

Good Things

Rich Boy

Good Things Don't Last Forever Baby
Something 'Bout You Girl That Drives Me Crazy
Ain't No If's And But's Or Maybe's
You'll Always Be My Friend
You Will Always Be
You Will Always Be
Say You'll Always Be
My Friend

She Want To Know What The Reason I'm Saying She Can Be My Friend
But Baby I'm a Player Ain't No Reason To Pretend
Might've seen me in M.I.A. riding phantom of the Benz
With a beautiful bitch her hair blowin' in the wind
(see I'm true to this shit)
Hope that you can comprehend
What I'm spitting is pimping and the rules don't bend
Yup, you lookin' good
But ya mind ain't right
Some niggas been tellin' ya
She's quite alright
By you need to let me put this "I" in your life
Not the booze from behind from the side how you like
I don't wanna spend forever with you baby just tonight
If you can hop in my backseat that'll be a delight
From the looks of that ass you and nigga type
If you can bring me some cash, baby you're Mrs. Right
You say you gotta man and you don't know if this is right
(Thats why I need you to be like polow da don!)

You're The Only Girl I Wanna See Daily
Not A lot Save Me But You Could Be My Lady
Let's Take It To Another Level You Remember
The First Day I Got you What You Want And
It Wasn't Even Your Birthday Nah Now
We Kick It To Hard You Went To Deep
Say You Feel It In Your Heart So
I'm Be Real 'Cause You Give Me What I Want
And I Ain't Gonna Tell You I Love You If I Don't
I Understand That You Got A Man At Your Crib
But He Can't Even Understand How You Feel
But If You Stop Coming Around
And I Don't See You Again I Guess We Can
Just Be... Woooo

Now Ladies You All Know What I'm Talking About
See I Don't Want A Man That Just Be Dipping
In And Out Of My Life I Want Friend That Be
There Thick And Thin You Know What I'm Saying
Someone To Take It Back to the Isley's
I Want Somebody To Always Run Back To Me
And Trust I'll Always Be Here With *That Cool Thing*

If I Couldn't Walk Again Would You
Still Be There For Me If I Lost It All Today
Would You Care For Me? Yeah Would You Write Me in the pen?
Kinda Of Friend That Will Be There Without The Benz?
Like An Angel From Above God Sent Me You Never Ask About The Money That You

Lent Me Nah You Look Good With Your
Body You're The Type Of Girl That Money
Can't Buy Me