

Strong Arm Steady f/ Phonte

"Best of Times"

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"Hi, hahahahaha, the first thing I have to tell you is this
This city was made from the original music It is not a
counterfeit, this is the real one This one is true, this one
is real" [Phil the Agony] Yeah, William Cosby sweaters
There's only one thing better than cheddar If life is a
puzzle, I put it together I'm like DMC, my +Run+
+Tougher Than Leather+ I come from an era of golf
hats Ball caps, pimp hats with feathers Plaid slacks with
the button-up jackets to match I blast at any
knucklehead fucking with rap I got to chuckle at that,
rap black belt Motherfucker but the buckle is back Pro-
rap, what you wanna do? Nothing with that You suck
like a hoe on figaro and you wack Niggas know it and
they talk to your back Behind closed doors and get a
good laugh Like that factory that niggas in rap Your
name ain't Seinfeld if you black My clientele sell more
than the crack that Reagan let it Fuck your Meagan
Good friend at the Holiday Inn She look like her twin
[Chorus: Phonte] One thing's for certain, two things for
sure No where to work and, no way to grow A crazy
place, we all praying for the best of times Ohh yeah,
yea-yeah-eaah [Krondon] My mind is like a peace book
I can't get no peace wherever I look My own worst
enemy, even the evil get shook for the violence, the
fans turn finicky Silly of me to think that I could untie
that ribbon in the sky Senior citizens in line The end
sure isn't as pure to require that same sugar high Rely
on religion if your heart's missing It won't work, certain
it's all written Emerge, make 'em all listen Some
rehearse them devilish words and put the hurt in 'em I
mean put the hurting on 'em, with or without warning
Been a whole year, shed a tear for him A year since I
heard from him I don't care, I know where I'm going
[Chorus] [Phonte] Yo, everybody got the blues and it's
evident Got workers losing they jobs and they
residence And overseas niggas filing out Straight
wilding out, tossing they shoes at the president It make
me think about the loot that I shell out If times get tight
will the show still sell out? Po' folk need help, they call it
welfare When rich folk need it, then y'all call it a bail
out It make me wanna yell out, but I just chill Because

the love for my fam is priceless Long as I got them we'll
be able to fight this Cause nigga I'm black, I was born
in a financial crisis, shit! So no eulogies, and no two-to-
threes I'll survive cause being broke ain't new to me
New opportunities and ways to grind Respect your
mind and celebrate the best of times Now let's ride
[Chorus] [Phonte] - {repeat to end} Good times, good
times

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