## **Good Girl**

**Ryan Leslie** 

Get them hands up Get them hands up Stackin' dollaz homie Get them grands up Keep them hands up Put 'em in the air Close your eyes imagine that you're a millionaire And I know it feel good, right? Drinks up - it's about to be a good night Bring a friend, girl, tell me what it look like Pop a bottle one time for the good life And we sprayin' champagne Cause we don't really know what tomorrow is gon' bring So we buy a case and we drinkin' the whole thing' Black aristocracy: diamonds and gold chains Gold chains, gold chains I'ma be a hustler I promise I won't change You see these 20's - I promise it's gon' rain Black Panamera I'm ridin' my own lane

Same time next year I'll be hoping that you're still here Doing a little better than you did this year, baby Cause you're my good girl And you deserve everything that is good in life Ooh

And I promise that we can make up for lost time You always held your temper when I lost mine And you always understood what's on a boss mind So I swear I'd save your life if it costs mine That's on everything, baby, I'd take a bullet for you Pull for you when no one else is pulling for you Cause you did it for me - you said we'd make it happen When they laughed and said I would never make it rappin' Huh, but we livin' much better now Rolls Royce Ghost, Burberry sweater now Hermes purse, Learjet-setter now Who would've thought we'd be makin' this much cheddar, wow! Let's have a toast to my enemies And to my haters, you bastards, you give me energy The fuel to succeed - to be a better me And live the life that I lead - the Black Kennedy

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