

Spice 1, Good Girl Goes Bad

Intro:

Aha-ha-ha-ha-ha-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'ma 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 chucked 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

Chorus:

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 Hennessy 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

Chorus

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

Chorus:

The good girl went bad
The good girl went bad
The good girl went bad
□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

Outro:

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!