

Lyrics by The Jeff Healey Band

"Good Stuff"

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Intro (Pimp C):

Where the hoes, where the hoes
Lookin', lookin', tighten up, tryin' to tighten up
Where the hoes, where the hoes
Check it out

Verse 1 (Pimp C):

I'm coming down candy, I put in my work
Got a \$10,000 link medalion hangin' on a \$2000 shirt
The game's been good
And all the hoes wanna sit on leather and the wood
Bitches tryin' to price my diamonds
But that shit is just so common
'Cause they see a nigga shinin'
But I'm movin' too fast
96 karats if you think that you could manage
Got the drink and the salad
Now the bitch is on the ?
I'm comin' down Gulf way, I'm tryin' to see what's up
I see big ass and some titties
Now we flippin' in the 'Bourbon to the city
The attitude's shitty but I bought no plex
Ain't talkin' 'bout the Malcolm but I'm ridin' on the X
The highway was so wet, I'm slippin' out my lane
The bitch was on her knees, but now she's runnin' me a
game
I bet you never seen a big truck like that
I bet you never got a dick sucked like that
The bitch didn't know that I was tapin' the whole scene
Now we watchin' that bitch suck me on a 5 piece screen
The glitter and the gleam, we saw them in the show
Chauffeurs and the sofas, hotel pictures and the hoes
I got the haters, and the jackers, and the million dollar
crackers
Tryin' to close me down, but I got ghetto love
I'm Pimp C bitch, I'm comin' down richer than rich
So bitch you know you gotta gimme good stuff

Chorus:

Lookin' for that good stuff
Ba ba ba ba da da da
Tighten up on that backstroke
Ba ba ba ba da da da
Lookin' for that good stuff
Tighten up on that backstroke
Comin' down on fresh paint
Blowin' Swisher Sweet smoke

Verse 2 (Bun-B):

We flippin' worldwide, P.A.T. International jetsetters
Bigger than the Hollywood letters
But don't get us confused, you lose when you bet us
Breakin' off the jealous with pitch black Baretas
My fellas and tellers who holdin' plates against them
Texas boys
Bringin' the noise to haters in 9-6 plex
Like you major boy you have done played yourself
Too \$hort smoked you like a Newport, and you bought
A one-way ticket to something bigger than you
Over your head and got scared
Exactly what I figured you'd do
Now who you kiddin', I'm slangin', bangin', and skiddin'
Busta playa moves and if you done it and did it
As I sit in the lap of luxury
DEA is tryin' to stick bugs to me
Undercover motherfucker tried to sell drugs to me
What could be more throw
Mafioso puttin' bombs under my load
Never show no grief miss the signs in the climate
Now I'm comin' down shinin'
Pieces and chains full of diamonds
I'm winin' and dinin' and caligula
Pretty boys gettin' off the hook
Bitches sayin' but I'm diggin' ya
But I know that make ya mega crunk
And make ya make it man it make a niggas wanna pop
trunk
Got skunk from the Rasta, eatin' steak and lobster
Like a mobster and gots to be lookin' for the good stuff

Chorus

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