

# Good Girl Goes Bad

Spice 1

Aha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha  
BLAOW! Y'know  
I'm sure all you hustlers out there know  
Every rose got its thorns  
Aha-ha  
You know I gotta lil' some some  
Y'all probably dobe been thru before  
If you're a real hustler, then you know somethin about dis  
Peep game!  
What you know about a, good girl gone bad, aha  
I'mma lace you up wit somethin

I gave a nigga 8 G's to flip a half of thangs  
Slang him for 13 in St.Louis, we about the lucci  
Bring the 13 back and add 500 to the pot  
Get a ho from the Mexican homey, set up shop  
Fly the friendly skies, 30 G's between her thighs  
We can doublelise, be leavin me paralysed  
I was puffin on a Cuban cigar, model style  
And iced down during the draught season, ghetto smilin  
In the back of my brain, my cock is goin insane  
Sayin "Chico, why you chunked the bitch in the game?"  
But she ain't new to this, she done her times befo'  
Kick back and close my eyes, thought about her no mo'  
I'm on a flight to Chicago, witta fine ho  
To kick start my cargo and die slow  
If the good girl goes bad, I'd hate to do it  
But she's sleepin in the bodybag, toe tagged  
The fellas sleep on the plane, lookin at her breasts  
Dreamin of sex and in a Lex, bodies soakin wet  
Lickin the sweat from off the chest, what's next?  
Four niggas run up with fully Teks, and tried to get me wet  
Shit blacked out and I woke up, they sent her to Midway  
Where we was sposed to slang the YAY!  
As she got off the plane looked at her ass kinda sad  
Hope the girl don't go bad

If the good girl goes bad  
If the good girl goes bad  
If the good girl goes bad  
Cos bitches even gaffle boss ballers for cash  
If the good girl goes bad  
If the good girl goes bad  
If the good girl goes bad  
I'm tryin ta get things I never had

We arrived at the Court about a quarter-to-8  
She said she wanna go and eat some lobster and steak  
I said "Hold on baby, before we continue  
You know that's the little fuckin side of the menu"  
She said "I got my own money, I'm just playin, loosen up  
I came to handle business, I don't come here to fuck"  
Anyway, where your fuck's at? When they comin?  
In a cue-ball 5, pulled up a tan woman  
Wit some niggas in the back of the car, another followed  
Pulled out the Hennessey bottle and took a swallow  
"Wait a minute bitch, I ain't gettin in there"

She said "I know, they came to make sure we're here"  
We need to find a telly, put some food up in our belly  
Take a shower and shit, call them fools when we're ready  
In the low-key, we're in the cars switchin fo' lanes  
Wit the windows tinted bout to go and slang me a thang  
She was lookin at herself in the mirror wit lipstick  
I'm thinkin to myself "30 G's wit one kick"  
Got my mind on my money, all about the cash  
Hope the girl don't go bad

They hit the hotel lobby about 10:26 (26)  
I told baby doll to go and give em the kicks (Give em the kicks)  
I shoulda went wit her, I knew somethin was fishy  
Gave them niggas straight flour and came back to kill me  
Damn bitch, you did WHAT? She smirked and laughed  
And said "Nigga, I'm the Fed", bitch pulled out a badge  
Said "Come and go with me", ho you must be loco  
Baby talkin bout let's go to Acapulco  
I was down for this shit she hit me with  
Knowin she the Feds and all, wit her hands on my balls  
Started huggin and kissin, even though she the Feds  
Put my hand on her ass, she caught a slug in her ear  
WHAT THE FUCK? They shot the bitch in the dome  
I fell to the floor, pulled out the shotty chrome  
Bustin at niggas, makin sure I get home (BLAOW!)  
Caught up in mo' gangsta shit and I'm all alone  
Tryin to smob out, wit the yay and the cash  
Fools screamin out "Nigga, we gon' kill your ass"  
Pulled the strap on the chauffer, jacked a limousine  
Do what I gotta do to flee from the scene

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Cos bitches even gaffle boss ballers for cash  
The good girl went bad  
My good girl went bad  
The good girl went bad  
I'm tryin ta get things I never had

She went bad  
I thought it was all good though  
Game'll switch up on you quick, baby  
But I'm sure all you real hustlers out there know what I'm talkin  
BOUT  
Y'know, SPeezy 8's in the house, Bossalini forever  
Immortalised, BLAOW!