

## **Game, The "Good Girls Go Bad"**

Visit "[Good Girls Go Bad](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Game]

Since BIG aint here, I'mma do it for T'yanna  
And put roses on the grave for Kanye's mama  
This for all the lost girls locked up in the pen  
All the girls that hold it down, gettin' beat on by their  
man  
Respect women, I don't care if they a 2 or a 10  
We don't beat on Kat Stacks we just bring it to an end  
And we don't wanna see Nicki fighting Lil Kim  
There's missin' women out there, let's just focus on  
them

This song is dedicated to Natalee Holloway  
I feel for her Daddy, so I wrote this on Fathers Day  
I know she gone, but she aint far away  
I just had a daughter, pass me that cigar 'Ye  
I'm about to tell a story, everybody parlay  
Sit back, listen while I kick it, the Compton Boulevard  
way  
My daddy used to beat up on my mama all day  
So I took my chronic out and slept in the hallway  
I learned this the hard way  
When police came our way, my daddy had his act on  
Like it never happened: (Broadway)  
Plus I was kinda scared to keep it real with you  
Now my mama good, nigga, she ain't gotta deal wit' ya  
You want some money? Nigga I aint get a deal wit' ya  
You aint sayin' nothin', you like a still picture  
You better thank God you still breathing air cause  
You coulda went out, like ya boy Steve McNair

[Hook]

Don't make the good girls go bad, no  
Don't make the good girls go bad, no (I, wont)  
If you dont, you gon' really love us (I said I wont)  
Please don't use us, dooon't

[Drake]

Good evening, I'm in Chicago at the Elysian  
With some girls that say they models, but hmm, I don't  
believe 'em

Who's still gettin' tested?  
Wheres all the women at, could still remember who  
they slept with?  
Where's all the girls too busy studying to make the  
guest list?  
But when you do go out, you still working with what you  
was blessed with  
Do it girl, I'll be your King, be a Queen Latifah  
I love ya ass like Milhouse love Lisa  
I love ya ass like the ninja turtles love pizza  
Ironically enough, you something I want a piece of  
You got it girl, this song remind me of Kat from Philly  
A girl I used to love but still she started acting silly  
Her hearts a lil' chilly, she a little too carefree  
In 10 years, who's paying for all that therapy  
Umm, nigga not me!  
Yeah, I'm probably not the man you take me for  
But I bet I could be if you make me yours  
Most of the shit I say is true  
When I'm done with bad bitches I'm coming straight to  
you  
Good girl

[Hook]

Don't make the good girls go bad, no  
Don't make the good girls go bad, no  
If you dont, you gon' really love us  
Please don't use us, dooon't

[Game - Verse 3]

Drizzy, I'm sittin here watchin' Basketball Wives  
Like ugh, them is basketball wives?  
Only cute one, Gloria, thats my nigga Matt Barnes chick  
Can't swim in that pool fool, thats a crucial conflict  
Never sleep with the wife of niggas you eat with  
And never buy a chick a bag on the first day  
Or pop a bottle with her on her birthday  
And tell her ass, get on  
That type of shit'll get you spit on  
I don't hit on girls, I just hit on girls  
Like "hey lil mama, come in Game and Drizzy world"  
"Get busy girl, drink that Rose til you dizzy girl"  
She walking round the club all lost like "where is he,  
girl?"  
He on the top of the charts next to Beyonce  
Right under Kanye, so let the Dom spray  
Thats your girl, nigga go on make her cry  
Soon as you do, I'm pulling up in that Porsche, like  
"Lets ride"

[Hook]

Don't make the good girls go bad, no  
Don't make the good girls go bad, no  
If you dont make the good girls go bad, no  
Don't make the good girls go bad, no  
If you dont, you gon' really love us  
Please don't use us, dooon't

[Game - Outro]

Word on the news stand, Alicia got herself a man  
And thats my nigga Swizzy, know you see Game and  
Drizzy  
Surrounded by them diamonds, Imma cold mackin  
Nigga its a cold climate, don't ask me where the crime  
went  
Just tell me where them dimes went  
So I can get em fitted,  
let em beat a bridesmaid at the wedding for my niggas  
Yeah I'm married to the game  
And she married to my chain, watching Boys In The  
Hood  
Lets take a drive down memory lane.

Visit [Game, The](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.