

Dogg Nate

"Good Life"

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feat. Nas, JS)

[Nate Dogg & (Nas)]

(All star baby)

Young quick see (F-U-B-U)

Lately all I see is D-P-G

(Q-B, L-B-C niggas)

When I turn the radio on keep hearin' me (All day,
everyday)

Livin' the good life, good life uh huh good life
(Braveheartz)

[Nate Dogg & (Nas)]

Sure as the world is turnin' round and round (Shit is
real yo)

There's these niggas, bitches, snitches tryin' to bring
you down

(Fucked up) But I don't know why I mention

And if I don't pay no attention I'm cool (Real niggas do
real things)

(Real niggas do real things)

Sure as my chronic is the best in town [Inhale and
coughs]

Those who trippin' slippin' listen, we ain't stoppin' now
(Can't stop)

We won't even pause, y'all can lick my balls (Bitches)

We livin' the good life, good life, good life

(Livin' the good life baby)

[Hook]

Young quick see (Come on, come on)

Lately all I see is D-P-G (Nate Dogg)

When I turn the radio on keep hearin' me (Still, still,
still)

Livin' the good life, good life uh huh good life (We livin'
the life)

[JS]

It ain't nothin' but a paper chase

But even when ya paper straight

Every stage just another way to see cake

But niggas still gotta die hate

Well fuck it, I'ma do it cause the streets put me to it

See y'all niggas is late

See it's big face, big livin'

Big dogs and big pimpin'

Game played with nothin' but precision

Money, cars, and women

See niggas hatin' cause they on the outside

Wishin' they could find a way in it

You see the rims spinnin' all black tinted

With the niggas who'll bring it to ya brain

If it's fuckin' with change

Fifty-four nigga remember the name

Ritz, glitz only when we empty clips

And dismember your brain

Cause I remember pain, gain pain, this winner reign

But now it's high tech out here in the center lane

See we got the world respectin' the slang

The good life, hit the studio, the club, straight to the plane

[Hook]

[Nas]

Yo, yo, yo

Pass you cowards, classical rap mix form power

Yasser Arafat, I'm stormin' with lead showers

And I'm murderous, common is formerly
Nastradamous

I'm goin' for the top regardless

Pretty Boy Floyd, the rotten tooth king

Ghosts of my dead friends linger

I toast to you lover, blunts lit, wish I was hittin'

Cock back, four pound, let six in the air

Rock that raw sound, gettin' wet to this year

Cause of the projects Hannibal Lec, hand on my tech

In front the White House, my ice out demandin' respect

Braveheartin' to the grave darlin' wavin' my sterling

From out the black Bentley it's off, spray till y'all fallin'

East to West Coast ballin'

Nate Dogg, Nas, and Kuruft, liven it up, dimes in the cut

Sizin' us up, y'all wanna fuck, gin and tonic my cup

And we live the good life, still chronic it up

[Hook

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