

# 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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>