

We Good

Rockie Fresh

[Verse 1:]

It's mister fresh up in this bitch, so how y'all wanna get it
I got the game locking like a fence, they trying to pick it
My shows be loud, can't hear the chirping of them crickets
Got the bitches driving reckless, just to say they got a ticket
Everybody with it, that's why that money pouring in
If these niggas buzzing, then I gotta be the orca man
How'd I make my firework, it's feeling like the 4th again
Good D, so bitches wanna kick it like it's 4th and 10
You see that we running shit, bank is like my end zone
Right after I got it, then I had to put my friends on
Rapping like I been on, here but my mind gone
In the club, online, shopping on my iPhone
The truth is I'm here to show 'em that I got hoes
I got cold now my hand and wrist got froze
It's not a question that the little homie got flows
Probably why he got chose, starts right, stop shows

[Hook:]

And you ain't gotta worry about my ride
Cause that mothafucka parked outside
(Ay tell them haters what up)
And you ain't gotta worry about my grind
Check your watch, it's saying it's my time
(Ay tell them haters what up)
And you ain't gotta worry about my team
While ya'll sleeping, we live out ya'll dream
(Ay tell them haters what up)
And you ain't gotta worry about my scene
On that mothafucka, I am king
(Ay tell them haters what up)
We good, we good, we good
We good, we good, we good
(Ay tell them haters what up)
We good, we good, we good
We good, we good, we good
(Ay tell them haters)

[Verse 2:]

While they out here gaining hate, man, my pockets gaining weight
I be hustling, grinding, working till I'm great
Putting on for my city every time I'm out of state
Now I'm eating, making sure my niggas get a plate
Understand my team is straight, you see girl in that Lexus
When we hitting till the banks, the only time that you can check us
And we love the life we living, we won't blow it living reckless
And we love this money getting, we can't let the hate affect us (nooo)
Understand being broke it's not an option
The owner of the building y'all just in this bitch mopping
The flyest niggas here, so that's why the birds are watching
The car's push to start but the worth is never stopping
And what we want we copping, this is fast life living
They say I'm getting chips and your bitch is what I dip in
Ride, riding round around the city with that wet paint dripping
And the wood grain gripping, and I'm still tip, tipping