

I'm Good

ScHoolboy Q

As a younger age, never really gave a shit
Just my grandma arms, kept me out of harm
Nigga went to class, my football pass
Kept the burner stashed, they ain't gon' catch my ass
In the Pontiac with the bad speakers
Back then? Shit, I was into sneakers
and fitted caps, side kicks
My same bitch, she a down bitch
Had a little daughter, glad it ain't a boy
Knew she'd bring me joy, so I named her Joy
Kiss her on her head, then I kiss her lips
Then I kiss her cheek, lay her down to sleep
Trials and tribulations helped me through my situations
Little observations stopped the cops from confrontations
And the ghetto bird, and a nigga snitched
But I'm still dipping, shit, I ain't tripping

I'm good, I'm good, I'm good, I'm good, I'm good...
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(I know I'm not perfect

But I'll still make a decision that make my life still worth it, yea-ea-
eahhh

And sometimes it may hurt

But I know what you see ain't what it's gon' be, cause I know my worth, yeee
aaahhhh...)

Got a lil' older, nigga seen a lot of shit
Been out in Boston, even got to see the Knicks
I've been to Dallas, slap a five with the bench
Back to the hood where niggas betting on the six
But shit is crazy
Lil' Teisha and Tamika bout to kill they babies
Pregnant at the same time, and they think that shit is cute
Always running from the truth, bigger dream they must pursue
And they babies wasn't in it
Just going bout they business in the club
She off of Guinness, adioses with the lemon
V.I.P. she dreams of, in the club looking for mean buzz
In a dress looking distinctive
got that ass hanging with the biggest baller in the club
Ain't got a dub, but she want some love
Wasn't polite, but she feel it's right
Lay it down, then he dimmed the lights, played it right for the night

Uh, ignorance is bliss, but to know is pain
No matter what we reap, we still sow the same
The concept of change is second-rate to change
Either way around, the cycle still remains
Out my project window, observing the wannabes blowing endo
Shooting dice on the corner, big homie roll up with his kinfolk
Unfold a stack on 'em like, what they hitting for?
Slamming the doors on his Benzo
He left the engine running, bumping something sounding like
late eighties R&B, trunk full of China white
Type of nigga ladies like, known dope dealer

Money, cash, hoes getter, slash stone cold killer
He can't sleep at night, his victim's eyes piercing through his soul
He wake up every time his eyes close
That's who them young boys aspire to see
Underneath the palm trees, that's who they dying to be
But I'm good