

Try and push the game away  
But it seems it always comes in front me  
Look for better days  
But it keep coming back for me  
Seem everywhere I go  
Same trouble always finds me  
Look for better days  
But it keeps coming back for me

I used to stand on the block, with french braids  
Different bank rolls, same clothes for ten days  
Yo Ben, they can't believe we dropped from the sixth grade  
Now the crib laid, and the watches is Swiss made  
Everything changed my nigga, we can't complain  
See I'm not gon' entertain when these niggas speak my name  
I'm hot, my best option's to keep it plain  
It's not, our best option's to leave the game  
Been wanted to go, but I was still neutral  
The handshakes and hugs don't feel like they used to  
I was looking for a payout, a way out the streets  
Full of pressure, cause I know they only way out was me  
But if I wash my hands with it, will they still feel me?  
Or will my innocence make me feel guilty  
You see my hands still filthy  
My plan was to build realty  
I was hurt 'til them drug bills healed me  
Trust!

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Ayo, now I got money in the streets  
It's boutta bring beef  
And two of my cribs got hit in the same week  
Spesh, I feel your pain deep  
Sometimes I can't sleep  
Thinkin' bout the cash I spent on shit I ain't need  
Yo Benny, they hate me cause the car ain't leased  
So I don't say hi to these niggas, I say peace  
Now I don't stop on the block, I just speed  
Knowing when I leave niggas saying fuck me  
But you know the streets is full of hate, they only know how to judge  
You ever ran an operation, and don't gotta budge  
I left the numbers on my phone in case they don't got a plug  
So when I walk away from 'em, they don't got a grudge  
Understand we from a place where nobody love  
It's a whole lot of hate, a whole lot of drugs  
See we smoke by the pound, while they smoke by the dub  
We each both got a snub when we go by the club  
Let's go  
Trust!

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