

Lecrae

"The Good Life"

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We can live it, we can live it, that good life
Yeah, so we can live it
Yeah, that good life, that good life
Now we can live it, yeah, we can live it, yeah

What he need God for? He got money to the heavens
Never pulled a [Incomprehensible] but he preach it like
a reverend
Never satisfied with second, except for second home,
second car second woman on his arm, second bottle
from the bar

Good life, even though he got it he don't get it
'Cause he livin' for the moment but this moment has an
ending
Matter fact it's been a minute, all he see is pretty
women
Big lights, big names in a minute that'll change

Burn, caught up in an all consuming flame
All alone, still rejecting Jesus' name
Even if he could change he would never do it
Grandma told him about living water, he prefer the
sewage

He don't know why he do it, desire just enslaved him
Addicted to himself, do whatever just to praise him
Give himself the money, pleasure and treasure that'll
rust
When he traded his eternity for twenty years of lust

When the bottles go pop, models go shop
Everyone knows who you are
But then the lights turn on, curtains fall off
You see it all was false

But that's the good life, lights, camera, action
Where is the satisfaction?
Good life, black diamonds and gold
Living highest when you live on the low

I take the narrow route, that speedway's a monster

It's all good I go to sleep without a guilty conscience
For that they call me conscious but I am very conscious
Of what I am missing, I ain't trippin' on the girls in the
VIP

Fronting for each other
They are acting like they are something that they not,
they undercover
Trying to get under covers but one day they'll discover
They gave parts of themselves away that they'll never
recover

A part time lover, took a full time pay
God please show her mercy, her affliction's here to
stay
She just found out she's pregnant and the child has
been infected
What's worse than that, she'll never meet the guy that
she rejected

The one that can protect her, comfort her to the grace
And resurrect her body to live with Jesus who saves
Can't say that God ain't loving her, she wanted to be a
slave
This is a cruel master leaving them full of pain

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Fifty years from now, he may be full of gray hair, beard
long
And even closer to a home that he's never known
Right now his home's facing twenty five to life
Siting in the country jail, court appointed lawyer like

If this case is Tina Turner, homey, I am not Ike
Got his momma crying daily but she is praying every
night
Only twenty but there's plenty that he's paying with his
rights
Thought he got a life sentence but he really got life

He done read that Bible twice
Been in plenty fights, sleepless nights

But when he trusted Christ you could see that change
overnight
Knew he'd die in prison but was livin' for another life
Every time his lights out he closer to the other side

Partners on the outside think he found religion
As a coping mechanism when he say the Lord's risen
Now he lay awake in prison praying for his homies in
the streets
'Cause truth is he's freer that they gonna ever be

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