# It's Good (feat. Drake & Jadakiss)

## Lil Wayne

I'm as real as they come, I follow the rules
I'm still in the hood but I probably should move
Made enough money, I don't f-ck around
I just felt they needed me, so I stuck around
Feds got my man, shit is real son
Cause my god son just became my real son
Think life is a game but all you get is a turn
You live and you learn, either you freeze or you burn
Kush in the air, I'm pushing the gears
Love turned into hate, hate turned into fear
If it aint right, I don't sign the deal
Shoot me in the watch, I got time to kill
Gasoline, propane, aint no salary cap in the dope game
Aint no collective bargaining on cocaine
So in other words nigga, do your thing
Mind in one place, heart in another
Please pardon my brother
He's just angry at you niggas who dont have your heart in your rap shit
And got too f-ckin comfy, cause we still f-ckin hungry
Young Money, got the munchies
Faded, f-ckin faded, aww yeah im f-ckin faded
They tellin' lies about me, aww yeah i must've made it
Rikers Island on this flow, 8 months for that pistol
But at least they had some bad bitches workin' in that shit hole
Ahhh, 3 visits later, I went and did it major
So f-ck the judge, and the jury, and the litigator
Watchin all these kids who thought they had it figured out
And then November came, they let my nigga out
Stop playin, I aint with that bullshit
Niggas act like bitches. Shanaynay, oh my goodness
This is Wayne's World, and y'all are just some tourists
Give me three wishes, I wish, I wish, I wish, you would bitch
Brand new p-ssy, p-ssy good as baby powder
Two glock 40s, nigga you got 80 problems
Swimmin' in the money, Imma need some f-ckin goggles
Its better to give, but we dont give a f-ck about 'em
I just came home, shit then got real hoe
Lil Weezy-ana, the boot nigga, steal toe
I aint workin with a full deck but I deal hoe
I just touched down, kick the motherf-ckin field goal
Talkin 'bout baby money? I got your baby money
Kidnap your bitch, get that 'how much you love your lady' money

I know you fake nigga, press your brakes nigga
I'll take you out, that's a date nigga
Im a grown ass blood, stop playin with me
Play asshole and get an ass whippin'
I think you pussy cat ha, hello kitty
I just throw the alley-oop to Drake Griffin
I lay em down, tempur-pedic
This shits a game of chess, you niggas think its cleavage
Its young money, yeah 'tis the season
I give you the business, bitch this a business meeting
My niggas hungry, my bitches greedy
Will I die a bloody murder? Dear Mr. Ouija
Nigga, Im straight, my girl a faggot
Potato on the barrel, pop pop tater salad
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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