

Better Days

The Game

Been holding this pain inside for so long
though the rain never goes away
they say I should leave these streets behind me
but its so hard to escape,
oh lord please send me an angel
to lead me out of this place,
send me a away,
far away
to better days,

the first thing I wanna do is say wat up to TI,
king of the south, now everybody see why,
im just driving and thinking why I survived here,
and I aint seen dre and eminem in 5 years,
that sound shady right,
i live a crazy life,
so many black thoughts I had to paint the mercedes white,
I can tell you about the rims but I aint here for that,
going out like big and pac I fear for that,
take this lambo and put 6 holes in it,
shatter the glass and leave my body exposed in it,
lift the doors up and let all my demons out,
and I can see my brother now cos thats what i been dreaming bout,
i aint thinking bout bitches or pulling beemers out,
im thinking bout my son safety everytime they leave the house,
i know how to make it out the hood i seen the route,
and heres the proof me venus and serena out,

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im sitting on these stairs at this church,
bout to start a verse
and somewhere in the world somebody about to start a hoarse,
tell me who inside it, whos son is that,
and how he get there, now tell me who gun is that,
i aint saying confess definietly aint saying snitch,
but if you kiled the n-gga help his momma dig his ditch,
im from the hood where n-gga gotta keep their gun cocked,
kids wear dre beats to stop the sound of gun shots,
but at least they got the dre beats cos kids in africa aint even got shoes o
n they feet,
and i seen it on my own eyes at the same time I picking flys off my own eyes
,
can you feel that, if you can hear them buzzing,
you can feel the pain of Mike Tyson and his baby mother,
they lost there baby daughter and she was only 3
she never got a chance to blossom on the family tree,

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We got a new president and I love that he black,
but Imma ask him like bush, where the soldiers at?
now move the camera to new orleans where the soldiers at,
the water dried up well n-gga do you know they clap
we all juveniles we all been through some trials,
and some tribulations, Im in this booth pacing,
what do I say next, should I talk about some cars
or the next chapter of my life and show you all my scars,
or my bullet wounds and my stab wounds,
cant show you I covered them up with tattoos,
i cant do nothing but spit the truth,
on probation smoking drink patron before I hit the booth,
you making songs for the clubs while n-ggas drinking,
i make em for the ride home when n-ggas stinking,
one minute you here, next minute sh-t is tragic,
and its a Jim Johnsin track now fill this stack

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