

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

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