

Better Days

JID

I done seen some better days before
Feelin' like forever was a long time ago
Balancin' high and the lows
Get your blindfold, only God knows
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Look, Twin, don't forget the better days, we been friends since ten
Back then we told people we cousins, kin
The buses from my school couldn't come to where I lived
So my mama used to drop me at your crib, like four, maybe five A.M.
I ain't get no good sleep till I was twenty-seven
I used to wear my big bro clothes, you used to let me borrow some of yo' clothes
I thought that I looked funny in 'em
It's only you and **** yo' parents use to treat me like they third son
I'm the first one buckin' on any person tryna make you feel hurt or somethin'

You my brother, I'd murder somethin' for you
Throw that dirty gun into the Chatahoochie
You Louis, I'll be Gucci
We was Webbie and Boosie with the low fade
Brush my hair for days, still ain't have no waves
Now we talkin' through a window while you in a cage
I'ma come get you when you figure out your day
I was in and out the states, you was rappin' on a rage
Had Atlanta goin' crazy, I was packin' out the stage in different places
You hit me, said, "Cassandra had your baby"
The day that Kobe died, I'm at the Grammys in LA
Pray Allah can show you grace and the law stay out the way
But when you caught that other case, I ain't know what yo' ass was thinkin'
My mama said to say, "You ain't too old to get a spankin'"
Still one of her children, but she feel like you need to be thankful you still here

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Life gets too real, may kill you
Like skills you build make you choose

Between old ties and new ways
Make friends with real snakes, false norms and true values
Don't mute it, see through it, when we do it
Take a moment to breath and achieve through it
Stay free through it, 'cause your vision makes me slave to our plans for better days

Uh, look, check, to make it to forever took a very long time
I took every wrong turn, packin' long lines just for rappin' long words
Fuck a net worth, I made a million off of merch'
Pay the bills first and then invest against Versus
Regret shit, the lessons, the blessings, the journey
Agitate the white guilt, explain the black burden
The stresses, the interest, the exit, the purpose
Prayin' that we see some better days between worse ones
Nothing's ever perfect, but I made it so my mom's ain't workin'
Off of murkin' instrumentals and it's no coincidence when I was little, I was very sensitive
Never was talkative, nigga, don't even try and tickle him
Me and my brothers and sis' and them slept in the same room, suffered the same afflictions
See the reflection of a nigga that never liked attention
Or need acceptance from strangers comin' in mentions
I got protection, PaPa had the right prediction
Said I was destined to be whatever I envisioned
The manifested blessin' that I made it out the club at twenty-seven
No weapon was formed against me, I formed against the weapon
Tried to stretch him, but niggas sprintin'
If we don't catch him, then God'll get him then
We ain't gotta get in the karma of bein' killer man
But you did in our better days, now I miss my friend

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