

Good Nigga

Goodie Mob

We fixin' run this shit
We fixin' to put our own shit out

From A-Town, so I'ma put up my hood
You pay for what chu' get, determines whether you chief ridin'
Live, keep good
If a job don't find you, struggle usually will
Mostly attracted at this skill, makin' you feel
Ugly inside, huh, and the feel pretty about my lifestyle
Cause I get mine, apartment complex and services since I was a child
So it ain't shit for me to clamp down on my hearts
Uh, try Mr. Ed, throwin' bow in the middle where niggas don't dance
All they do is scrap
I signed the club and back of niggas trucks
Master told ya how it get, I sell more drug fire
Run away slave and challenges growin' up
Ya shit's shaved and bathed
Hit the stage and split it four ways
Then after they end up in state
You be so raged like you can't really get Scarface
Rap-A-Lot slashed away
But don't be too star struck to realize
What's being done to you on a regular basis
Plus it's never been education
Still workin' for the white man
Still got em' pissed off in this custom
Shave yo head, trim yo bill
And don't forget to get real
Watch you grill, some wounds never heal
So we erasin' motivated hate crimes

Yeah, well I'm a truth nigga
Not a brand new nigga
A do what I gotta do nigga
A just like you nigga
A just tryin' to make it through nigga
Like I should nigga, hood nigga
I'm a good nigga
Yeah, well I'm a truth nigga
Not a brand new nigga
A do what I gotta do nigga
A just like you nigga
A just tryin' to make it through nigga
Like I should nigga, hood nigga
I'm a good nigga

It's the A-Town slum all up in the mic
Need to ride the Converse, switch it up with the Nike
Smokin' Wayne reds and them o-r blunts
Candy apple Lac with the right on the trunk
Somewhere, some fell man soft and hard
Always would chase paper to stop my heart
Wasn't on anything that ain't me, trust this
To my cousin, set free I'ma drop this
I got shit that'll go through walls
And when I click, it ain't no laws
We get buck, crunk from here to Houston

Rockin' straw hats, drinkin' outta big jars
Swirvin' into big ships scopin' out the next way to get paid
Gotta a phone call from Lil' J

OK we on the way y'all (OK we on the way homeboy)
OK we on the way y'all (OK we on the way homeboy)

Well I don't wanna take too much of ya time
But cha' now how I get when I start to rhyme
Come on, something gets in him and he starts talking the talk
Get up in yo mind and provokin' the thought
OK I teach the day, yesterday for the day we died
Everyday like everything is OK
They good, they down for they pride, they down for they side
They down for they ride, they always try, they die
Niggas ain't real when they rappin'
So I put my crackin' to casual cappin'
Statistics waitin' to happen
Oh, and let me tell ya what's next
I'm used to braggin' macho, be gettin' Rolex
They gonna take ya baby mama welfare check
Cause I'ma for real, up in the projects
And what they say, realize the blow
Shake that thang cause you can't make money no mo'
We searchin' but we ain't got no strategies that fold
Ya gon' lose when the pack is on roll, for sho'
Oh and it's on but do what cha' what cha' want
I just want it to be known, and I'm gone
Fuckin' with the 5th Ward and the 4th it's on

Misunderstood is a good nigga goin' un-reported
Coke be goin' sold next homicides, drive by's (Da, da, da)
At my spot, at the angel spot so hot
That we don't even see y'all passin' us by
Leavin' although we exhibit the pain
So much pain for a young, ready to gun nigga
Watch out for the day, thinkin' bout the
Dirty past, with the future bout to bust you in ya face
You didn't know that Ghetto Boys and Goodie Mob was in the place
We workin' on a punk ass nigga
That thought this motherfuckin' shit was flirt
Bad niggas work and I'ma work
And give me love when we hit the scene
Ya know what I mean

[Chorus]