

# The Good Stuff

Big mess of trouble is all they're gonna bring her  
Actin' like they don't see the diamond on her finger  
One look you'll be under her spell  
She gonna blow like a bombshell

36-24-37

A dirty little mind but a body built in heaven  
She like to mess with a dangerous game  
She'll start a fire with a love flame

(chorus)

She like the way they all stop and stare  
She like to play but she don't play fair  
Every little move make you lose your mind  
She gotcha wrapped around her waistline

She got the good stuff that all the boys are talkin' 'bout  
She got the good stuff that all the boys are talkin' 'bout  
She got the good stuff that all the boys are talkin' 'bout  
She got the good stuff, oh my

She got a lot of what they call the most  
It ain't right every night, she burnin' up the bed posts  
Carries on like she just don't care  
Heatin' up like an electric chair

(repeat chorus)

Now nothing's gonna stop her, she won't let it  
Hubby's got a shotgun waitin' for the minute  
All that heat but you'll never see her sweat it  
Payback's a bitch sayin "fellas come and get it"

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*Written by Frankie Moreno  
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Completed in Las Vegas, NV*