

Too \$hort "Good Life"

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Yeah, we balling, baby
(As we proceed)
That's right
(To give you what you need)
Oh, you ain't know, we gonna tell you how it is

When you living the good life, good life
Everything is tight, money right
Everybody wanna be by your side, trying to ride
Such a good life, good life

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You thought it was a fad, you really can't understand
rap
How these young playas come up and live fat
Big houses, cars, watch the homies bubble
Do a lot of good but can't stay out of trouble

[Incomprehensible] 'cause he's the president
He bought a lot of stuff you could never get
Take us to the game you wanna see my bus
But all the little kids wanna be like us

When they get home and turn the TV on
It's Too Short, baby, on the microphone
I see a lot of styles when I'm watching videos
Looking at the background talking about the hoes

Then the R and B cats incorporated rap into their
program
(What happened to the slow jams?)
We dropping platinum, numba one
Bitch, that's how it's done

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Everybody wanna be by your side, trying to ride
Such a good life, good life

Lil' homie went to school everyday, he knew what he
wanted
Wa'nt trying to be a thug, wa'nt trying to get blunted
It was all a dream but there's certain things
You gotta do, like do good in school

His best friend wouldn't listen, didn't make good
grades
Coach kicked him off the team, wouldn't let him play
So he stopped going to school, he started hangin' with
some G's
Drinkin' beer, smoking weed

Two years later, one went to college
Quick, he got a basketball scholarship
His homeboy was in the hood, one day got arrested
Send him to the pen, they say he got molested

Jealous, 'cause his old friend took the right path
Watching ESPN, saw him in the draft
Now he got a V-12 sittin' on dubs
That's how it is when ya what

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She used to be a nerd on the honor roll
A four eye conesor, books kinda short on looks
A latch key kid, best friend was her computer
In high school nobody wanted to do her

When she graduated from college she got paid
Got a good job, now, she got it made
Gots some contacts and let her hair down
She gots the legs and the walk that'll make you stare
her down

You betta get your shit together, you running out of

time

Something on your mind, you need to stop lyin'
You ain't balling like her, you can't get into the party
Out in Beverly Hills trying flip a Ferrari

Butcha credit ain't cool and you got declined
He said, "You're welcome" and "But you come back
anytime"

But me, I'm spending cash for this bitch
And that's just the way it is

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