

Tenacious D

"Good Ole Luv"

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(*talking*)

G'yeah, what's wrong with you niggaz out here man
I done been in y'all shoes already man
You act like I took a magic carpet ride, to where I'm at
I been there and done that nigga, I've paid my dues
already

[Slim Thug]

I started small time, karaoke rhymes
Jotting raps on my pad, till I ran out of lines
Use to flow from day to night, till I got it right
It wasn't till mixtapes, I felt spotlight
Thinking back when Slim Thug, use to live like a scrub
Out the trunk selling mixtapes, out at the club
Had to hit the road for days, rolling in rental cars
Building up my client tale, determined to be a star
Use to do talent shows, every week and lose
Stay out till 4, be up at six for school
Being Slim, wasn't always cool
When I told 'em I'd be a star, they use to call me a fool
I done plenty songs for free, shows on the G.P.
Worked hard, to make another nigga money
I guess that's why I'm blessed, with the cars on dubs
I paid my dues, fools gon give me some love

[Hook: Chris Ward]

(forgiveness for my good old love) for those that hated
You don't know how long we waited, to say
(forgiveness for my good old love), you talk down
But then you always around, trying to
(forgiveness for my good old love), at first you
knocked it
But then we dropped it, and you jocked it so
(forgiveness for my good old love), fuck it
Well give it to me then, give it to me

[Sir Daily]

I was born to be a hustler, simple and plain
Got tired of being broke, so I entered the game
With no fame and no change, just a pen and a pad
All you lames can complain, but I'm getting my cash

A dime to a dolla, I double my digits
I grind for my dollas, and hustle ridiculous
Cause friends like to smile, and have fun when you
down
And never have no ends, to lend when you down
But that's o.k., cause I laugh at the past
Writing raps everyday, as I mash on the gas
A Hogg, that never looked back
Now they say Sir Da', I didn't know you could rap
And you crabs, trying to earn my friendship
I swear this back stabbing, and fake shit is endless
But fuck it, man to my whole thugs
I'm a hustle with thugs, so nigga show me love

[Hook]

[Kyleon]

I use to push, nick's and dimes
Now all I do is spit a few hits, and rhyme
But this game is no different, it's a constant grind
I need a constant shine, fuck being in a constant bind
Been rapping since sixth grade, getting lunch in line
Filling up my notebooks, with a bunch of rhymes
I knew that I could succeed, if I put my all in it
Superstardom had a place for me, one day I'd fall in it
I use to write them notes, and quotes in class
Everytime the teacher'd pass, she would gross my ass
They use to joke and laugh, when I'd say I rap
Now they get out they seats and clap, when I say I rap
All the caps and miss-happ's, is a thing in the past
You use to didn't cut for me, now you bringing me cash
You use to say that Kyle was ugly, now they bringing
me ass
Now that my flow made me do', now they bringing it
fast

[Hook]

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