

Better

ONEFOUR

Ayy, free the gang
True, uh (Ayy, ayy, I'm feelin' better and better)
Carnage, you a fool, you crazy
(Gang, gang, I'm feelin' better and better
You say shit that don't matter)
I'm medicated
Bop, bop, bop, bop
(Ayy, it ain't getting any better
Black seats with the leather)
Alright, drop me in

I'm feeling silly off that Cognac
But that Henny got me feeling lifted
We don't pay attention to the opps
They only communicate if it's encrypted
We tell that side they can't come here
I don't know why them boys always listen (True)
So we go to go them and it's getting boring, lad
It's feeling more like a tradition (Pussies)
They dissin' the crew but do it for tunes
You're making a big mistake (Yeah)
Then ask for peace, nah, none of that
We gon' fry 'em like fish filet
I get the drop then think of my music
I don't know what risk to take
I'm watching the news and seeing my opps
It's feeling like Christmas Day
All that drill shit, we done did that
Now it's time to move with the weather
Wasn't a week but I'm back and better
Everyone sayin' they on me, nah
Thinkin' they'll catch me lackin', never
Twenty or plus every time we enter
I ain't feelin' threatened, they gon' let em in
Two-seven resident, them boys irrelevant
We on the top pussy, evident

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You say shit that don't matter (Yeah)
She wanna fuck, I wouldn't let her (Gang, gang, gang, gang)
(Ayy, ayy) It ain't getting any better
Black seats with the leather
Foreign big whips, Panamera (Bup, bup, bup)
(Gang, gang) I'm feelin' better and better (Yeah)
You say shit that don't matter (Yeah)
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Foreign big whips, Panamera (Ayy, ayy)

These leather seats are too comfy
You can call me a young boss of the country
Fuckboys talk tough on the net
But they out here singing love songs like Humphrey
My 45 wants to pop
Shots and fiends, they're just like a junkie

And when there's drama, I chuck on my armour
Let it rain with a grip on a pumpy
These bright lights leavin' 'em jumpy
I might just consider them monkeys
I shall be getting too clumsy
I might just get rid of his aunty
Still callin' me Spenny, my (Ahh)
They think that they killin' it (Nah)
Got numbers like- (Who?)
I might as well see the end last

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Yo, you're not Scarface, not Tony
Just scar faced, I heard he got got (Trust, trust)
Know what the mandem do on the block (Facts)
Say I talk about burning my clothes
Man, what can I say? I do it a lot
And if rap don't work, it's cool
I still put food in the pot (Trust)
All of this chopping and selling
I put like 10K in my dirty denims (Facts)
I'm in West with some violent members
Make the room move and you might get peppered
In the jungle with snakes and leopards, Dutch
I ring bells for multiple cheffings, qweffings
Don't play games like Tekken
Wreckers, go on right there and shell it
It's so peak now I just got rich
Still got beef like the Bloods and Crips (Trust)
Bro said that he wanna do striker
I gave him the scores, told him, "Don't miss"
If you don't do it, I'll do it myself
Still cool when you get the assist
Their extraction points been compromised
Right now, they're steering and covered in brick

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Woah, yeah
Woah, yeah