

ZZ Top

"Is it Good?"

Visit "[Is it Good?](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[chorus one]

Is this joint hot? Baby, sho' enough
Come into ya spot and blow it up
If ya rollin' on dubs and ya know what's up
Throw ya hands up, now, show ya love
(2X)

[chorus two]

Is it good, baby? Is it good? UH-HUH!
Is it good, baby? Is it good? Like dat!
(2X)

[verse one]

It's young Livio, baby, I'm back in effect
Colder than the ice wrapped around the back of my
neck
I demand my respect, mami, please believe
I got the frost-bit wrists that'll freeze ya sleeve
I need some liquor in my liver, I don't care if it's Hen
I'm tighter than the shorts fat women wear at the gym
I bounce back wit big bullets that'll tear up ya brim
You need 20/20 vision just to stare at my rims, woo!

[chorus one]

[chorus two: (2X)]

[verse two]

Who's that young boy ridin' wit his thang cocked
Even though he got dough, ridin' on the same block
You roamin' witcha rims that ain't survived the 'teens
That boy, Livio, is dirty, but his ride is clean
Haters know I hate 'em, riders know it's nothin' but love
My tires are just like me, they serve nothin' but dubs
I got the picture, I got to split ya
When I'm on the West Coast, I got the swisha
When I'm on the East Coast, I got the philly
Ya got to feel me, I pop a wheelie
I pack a mack-milli 'cause the streets is kill at willy
My nizzy, I stay busy, and that's fa shizzy
My fetti's somethin' I don't want anyone to touch

You want beef? Just come to anyone of us
I'm livin' like that thug life wit plenty guns to bust
My rims are like club night, twenty-ones and up

[chorus one]

[chorus two: (2X)]

[verse three]

Eh yo, I been gangsta, been saggin', been baggin'
Been braggin', been wanted like Bin Laden
Tell myself what's up and answer any question I'm
askin'

Grab the fo' and hitcha block up lookin' for action
It's young Livio, who you know fuckin' wit him?
You tryna ball? I'll have ya shit stuck in the rim
I stay tipsy, so I like to fill my cup to the rim
And make niggas cough it up till they covered in
phlegm

I got to hit the street in heat, I'm tryna hustle again
While you stay locked up like you in love wit the pen
Fuck ya wife, here's some bullets, nigga, cuddle wit
them

I got a plan to get my money right and bubble within
I'll take ya girl on a walk, I seen enough of the bims
I might scuff up the Tims, but she ain't touchin' the rims
I blow his chest away, what could he tell me?
I'm from the S-E-A double-T-L-E, uh..

[chorus one: (2X)]

[chorus two: (2X)]

fades out

Visit [ZZ Top](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.