

2Pac F/ Big Syke, E.D.I. "Good Life"

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[2Pac]

I was so money orientated, initiated as a thug
Fiendin for wicked adventures, ambitious as I was
Picture a nigga on the verge of livin insane
I sold my soul for a chance to kick it and bang
Now tell if I'm wrong
but sayin "Fuck the world" got you deeper in my songs
Drinkin 'til I earl, spendin money 'til it's gone
It's the good life - maybe niggaz got it goin on
Now maybe if I died, and came back, wouldn't have to
slang crack
Addicted to the game, so obviously we came strapped
Please forgive me for my wicked ways, fuck a bitch
Bad Boy niggaz eat a dick a day, bumpin this
Lord have mercy it's a slaughter
So wicked that my tracks is wettin niggaz like it's water
I learned my lessons as a thug in these wicked ass
hood fights
But I'm a baller now, nigga, I live the good life

[Chorus]

This is the good life, fuck my foes
God bless the dumb niggaz that, trust them hoes
Found a way to stack money guaranteed to rise
and live the good life, cause thug niggaz don't die
We live the good life, fuck my foes
God bless the dumb niggaz that, trust these hoes
Found a way to stack money guaranteed to rise
and live the good life, cause thug niggaz don't die

[Big Syke]

No one knows what the, future holds, but you
Haha.. listen close
They say reach in yo' heart and you'll find your mind
Every day in the streets, got my foresight blind
My after time is narrow, peepin down the barrel of a foe
Just a nigga or a killer I don't know so
who makes the call will I fall a victim like the rest?
Slug in the chest, one in the dome and make sure I'm
gone
Send me home all alone in these cold streets

In desperation constantly drinkin and I can't sleep
Neck deep strugglin tryin to survive
SOme wanna die I wanna stay alive, eyes on the prize
Let me modify this whole region
I declare this sucker duckin season, give me the
reason
why I should change, into a softie
.. after living so loftily
It cost me my soul out of control in a devil's world
Me, my niggaz, and my girl - livin the good life!

[Chorus]

[E.D.I.]

I spend my days and nights not knowin if, strays in
flight
gon' finally catch me, it's the good life, can you hear
me?
Clearly over the edge, soon as I wake up
Last night we off the hook, doin way too much
But it's the fast lane only, big dealin big ceiling
All for the money, some kill some squeal
All for the money, most ain't even real
but we still call 'em homies, now what the fuck is that?
Fake love, fake thugs are, all in the game
I watch 'em all plot and fall while we come up and gain
Outlaw never surrender is the call when you hear us
comin
Better start to get to runnin 'fore my click get to gunnin
Still in the midst of all the stress and pain
I'm still tryin to get a hold of the game, livin that good
life

[Chorus] - 2X (w/ minor variations)

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