

# Goodlife (feat. Pharrell & Common)

## T.I.

I keep telling myself  
Man I'm living the good life  
I'm living the good life  
I'm on top of the world  
I'm on top of the world  
I was born into poverty raised I the sewerage  
Streets always would be a part of me, it made me the truest  
And even when my days were the bluest  
I never ran from adversity, instead I ran to it  
Fear ain't in the heart of me I learned just do it  
You get courage in your fears right after you go through it  
Now I come through in a Coupe on 22s  
That ain't bad for a nigga who ain't even finish school  
Don't get me wrong I never been a fool  
I just put off graduating for a pair of tennis shoes  
I used to use the beat to paint my pain  
But nowadays man I can't complain  
I got several automobiles and they all on thangs  
Several size of tangent and they all in one chain  
Used to see me in the mall I'm the same  
And get a couple broads giving brain on the plane  
I come from Chi-Town lost and found in the struggle  
Where dudes say stay safe and stay out of trouble  
Speak is muffed the law and B gon try to cuff you  
Those with duffles move weight and have muscles  
I came through the dirt with a verse for the people  
Open up for Daddy Kane and Easy up at the Regal  
The radio rarely put their needle on my record  
They ain't see how the hood and heaven were connected  
Sounds projected, ain't show how effective  
Lessons learned, sessions turned to life reflected  
And everything I found real in life know I kept it  
They say life's a teacher, you're gonna get tested  
When a nigga changed they keep saying that nigga strange  
Couldn't see how my mind won't be the lame  
Ahead of my time I caught up with the game  
Making good music making paper making change  
I put on gasoline drawers I stood in the fire  
With enough heat to set the hood on fire  
Man you niggaz think Suge was off the wire  
You should've seen the squad before I had Messiah  
We assumed the title as the number one supplier

Felt like I was selling blow since I was in diapers  
And wish a nigga would come try us  
We was cool with the killers, best friends with the lifers  
Quick to up and scrap with niggaz who want to deny  
For what we considered then as a lucrative empire  
But like that pimping time flash by you  
Now I wonder what the judge think as he reading my priors  
Prison ain't full and the reefer ain't bias  
You ain't got to tell and distant the liars  
Gave the jail hell and shot birds at the hearse  
Lived through worse and reversed the curse

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