

Live Good

Ryan Leslie

Yeah, 5 seconds of fame that's all it takes, man
The grass might look green, I watch the snakes, man
Put a couple 02s in my bank statement
Then hire a lawyer to look after my estate plan
Yeah, so I can plan my vacation
Somewhere I can get tan and have relations
With my Tunisian girl, yeah she super hot
Super luxury, breakfast is on a super yacht
The terror of the French Riviera
Rolling down the strip I'm in that rare Carrera
Pose for the haters when I pull up at the cross walk
The whole club sold out to hear the boss talk
And we gon' shut down the city tonight
My homie Sheed 'bout to spend about fifty tonight
So if you and your girlfriends get pretty tonight
We gon' show u what good livin is like

So I'mma live hard
I'mma dream big
Cause in the end, homie
I'm just tryna live good
I'm just tryna live good
Do it bigger than anybody else ever did
Cause in the end, homie
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I'm black and successful I guess I beat the odds
The rare chance a mortal could actually beat the gods
I took that chance, believing I could win this
Take my seat on the throne - the peak of Mount Olympus
I'm slipping the day it turns cold in Hades
SLR McClaren yea that's the old Mercedes
It's catching the eye of every bystander
Lanvin to fly - call that high standards
At the border know I'm asking for trouble
The customs officer found 30 stacks in my duffel
I said I'm partial to nice uniforms on a chick
She let me off with a warning but she wanted a flick
The by-product of celebrity
She don't even know who I am, but she'll remember me
So I reinvest in a fan for longevity
Caught up in the fame - that's where I'll never be

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Yo I ran through the park some nights, holding cocaine
No I'd - I'm lonely in this cold game
Once I get back on my feet I gotta a family far away

Somewhere in Dubai and it's deep
Coconut water and spliffs fly honey bunnies
Wrangler jeeps, 6 hundred horse sonny
Listening to Big and Pac
In a world where they kidnap your girl and bitch smack your pops
I'm all about more commas, Fisker Kharma
But I'm stuck on a bench in a bomber
A ski hat a pair of these Lees, I'm wearing these trees it be that
Quick fast to blast for G's
Never been nothing but a street king
Now let the beat bang, gimme a mic check my mean swing
Sooner or later we large and I'll glance at myself
Biggin' shit up you know who started it

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