

# Good Enough

Big K.R.I.T.

Life is funny ain't it  
Cause I don't think this is my parents dream for me

Cheah  
Lord I ain't cha best son  
I ain't been to church in a while  
But on that liquor I confess some  
I missed a couple blessings wasn't ready  
I was counting money  
But I swear I'll catch the next one  
I did some dirt to be the fresh one  
I lost my friends over ends but I guess it's where I get it, huh  
Chasing dreams that I can barely see  
Shooting for the stars, when that's something I could never be  
Maybe all the flash wasn't meant for me  
Maybe I'm too real for this industry  
I sit alone in this 4 corner room  
Writing about life and how it goes to soon  
Pimpin these broads fast cars and jewels  
All in the blink of a eye I could lose  
It's all good, love and pain  
Somethangs I just can't change  
I jsut can't change

I can't keep worrying bout the things in my life I can change  
Dear Lord give me the strength to fight the evil in this game  
Ooh I close my eyes and get down on my knees  
Pray to the heavens protect my family  
If I leave that's good enough for me

My girl think I'm no good  
And she should  
I ain't done much to make her thank different  
Late night chicken chicks really wasn't effortless  
I'm erasing messages so she ain't caguht me slippin  
I never really knew how much I loved her till she gifted  
Besides she ain't scared of lion tigers and bears  
But she scared of being in love with me  
How'd feel that I'll sleep with every broad on the road I see  
Probably so-do I ride solo  
On the mission for some mo doe  
Ball hard to ease my mind  
Tried to call her and she picked up  
Said she really can't talk it ain't over but she need some time nah I'm a li  
mpo  
It ain't simple yeah I feel her  
Says she got a friend a word is she really dig him  
I'm dealing with the pain I lost her and I know it  
I'm praying for the strength not to show it  
Seems hopeless

I was just waiting on this moment in my grandmama kitchen  
An artist from Mississippi like who a listening  
I'm southernize countryfied no doubt  
I hustle hard my slang boss so what now  
Get it in by any means I said  
Having dreams of a such things I bled

Sweat and tears poot and dro with beers  
Liquor helps me think but I pay the toll in years  
Women gloring, some were hores  
They never feel avoid all I wanted was more  
The company up under me was shady  
Childhood friends turned enimies they hating  
Alot of folk done made it to hell I know they waiting  
For me to fall off and burn if I'm forsaken  
We work as up and neck with it, Lord we knew better  
It's hard to be broke and do better  
Father forgive me

That's good enough for me (4x)