

I'm Good

YONAS

I didn't pay my rent today
It's so strange
Cause I don't even really know why
But I'm good
I think I'd rather throw them ones up
Spend it all at the strip club
And I don't even really know why
But I'm good

Let's go, funny how we do everything we told ain't it
Do something different people look at you the strangest (yeah yeah)
Wonder how they looked at Picasso when he painted
Prolly how your girl looked at me before she fainted
Shit I like em like Fiona Gallagher, so shameless
Member when we wanted to be oh-so-famous
Big house, big kitchen, everything stainless
Didn't realize all the problems that it came with
This our real lives this is not just entertainment
Look at all the things we do to get a little payment
And how we had more fun singing in the basement
Way before the nation gave us standing ovations
I swear, if you got something you truly love
Making you happy is something it truly does
Looking all around and nothing is what it was
But I get a little buzz and keep my faith up above
Let's go

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Yo, I'm doin everything I'm doing just so I could pass the time (That's right)
How everybody ask but they don't really wanna know what's on my mind (That's right)
And most of the time I couldn't even tell ya so I just spend my dough
I'm trying not to let this shit phase me
I'm just trying not to go crazy, yuh
And I don't want the world to know that I have fallen
So I get on up now, I'm good
And I don't want the world to know that I have fallen
So I pick it on up, and dust myself off

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Her cheeks so bubbly, smile so love-ly
Attitude sweet as the room and cookies at DoubleTree
You'll be up under me sayin you wanna come with me
And imma take you to pleasure town like Ron Burgundy, huh
Major keys like DJ Khaled throw you the jet's keys and these keys to the palace
Because you loyal, and you smart, and you grateful
And they don't want us to win but we can't lose, ooh
So come out with me, roll one on the balcony
Split a Vega like multiplayer and smoke Sour D
In my dreams I'm your king, you my majesty
My only queen let me sing you a Rhapsody, huh
Hey little trouble maker, witcha money maker
Whining cause her hips look like she from Jamaica
That's where I'm tryna take ya
King sized papers, rolling one under the sun, Young Vizzy!

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Cause I will live to fight another day
Cause I will live to see another way
Cause I will live to fight another day
And you know why
Cause I'm good