

## Good Life

2pac

I was so money orientated, initiated as a thug  
Fiendin for wicked adventures, ambitious as I was  
Picture a nigga on the verge of livin insane  
I sold my soul for a chance to kick it and bang  
Now tell if I'm wrong  
but sayin "Fuck the world" got you deeper in my songs  
Drinkin 'til I earl, spendin money 'til it's gone  
It's the good life - maybe niggaz got it goin on  
Now maybe if I died, and came back, wouldn't have to slang crack  
Addicted to the game, so obviously we came strapped  
Please forgive me for my wicked ways, fuck a bitch  
Bad Boy niggaz eat a dick a day, bumpin this  
Lord have mercy it's a slaughter  
So wicked that my tracks is wettin niggaz like it's water  
I learned my lessons as a thug in these wicked ass hood fights  
But I'm a baller now, nigga, I live the good life

This is the good life, fuck my foes  
God bless the dumb niggaz that, trust them hoes  
Found a way to stack money guaranteed to rise  
and live the good life, cause thug niggaz don't die  
We live the good life, fuck my foes  
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No one knows what the, future holds, but you  
Haha.. listen close  
They say reach in yo' heart and you'll find your mind  
Every day in the streets, got my foresight blind  
My after time is narrow, peepin down the barrel of a foe  
Just a nigga or a killer I don't know so  
who makes the call will I fall a victim like the rest?  
Slug in the chest, one in the dome and make sure I'm gone  
Send me home all alone in these cold streets  
In desperation constantly drinkin and I can't sleep  
Neck deep strugglin tryin to survive  
SOME wanna die I wanna stay alive, eyes on the prize  
Let me modify this whole region  
I declare this sucker duckin season, give me the reason  
why I should change, into a softie  
.. after living so loftily  
It cost me my soul out of control in a devil's world  
Me, my niggaz, and my girl - livin the good life!

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I spend my days and nights not knowin if, strays in flight  
gon' finally catch me, it's the good life, can you hear me?  
Clearly over the edge, soon as I wake up

Last night we off the hook, doin way too much  
But it's the fast lane only, big dealin big ceiling  
All for the money, some kill some squeal  
All for the money, most ain't even real  
but we still call 'em homies, now what the fuck is that?  
Fake love, fake thugs are, all in the game  
I watch 'em all plot and fall while we come up and gain  
Outlaw never surrender is the call when you hear us comin  
Better start to get to runnin 'fore my click get to gunnin  
Still in the midst of all the stress and pain  
I'm still tryin to get a hold of the game, livin that good life

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