

## Lys Assia

# "Something Good"

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[Verse 1: Pimp C]

One with a trigger, two with a bat  
Three big brothers four  
Wanna squal with me, so I guess a brother gotta throw  
Tell 'em like this ya better get up out my camp dude  
Before I have to pull a gat and get real rude  
I don't figure that it's worth gettin' hurt  
Just cuz ya gal wanna give me that skirt  
Bet it feels funny when ya doin' 69  
Knowin' that ya sippin' on all my jimmy wine  
And when ya get a kiss, do ya feel bad  
Knowin' that ya swallowed on a skeeter that I had  
You wanna step to me but I don't really think you should  
I shoulda shot you up instead I told ya somethin' good.

[Chorus]

Tell me something good, oh baby, baby, baby yeah  
Tell me somtheing good, oh yeah, yeah  
Tell me something good, oh oh, tell me baby, tell me  
Tell me somthing good, oh baby, baby, baby yeah

[Verse 2: Bun B]

What's up with that bulge in ya khakis  
You wanna pack a gat but you still ain't got the pull to  
come and jack me  
You betta bring a gang load of homies when you think  
you wanna throw  
Cuz by yourself you runnin' to the floor  
I seen your kind before man you nothin' with your  
hands  
More than a punk but still less than a man  
You talk a lot of nothin' when ya chillin' with the ladies  
Let me catch ya by yourself, you're pushin' up some  
daisies  
Now crazy you wanna be  
But punks with no heart ain't hard  
They just waitin' for Bun to pull they card  
You betta keep you weak self locked in ya hood  
Cuz without your boys I'ma have to tell you somethin'  
good

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Pimp C]

See brothers nowadays got a habit that they really  
need to stop  
Gettin' all shot over a girl that I done popped  
You need to check your gal and what she did in the  
past  
Cuz if you know like me, you would drop her real fast  
But I ain't bout to do her cuz I'm scared of that disease  
Cuz she's passin' out the skinz like government cheese  
But not me player cuz Pimp C wanna live  
Have you had your test are you HI positive  
But instead of gettin' checked you wanna fight with me  
You need to check your blood and let somebody check  
your teeth  
But if you don't step I'ma drop on ya fast  
And pump off lead like bullets in your ass  
I didn't do your girl but your sister was alright  
Took her to my homeboy's caddy last night  
She waxed my jimmy and then the little street tramp  
Did me on a box of tens and a Pioneer amp  
I hit if from the back and the girl just threw me  
Turned me on my stomach and she scratched me on  
my booty  
Now everybody in the world  
Know that your sister is a nasty little girl

Tell me something good, oh baby, baby, baby, yeah  
Tell me something good, oh yeah, yeah

[Verse 4: Bun B]

Now let's talk about these part time hustlers  
Throwin' up a set that you ain't down with  
Boy ya nothin' but a buster  
Talkin' bout you down to pull a jack  
Boy you couldn't jack a car when your tires caught a  
flat  
I hear you talkin' all that pistol poppin' in the place  
But if my boys ran up on you you'd probably pull some  
mace  
I see it in your face you ain't got the heart to swing  
Your hands be in your pocket when it's time to throw  
them things  
Now every single day another brother pulls an act  
He's tryin' to be trill but I can see that yellow stripe  
down his back  
It's a fact of life I learned and understood  
A brother ain't nothin' if he can't come and tell you  
something good

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