

# Good Grief (feat. Diamante)

## Flatbush Zombies

Ain't no question 'bout this paper  
My mind is on a different angle  
Wish I could cop that coupe for all my good niggas  
I Thank you, good riddance, good business  
Good grief, what is?  
We smoking marijuana for free  
Ain't no question 'bout this paper  
My mind is on a different angle  
Wish I could cop that coupe for all my good niggas  
I thank you, good riddance, good business  
Good grief, what is?  
We smoking marijuana for free Since a soldier saw the surface  
I cracked the canvas and cursed it  
Part of me wasn't good enough  
But a picture ain't perfect  
What is proper and purpose?  
Leaving families hurting  
She don't trust me at all  
She put a lock on her purses  
Part of me don't deserve ya'  
Pardon bruh, I was nervous and this is a new beginning  
We fly so come feel the turbulence  
Never bow to that serpent  
Dreamed and found out I'm worth it  
Soul circuit, love lurking and close curtains  
And I be that bigger person  
And this my seed, she nurse it  
I stimulate her mind, she challenge me while we rehearse it  
Smoking on this weed got me feeling like a wordsmith  
Another word to nigger, per fect, no? Shit nigga, uhh  
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Good grief, what is?  
We smoking marijuana for free I'm addicted to the Henny  
All of these bitches with me

I've done been around the world  
Pussy nigga, see me  
Fuck it nigga, forgive mePussy, money and drugs  
Mary, nothing above  
Shark hoodies, backwoods, Rizla, OG  
Puff puff, homie rest up  
Just us against the world  
Finger fuck it like my nine bustin'  
It's no discussion, quit the rushin'  
If D's coming get the flushing', all of a sudden  
Heard you was fucking with other niggas  
I ain't bluffing, locked up, now luxed up  
Handcuffed, now hand cuff  
Unfaithful bitch love the taste of dick  
Only faithful to my bros  
My rights and my wrongs  
Some nights I play, 2Pac and zone  
Pop on my phone, selling and flipping  
Bounce to my own  
True to the beat, LSD by the sheet  
My flow is part of the beat  
I know it's hard to believe that you're part of the seed  
Sometimes it's hard to breath  
All my needs reaper, please leave my soul at easeAin't no question 'bout this paper  
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Thank you, good riddance, good business  
Good grief, what is?  
We smoking marijuana for freeAiiiaah, uuhhhh  
I can't wait 'til we get on  
So we can get what we want  
I gotta get what I want, baby-yyy-eh  
Hey-o, heeeyyy, hey-o, heeeyyy, hey-o  
Heeeey-o-eeyyy-ooooh  
Oooohh, heeey-o-eeuh, huuuuuh

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>