

# Good for It

## NAV

Spark a Woody, gettin' buzz like Lightyear  
You fuck that bitch, I fucked her first so I might care  
Got these rappers stressin' out, they growin' white hair  
I dumped that bitch, sold her a dream, I gave her nightmares  
They talkin' shit from far away, my .40 right here  
Shooter shoot like Steve Kerr, I feel like Mike here  
Told that bitch I'm not Mike Tyson, I don't bite ears  
My shorty 21, she in her prime years  
I don't want her body, I want her mind, yeah  
My Lambo will transform, Optimus Prime, yeah  
I had to leave the Rex, the 6 is full of slimes, yeah  
They see me gettin' money, feel like droppin' dimes, yeah  
She said she wanna be my wife, I said don't waste my time  
I'll prolly keep on fuckin' bitches 'til I'm 49  
Please don't try me 'cause you know I'm Addy'd up  
He thought he was lit until we lit him up  
I'm just a brown boy with a bag  
I got hitters poppin' shit, I'm just poppin' all these tags  
Come get your issue, we got mags  
The only time when I'm not fuckin' on your bitch, she on the rag  
Told my plug I need a pound  
You know I'm good for it  
I book a flight for your bitch  
She know I'm good for it  
My jeweler made another chain  
He know I'm good for it  
I'm what the music game needed  
Yeah I'm good for it  
Got some money and they sayin' that I changed now  
She don't wanna fuck me, I'm tryna fuck her friend now  
She said she not a stripper, I still made her strip now  
I'm doin' good, I left the Rex, I'm off the strip now  
Had to upgrade all my shooters, got 'em 30 clips  
Told 'em best not wear my merch when you be doin' shit  
My bro still in the trap, I'm tryna get him out the shit  
'Cause he can't build a house with only half a brick  
Ain't talkin' burgers when I say that we was hittin' licks  
You fuck around I might just fuck around and fuck your bitch  
You switch your life around and that's when all your family switch  
Tell me who else would keep the lights on if I wasn't lit  
These pussies actin' like some toilets, wanna take my shit  
I got some Mali's from the south side, they be sprayin' shit  
Like 2K player mode, I had to recreate myself

You wearin' fake designer, try to recreate my belt  
I'm just a brown boy with a bag  
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>