

# 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  
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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]