

# Dat Sound Good

## PRhyme

Dat sound good right there I'm just a - I'm just a - Yeah  
I'm just a - I'm just a -  
(Dat sound good right here)  
I'm just a regular chilling with thugs and legends  
I got deceased contacts in my phone I never delete  
I keep my cellular plugged into Heaven  
Somebody nudge the reverend  
Tell him I'm selling a white girl like I'm Starbucks, Uggs and leggings  
All of these hugs and kissy emojis killin' my foe, G  
All of these soldiers killin' 'em for me  
I told her I'ma chill, but still I'm a OG  
Wish I could go back in time and keep it real with my old lady  
I asked if she'd rather deal with adultery  
Or would she rather deal with my cold feet  
That's a wild question  
May the best man win and may I be the best man that I can be  
Everywhere I'm at but my wedding  
Get live rounds from guns that are gigantic  
Cause you wouldn't bow down like the front of the Titanic  
You're gonna die, dammit  
I'm bringin' drama through your homicidio like I'm tryna say "homicide" in Spanish  
My nigga Joell Ortiz said...  
I'm in tip-top condition, with a hustler's ambition  
I'm sick of hip-pop, I should be in the damn kitchen  
Whippin' somethin' potent for the chosen clientele  
All the smoke that I inhale, I'm 'posed to be high as Hell  
But that's a twisted figure of speech, Hell is below you  
I'm guaranteed Heaven before I'm beneath the soil  
Toyin' with the squad, that's how you get sent to God, dawg  
You know it's backwards to go against God, dog  
Whoever gets a whiff of the base is loaded like the World Series  
Steve Jobs died, now the world Siris  
(I respect you) and that's serious as a heart attack  
I'm an ancient artifact, we question if your art is fact  
In fact, you gassed up like you're hard to match  
Leave you ablaze, extinguish your remains  
I'm the leader of this game, old school or new  
Old Soul, but my shoes is new  
A bunch of poison in my blood stream  
Now it's gettin' ugly, I must be another junky  
How lucky am I to still be alive? I'm goin' crazy  
Bought a Mercedes with money I raised for Haiti

Abducted Brenda's baby, sold it to a gay couple  
Take drugs you high enough to juggle with some space shuttles  
Your worst nightmare, breathin' all the white air  
Inhale, exhale (that sound good right there)  
Yeah, the unforgettable walkin' bicentennial man  
Born an idea, was never a man  
I'm with Ab-Soul the asshole, Nickel Nine and Preemo  
Shit, Larry Fish, he brought the technicolor dreamcoat  
I'm spittin' on the face of Vevo  
You internet rappers with no matter, I delete you  
I ain't human, more a movement of illusions  
Live from confusion, if you see 'em, shoot 'em (Boom)

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>