

**E.s.g.**  
**"Good Life"**

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[Hook: Ronnie Spencer]

Good life, good life yeeeeeah  
(Doing 150 on the highway)  
Good life, good life ooo-oooh  
(In a six gangsta bitch, sitting sideways)  
Good life, good life hmmmmm  
(Chunk the deuce out the Coupe, is the fly way)  
Good life, good life  
(Electric gates, Texas plates in my driveway)

[E.S.G.]

Growing up in the ghetto, wasn't no love for us G's  
Mama's waiting in line, in hours for the government  
Cheese  
Christmas trees had 'empty, man that shit ain't too  
Cool  
Prolly get two pairs of socks, and a damn rubix cube  
Motherfuckers be a fool, skipping school with snakes  
Old dumb ass nigga, can't pass the ties test  
I suggest, boys stay ahead it's high tech  
For this year 2000, I sell my bricks on the internet  
Man I'ma wreck, break boys off and keep flossing  
Prepare to roll, like I'm Stone Cold Steve Austin  
Boss hogging big balling, me falling nigga never  
Wide body Denali, metallic grey matching leather  
Put it down for whatever, big Benz blue lens  
With my killas right behind me, in that new S-10  
See we took a few ends, now we making some millions  
For the 2 triple O back in the do', and we living that

[Hook]

[E.S.G.]

It's a lovely day, a lovely day  
All work no play, for my thuggish ways  
Nigga's hustling today, trying to stack me a bundle  
When you balling in the jungle, now sometimes you  
Fumble  
I suggest you stay humble, keep from falling under  
Hit the block drop the top, eight 15's of thunder  
Let's get ready to rumble celebrating all night

Do a song one day, while two grey fog lights  
Top dolla rotweiler, fighting pits no poodles  
Millionaires still eating, Chimmy Chang's and noodles  
Lamborghinis fetticini, electric gates with genies  
Codeine and Crystal, end and martinis  
So tell me have you seen me, doing the thing G's do  
Tailor made taper fade, on the cover of GQ screaming  
(Everybody's living the good life, under the suuuun)

[Hook]

[E.S.G.]

Had to get out and get it, nigga wonder where it's  
Kissing  
Beach house by the docks, candy yacht bass fishing  
Eddie Bauer Expedition, gon be infloyd  
2000 drop dogs, thank Gotti and Todd  
Swift and Ken with skin, with two Canadian hoes  
No pouring up of pints, syrup stains on the road  
Tyte Eyez and Ronnie, D, Dolla and Reck  
Need two forms of I.D., to cash this fat ass check  
Almost wrecked the Vette, doing a hundred kilometers  
So much ice in my mouth, I done cracked the  
thermometer  
Ninja bikes for the summer, we Southside stunners  
Boys got plex, you best to take a fucking number  
Might as well call the plumber, they bust they  
Windpipes  
Screaming here they come, when they saw them new  
lights  
It'll be alright, when I get seven figgas  
And be in the basement, with that nigga named Tigga  
Living

[Hook - 2x]

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