

Better Than

Joell Ortiz

[Chorus - Kaydence:]

Could've been still up in the hood shakin up
Stickin stickin up anyone that would come through
Ma poor, I was livin up, middle finger up
Still don't give a fuck, better man it was untrue
Straight livin better now, Gucci sweater now
Drop top the Benz, I'm the man girlfriend
So when they ask me how I do, I'm doin better
I'm doin better than I should

[Joell Ortiz:]

I know they all had me counted out
Gettin all that illegal money I would count it out
In front of a corner bodega I was down and out
With a gun on my waist for the haters I would shout it out
"FUCK THE WORLD!!" From the loudest mouth
And I meant every word of that and that's without a doubt
Every day it would never change, just the same old thang
Tryin to come up with different ways for me to spray some change
Ramen noodles, beef patties from right up the block
Chicken wings, french fries from the Chinese spot
Good smoke, plastic cups filled up to the top
And dice games that I would stick up if I lost a lot
Say what y'all wanna say, that's just how I was
Before this music popped I was a different Yaowa cuz
Like, "Where you from? Who you know?
Where you goin?" Thank God that I could flow

[Chorus]

[Joell Ortiz:]

I daydreamed about this on the stairs
With good weed smoke cloudin up the hallway air
Brown paper bag coverin the strongest beer
In my project lobby, now my lobby got a concierge
I remember all the winters troopin up the ave
Snow was everywhere, I'm tryin not to bust my ass
Walk the furthest from the curb cause with the luck I had
That disgustin splash used to soak me when the bus would pass
Now the bus look like an ant when I'm takin flight
And I could turn a boring day into a Vegas night
From that pint of E&J that I would chase with Sprite
to them pretty bottles of Ros on the way with lights
I fantisize, now I'm livin out my fantasy
I know them haters mad at me like "Yo, how can this be?"
I fuck, two bad bitches in a row
E'ry day I thank God that I could flow

[Chorus]

[Maino:]

Woo! Maino!
Thank God I found heaven, yup
Peace sign, that's me, throwin my blessings up
Could've been in that cell prayin they let me up
Daydreamin 'bout bein free, I'm missin much
Could've been six feet deep in a hole

Trapped in the game, the devil after my soul
Could've been in back of the car traffic and blow
But I'm lion-hearted, I found the yellow brick road
Now it's plenty liquor, singles for these strippers
Goddamn right if she dime, I'm gon' lick her
Young dope boys, they screamin "I'm that nigga"
Send bad bitches, me and my niggaz!
Thinkin back on my worse days
Now we sip champagne when we thirsty
Hey! I guess I'm livin like I should
When they ask me how I'm doin, I say "Better than good!"

[Chorus]