

BETTER DAYS

Paris Texas

I'ma fuck it up, uh, she know I'm a savage
Keepin' it a buck, uh, shawty such a bad bitch
I just want the green, green, lettuce roman cabbage
What the fuck you think? Uh, tryna get established
I'ma fuck it up, uh, she know I'm a savage
I just want the green, uh, lettuce roman cabbage
We gon' make it pop, uh, bring the roman candles
They gon' bring the pump? I ain't, I ain't taking damage

Almost got hit twice today
Fuck a close call, I'm okay
I've seen better days
I've seen better days
Drivin' on the interstate
Head against that windowpane
Tryin' to get away
Tryin' to get away
Don't touch my team fortress, uh
Pray on my misfortune, uh
'Til I make a fortune, uh
Don't think I'm that fortunate
Life's a box with swords in it
Magic need stones sorcererish
Walk in the room, they felt it, uh
Walk in the room I melt it, uh
If I die, please celebrate
No demise on my decay
I've seen better days
I've seen better days
If I die before I wake
No demise on my decay
I've seen better days
I've seen better days