is black as fuck

I got a zipper full of weed
Money in my jeans, I'm on the road
On the road, on the road, on the road, on the road (Yeah)
My Bentley clean, my life is but a dream
I'm comin' home, home (Yeah)
We finally know the cost of where I gotta go
Gotta go, gotta go, gotta go, gotta go (Yeah)
This business, baby, it swallows you whole, you gotta know
Gotta know, gotta know, gotta know (Yeah)

(And I know she's no good) Shit crazy man
You ain't no good, Don Biggie (But still, I keep my head up high)
You niggas ain't shit, man
(And try to do the things that a good man should)
(Am I good man?) Just imagine what I could do
(Am I a fool?) When I escape all this shit, man
(Am I weak?) Don Black, what's good, baby?
Fuck with' me y'all (Or am I just playin' it cool?)

Hahaha, let's ride this, let's go B
Ooh, ooh, ooh

Born to win, I'm on again
My soul was saved, I was born again
The streets was crazy, she gone again
First, she strung out my mama
Then she took all my men
Lucy's and quarter juices
Three quarter gooses
Had my share of trays
We slow the deuces
Forty ounce or more
Younge bring the can up
Pledge allegiance to EMG
Won't stand for that spangled banner
Game is full of raps and filthy bureaucrats
I smoke my onion, just skin up and peel it back
Body, it starts to tingle soon as I hear the track
Double and bubble, grams up, came up and brang it back
This game, I can bring it up, this a luxury
Ride out on any nigga if he think he can fuck with' me
Yeah, ain't nobody better (Nobody), Stefano leathers
No more baby Simon, my shit is [?]

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(Oh, and I know she's no good)
(But still, I keep my head up high, and try to do the things that a good man
should)
[?] what's good (Am I good man?)
Boss Don Biggavel (Am I a fool?)
Dame Grease (Am I weak?)
EMG, baby (Or am I just playin' it cool?)
Negro spirituals