

Rich Boy, Good Things

Good things don't last forever baby
something bout you girl that drives me crazy
aint no ifs, ands, buts or maybes
you will always be my friend

you will always be
you will always be
say you'll always be...
my friend

she wanna kno whats the reason im sayin she can be my friend
but baby i'mma player, ain't no reason to pretend
mighta seen me in MIA ridin phantom of the benz with a beautiful bitch her hair blowin in da wind (s
hopin that you can comprehend what im spittin is pimpin and the rules dont bend
yup you lookin good, but yo' mind aint right
some niggas been tellin ya she quite alrite
you gotta suit you need to let me put this iron in your life,
not the booze from behind from the side how you like
i dont wanna spend forever witchu baby jus tonight
if you can hop on my backseat that'll be a delight
from the looks of that ass you and nigga type
if you can bring me some cash, baby you mrs. right
you say you gotta man and you dont know if this is right
(Thats why i need you to be like polow da don!)

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you're the only girl that i wanna see daily

and a lot of hoes sayin you could be my lady
lets take it to another level, remember the first day
i got you what you wanted and it wasnt even your birthday
nah, now we kicked it too hard, you went to deep, you say you feel it in your heart so i'mma be real
and ain't gonna tell you that "i love you" if i don't

i understand that you got a man at your crib
but he don't even care or understand how you feel
but if you stop comin around, and i don't see you again...
i guess we could just be friends

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(Keri - spoken)

Now ladies I know ya'll know what I'm talking about
I don't want a man who's gonna be dippin in out of my life
See I want a friend who's gonna be there through thick and thin
You know what I'm sayin

I want take it back to the Isleys
I want someone who's gonna always run back to me
And trust I will always be here with that good thing.

if i couldn't walk again, would you still be there for me
if i lost it all today, would you care for me
Yea, would you write me in the pen, the kinda friend thatll be there without the benz
like an angel from above god sent me you never ask me bout tha money that you leant me
nah, you look good with ya body, your the type of girl that the money cant buy me