

Good Grief (feat. Diamante)

Flatbush Zombies

Ain't no question 'bout this paper
My mind is on a different angle
Wish I could cop that coupe for all my good niggas
I Thank you, good riddance, good business
Good grief, what is?
We smoking marijuana for free
Ain't no question 'bout this paper
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Wish I could cop that coupe for all my good niggas
I thank you, good riddance, good business
Good grief, what is?
We smoking marijuana for free Since a soldier saw the surface
I cracked the canvas and cursed it
Part of me wasn't good enough
But a picture ain't perfect
What is proper and purpose?
Leaving families hurting
She don't trust me at all
She put a lock on her purses
Part of me don't deserve ya'
Pardon bruh, I was nervous and this is a new beginning
We fly so come feel the turbulence
Never bow to that serpent
Dreamed and found out I'm worth it
Soul circuit, love lurking and close curtains
And I be that bigger person
And this my seed, she nurse it
I stimulate her mind, she challenge me while we rehearse it
Smoking on this weed got me feeling like a wordsmith
Another word to nigger, per fect, no? Shit nigga, uhh
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We smoking marijuana for free I'm addicted to the Henny
All of these bitches with me

I've done been around the world
Pussy nigga, see me
Fuck it nigga, forgive mePussy, money and drugs
Mary, nothing above
Shark hoodies, backwoods, Rizla, OG
Puff puff, homie rest up
Just us against the world
Finger fuck it like my nine bustin'
It's no discussion, quit the rushin'
If D's coming get the flushing', all of a sudden
Heard you was fucking with other niggas
I ain't bluffing, locked up, now luxed up
Handcuffed, now hand cuff
Unfaithful bitch love the taste of dick
Only faithful to my bros
My rights and my wrongs
Some nights I play, 2Pac and zone
Pop on my phone, selling and flipping
Bounce to my own
True to the beat, LSD by the sheet
My flow is part of the beat
I know it's hard to believe that you're part of the seed
Sometimes it's hard to breath
All my needs reaper, please leave my soul at easeAin't no question 'bout this paper
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Good grief, what is?
We smoking marijuana for freeAiiiaah, uuhhhh
I can't wait 'til we get on
So we can get what we want
I gotta get what I want, baby-yyy-eh
Hey-o, heeeyyy, hey-o, heeeyyy, hey-o
Heeeey-o-eeeyyy-ooooh
Oooohh, heeey-o-eeuh, huuuuuh

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