

For The Better

Rich Amiri

All these bands make my head hurt
All the gas 'til my lungs black
Drugs 'posed to make it better
She keep askin' where the love at
Really don't know what to tell her
You miss the old me, but fuck that
I'm movin' on for the better

Smokin' on gas 'til my head hurt
Don't gotta stay, if she wanna leave then I'ma let her
But my lil' baby cannot end of me, I swear we tethered
What I said before I left her
I had to grow out my feathers
I went and pulled up and blessed her
Heart cold, it ain't December
Chop give that boy a check-up
Chop hit him from the neck up
Lost, but I'm tryna get up
Lost, but I'm tryna get up
I'm just tryna get my bread up
If that boy talkin', we get down, smacked up by Berettas
They say that I'm in my glow, I'm really up in the shows
I got way too many hoes, had to let some of 'em go, oh
AMG, pushin' to start, you know that we hittin' road
I'm way too high off this gas, lil' bitch, I'm high off this dro
Really been up since a jit, I get a rack and spend on my fit, I'm him
I'm here just talkin' my shit, you see the Prada, Margiela my kicks, uh-huh
Lil' bitch had a show on the flip, might as well tell her, her nigga my kid,
uh-huh
Wock' in this pint, this shit real, you can just tell by the way that it sti
ck, uh-huh

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(I'm movin' on for the better)
I'm movin' on for the better, yeah (Uh, uh)
I'm movin' on for the better, yeah (Uh, uh)
I'm movin' on for the better, yeah (Uh, uh)
I'm movin' on for the better, yeah, uh