

# Better Days

YN Jay

(Marc Boomin, this you?)  
Man, free Rio, man

Every day, I'm praying for them better days  
Me and my bitch had to separate  
I get so high like I elevate  
I was probably thinking 'bout them M's, they say letter pays  
Fan sent the money to my P.O. box, they say letter pays  
Damn, I was just broke, it feel like yesterday  
I just made a hundred in a week, it took seven days  
Bitch, I taught myself to ride a bike, you gotta pedal straight  
I don't need a scale to eyeball, you gotta measure weight  
I just thought about me at the top, I had to meditate  
I just drunk a whole pint of lean, I had to medicate  
I just left my bitch where she stand, we had to separate  
I just pulled up in a Transformer, it disintegrate  
I remember I was feelin' good, now I'm feelin' great

Nigga, you ain't really got no gun, you intimidate  
I just pulled up in a fast car, it's a getaway  
If I ever have to catch a body, I'ma get away  
Even when I put my smile on her, I was feelin' pain  
Is the love real from the people I ain't see in a while? It ain't been the same  
Everybody looking, got me feeling strange  
Everybody really wasn't there, now they there, they want—  
Want a piece of change  
You gotta start with yourself, you wanna see the change  
Young nigga walkin' through the storm, I ain't see the rain  
Life shit real, gotta win, you can't lose, gotta beat the game  
Where the fuck the boss? I defeat the game

Alright, I ain't never go to school, but I still made it out  
Chillin' on Miami on the beach with my ankles out  
Got the Gucci slides on with my toes out  
Seen all my bitches that I fucked in one day, all my hoes out  
Boy, you havin' baby mama problems, put your clothes out  
Beat a nigga ass in the club, punch your nose out  
I remember days when I thought it was all over, it was all good  
Havin' shootouts at block parties, it was all hoods  
Oh, you talkin' 'bout like mixed together?  
Rolling big dookies in the club, it was all 'Woods  
I was makin' plays, bitch, I had to bounce back like basketball  
Big gun, bitch go boom like cannonball  
Nigga tell a story in his raps, why you cappin', dog?  
I be goin' crazy in the booth, why you snappin', dog?  
People ain't believe in me, used to tell me, "Why you rappin', dog?"  
How the fuck you make it to the top? I was stackin', dog  
I just hit the yeah with the ah, I was slappin' dog

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