

4 Him

"Good, Good"

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Hey I remember when I came, came
I didn't have to ask nobody in the streets to scream my
name, name
'Cause we got a lock on this whole city
And got a key to the Dirty South, and the South coast,
now play with me
So bring your semi thirty art thirty
If you put your hands on a Calhoun player, it's gon' get
dirty, dirty
And everybody trying to claim boss
But that's just talk, you don't really wanna turn these
mics off
They trying to slick us with our own slang
Using our words like back and forth, just calling us up
out our name
See and for that they gonna pay, pay
Everything they did in one week, I'ma do in one day
You can say that it's about to start
Don't call us rappers, 'cause nowadays a rapper ain't
considered smart
So I just stay away from those haters
And anybody in my clique who roll with me, you a
Creator
So it's like, who do you believe in
Just like the hustler came back once, the clock is gon'
strike twelve again
And I'm most requested in my old hood
>From Martel to Springdale, and all through Club
Candlewood
You can ask Cool Cane or Dre-High
Either Po-boy, Dirty Red, or they ?gon' cut? I'm fire, fire
And they consider me that raw, raw
And your partners where you represent they say you
got that flaw, flaw
And Cool Breeze, he got that hard, hard
And ain't nobody taking nothing, and don't want
nothing to start, start
So when I'm riding through the hood, hood
They respect me when they see me, 'cause they know I
got that good, good

[Chorus X2]

That's right, we got that GOOD, GOOD
>From every street to every borough, and back to
every HOOD, HOOD
That's right, we got that GOOD, GOOD
>From every street to every borough, and back to
every HOOD, HOOD

And can't nobody touch my team, team
Just like EJ from Southwest ATL, my partner got that
green, green
And we gon' come through kicking the most game
Taking fo' sho' routes, and pointing out the lane, lanes
So when you come and you ride through
It won't be no mystery, who everybody listening to
That's right, 'cause all we do is stack, stack
And Organize this Noize, and everybody know that
Plus we testing out this new sound
Everybody done put down, now we breaking up some
new ground
'Cause we serve 'em up that real, real
And be forever Dirty South, in this place we live, live
That's what make the brothers hawk, hawk
Trying to step up and showcase, all that is is talk, talk
See Cool Breeze, he ain't your fool, fool
So don't ask me no questions, like what makes me so
cool, cool
They'd rather see me in the Chain Gang
Than rolling a V-12, riding on them thang, thangs
I get respect out to Alabama
To the West Coast to the East, then right back to Atlanta
And that's how we keep it tight, tight
I come through busting the door first, the we ship it out
the same night
So when I'm riding through the hood, hood
They respect me when they see me, 'cause they know I
got that good, good

[Chorus X4]

That's right, we got that GOOD, GOOD
From every street to every borough, and back to every
HOOD, HOOD
That's right, we got that GOOD, GOOD
From every street to every borough, and back to every
HOOD, HOOD

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