

Three 6 Mafia, Good Stuff

Where ya been
All of my life
I need ya bad
I've been searchin' for ya
That good ol' stuff
I can't get enough
You know I've been yoanin' (yearnin') for ya
Call me a drunkie that's wrong
Don't play it instead of rich bone
Young son that's full of that come
We needs a one and a one
I gotta get'cha what ever it takes
Gotta hit your bis o
Soon as I flake
i take you how ever you might be
Pack dollar pill away
You know you got me feelin' good
Drop top down up in through the hood
Ask me about a whole key
And man I tell ya I wish I could
It's all goody-good
I think enough
Still like screamin' on after none
Give me that razor that plate the lazer man
I need my medicine
That pulles me oh some nice and slow
Get him some stand lookin' out the door
Better get ready for all night
You know how we wanna moan and blow

Escence up the blessin'
Keep me puzzled like enigma
My partner put me down
Where I start pound
The cop is cheaper
My smoke and flows like mystical music
And know someone screamin' is chiefa
On Holloween
I pass it out to all the trick or treaters
in 1999 them little is will come through for you bombers
So now Lord Infamous blessin' I was sitting bull
And poke the hunters
Smoke out your lungs
And powder your nose
We grabbin' big bitches
Or sometimes we kick it
We breakin' the season
We breakin' our streets in
We breakin' out sick cause I make em' up stick
Triple 6 Mafia gettin' so rowdy because we are out of this atmosphere
Without the smoke hit eyes
So blurry blur vision and tears
Kaze on the right, on the left, to the rear
Scarecrow me keyed plus
The smoke flyin' out of me lungs
Me keep these (??)
Sprinkled down little kids gum

Chorus x2
Gimme some of that good stuff
Gimme somethin' that'll feel kinda special
Gimme somethin' that'll do it
Do it, Put my mind to it
Until we get high

I keep that good stuff (lady what you mean)
Good stuff for that light green
Everytime you see me
Eyes are red but still I'm on my p's
Smokin' gettin' motivated
Just chillin' with nuthin' but playas
Hatin' as I can be
Relaxed and bumpin' some Johnny Taylor
Feelin' good as hell
It's so swell
High, this stuff has got me goosed up
Got me wantin' some good lovin'
So I call my shorty
Baby, baby some and give it to me, give it to me right
Come in with the quickness
Got you speachless to this freaky night
Still I'm stayin' bout it
Never hate wit bustas
So can you see
Solo never sucka
Always catch me with the prophet p
Gone remain his lady
Kinda crazy
So don't test me
I will buck your bro down
When that good stuff got me in disguise

What you got down in your trunk
Nothin' but good stuff
Knowin' this funk
Guaranteed to keep you up
Make you hyper super crunk
Let me know on what you need
I'm cuttin' up gears
Come shock with me
Your partner used to pluck you twice
I'm giving out samples
And it's free
Package deals from state to state
The ice cream man
Who deliver that cake
You wanna get a piece
To shake
The bigger the plate
The bigger the blade
The thicker the cheese
The more you can take
On and on gotta keep that pace
>From scene to scene
Supplyin' that D
Some of that pure
Not none of that dank
It's over solder
Dodge their forty
Get with the man if you want to get bloated
Just like taking a sniff of roses
This lil sniff
They roll it up all night to the early mornin'
Constantly movin' now for yawnin'
Burnin' my people on every pay phone
And allow that good stuff
Surper (??)

I be like Indo in

Don't go hollow what your friend
Plus have them twins
The henn and a bunch of bird shit
Swith your man
So I can get into the groove
And he whos cool can't
Juicy's constantly speakin' at me though
He ain't sayin' nothin'
Man he may be the crunkin'
that funny
Or the super bionic
Sick here wanna sit here
Fartin' like I'm a motor or somethin'
Is it the squish
I cannot remember
Yes sir it's understood
Koo must donw got a little bit of hit of somethin' good

Chorus...till fade