

E.S.G., Good Life

[Hook: Ronnie Spencer]

Good life, good life yeeeeeah
(doing 150 on the highway)
Good life, good life ooo-oooh
(in a six gangsta bitch, sitting sideways)
Good life, good life hmmmmm
(chunk the deuce out the Coupe, is the fly way)
Good life, good life
(electric gates, Texas plates in my driveway)

[E.S.G.]

Growing up in the ghetto, wasn't no love for us G's
Mama's waiting in line, in hours for the government cheese
Christmas trees had 'empty, man that shit ain't too cool
Prolly get two pairs of socks, and a damn rubix cube
Motherfuckers be a fool, skipping school with snakes
Old dumb ass nigga, can't pass the ties test
I suggest, boys stay ahead it's high tech
For this year 2000, I sell my bricks on the internet
Man I'ma wreck, break boys off and keep flossing
Prepare to roll, like I'm Stone Cold Steve Austin
Boss hogging big balling, me falling nigga never
Wide body Denali, metallic grey matching leather
Put it down for whatever, big Benz blue lens
With my killas right behind me, in that new S-10
See we took a few ends, now we making some millions
For the 2 triple O back in the do', and we living that

[Hook]

[E.S.G.]

It's a lovely day, a lovely day
All work no play, for my thuggish ways
Nigga's hustling today, trying to stack me a bundle
When you balling in the jungle, now sometimes you fumble
I suggest you stay humble, keep from falling under
Hit the block drop the top, eight 15's of thunder
Let's get ready to rumble celebrating all night
Do a song one day, while two grey fog lights
Top dolla rotweiler, fighting pits no poodles
Millionaires still eating, Chimmy Chang's and noodles
Lamborghinis fetticini, electric gates with genies
Codeine and Crystal, end and martinis
So tell me have you seen me, doing the thing G's do
Tailor made taper fade, on the cover of GQ screaming
(everybody's living the good life, under the suuuun)

[Hook]

[E.S.G.]

Had to get out and get it, nigga wonder where it's kissing
Beach house by the docks, candy yacht bass fishing
Eddie Bauer Expedition, gon be infloyd
2000 drop dogs, thank Gotti and Todd
Swift and Ken with skin, with two Canadian hoes
No pouring up of pints, syrup stains on the road
Tyte Eyez and Ronnie, D, Dolla and Reck
Need two forms of I.D., to cash this fat ass check
Almost wrecked the Vette, doing a hundred kilometers
So much ice in my mouth, I done cracked the thermometer
Ninja bikes for the summer, we Southside stunners
Boys got plex, you best to take a fucking number
Might as well call the plumber, they bust they windpipes
Screaming here they come, when they saw them new lights

It'll be alright, when I get seven figgas
And be in the basement, with that nigga named Tigga living

[Hook - 2x]