

Deus

"Good Life"

Visit "[Good Life](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Nate Dogg & (Nas)]

(All star baby)

Young quick see (F-U-B-U)

Lately all I see is D-P-G

(Q-B, L-B-C niggas)

When I turn the radio on keep hearin' me (All day,
everyday)

Livin' the good life, good life uh huh good life
(Braveheartz)

[Nate Dogg & (Nas)]

Sure as the world is turnin' round and round (Shit is
real yo)

There's these niggas, bitches, snitches tryin' to bring
you down

(Fucked up) But I don't know why I mention

And if I don't pay no attention I'm cool (Real niggas do
real things)

(Real niggas do real things)

Sure as my chronic is the best in town [* Inhale and
coughs *]

Those who trippin' slippin' listen, we ain't stoppin' now
(Can't stop)

We won't even pause, y'all can lick my balls (Bitches)

We livin' the good life, good life, good life

(Livin' the good life baby)

[Hook]

Young quick see (Come on, come on)

Lately all I see is D-P-G (Nate Dogg)

When I turn the radio on keep hearin' me (Still, still,
still)

Livin' the good life, good life uh huh good life (We livin'
the life)

[JS]

It ain't nothin' but a paper chase

But even when ya paper straight

Every stage just another way to see cake

But niggas still gotta die hate

Well fuck it, I'ma do it cause the streets put me to it

See y'all niggas is late
See it's big face, big livin'
Big dogs and big pimpin'
Game played with nothin' but precision
Money, cars, and women
See niggas hatin' cause they on the outside
Wishin' they could find a way in it
You see the rims spinnin' all black tinted
With the niggas who'll bring it to ya brain
If it's fuckin' with change
Fifty-four nigga remember the name
Ritz, glitz only when we empty clips
And dismember your brain
Cause I remember pain, gain pain, this winner reign
But now it's high tech out here in the center lane
See we got the world respectin' the slang
The good life, hit the studio, the club, straight to the
plane

[Hook]

[Nas]

Yo, yo, yo
Pass you cowards, classical rap mix form power
Yasser Arafat, I'm stormin' with lead showers
And I'm murderous, common is formerly
Nastradamous
I'm goin' for the top regardless
Pretty Boy Floyd, the rotten tooth king
Ghosts of my dead friends linger
I toast to you lover, blunts lit, wish I was hittin'
Cock back, four pound, let six in the air
Rock that raw sound, gettin' wet to this year
Cause of the projects Hannibal Lec, hand on my tech
In front the White House, my ice out demandin' respect
Braveheartin' to the grave darlin' wavin' my sterling
From out the black Bentley it's off, spray till y'all fallin'
East to West Coast ballin'
Nate Dogg, Nas, and Kurupt, liven it up, dimes in the
cut
Sizin' us up, y'all wanna fuck, gin and tonic my cup
And we live the good life, still chronic it up

[Hook]

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