

## **Sarah Brightman % Sir John Gielgud**

### **"Good Stuff"**

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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 speechless 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

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