

## W.C. "Better Days"

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[WC]

Nineteen-ninety-eight, damn I can't believe it  
Whoever thought, throughout the drama, we'd live to  
see it

So many of us done lost lives to the streets  
As we reminisce I'm pourin liquor for the deceased  
Thinkin bout the times that I spent with many of em  
Hopin that the Lord let me see the millenium  
Trapped in this ghetto main, seekin better days  
Fightin for my conscience, tryin to shake these wicked  
ways

I know it's wrong but it's hard to change  
All my life, all I ever knew was hustle and game  
Lookin for answers ever since I was a adolescent  
Faced with rejection, early age stressin  
But now ten years later with doodoo respect  
I'm bustin million dollar raps and six digit checks  
Showin love to my peeps and my love don't change  
Here's a toast to you fakes, huh, here's to better days

[Ron Banks]

Might sound strange, but I just can't run away  
I can't run, run, it might sound strange  
but I just can't run away  
I can't run, no, run away

[WC]

Touch a meal ticket, shake a spot for good  
Never, I still got love for the neighborhood  
And even though now it's infested with gunplay  
on most days like Bootsy I can't stay away  
Cause if I shook like y'all shook on me  
Then whose gon' stay and guide the way for the lil  
homies?

I can't turn my head on my folks  
so I stay visible in these streets and try to give hope  
Born in the ghetto, raised in the ghetto  
Got love for the ghetto, I can't forget the ghetto  
How come everytime we get some change in our can  
we run away and try to move out as far as we can?  
I know that jealousy's the devil's greed but you worse  
than a devil when you turn your back on these young  
G's  
Now feel every word that I say, hear my cry

as I struggle out of thirst and search for better days  
[Ron Banks]  
Might sound strange, but I just can't run away  
I can't run, run, run away!  
Said I just can't run away  
I can't run, run, run away  
No I just can't run away  
I can't run, run, runnnnnn away!

[WC]

Another day another dollar, it feels good to look  
around  
and see I'm surrounded by real riders  
Childhood comrades I ran with for years  
Shared the same beer and tears over the same peers  
Player haters swearin that all we all G's  
off each others strength with these, regulates the  
same cheese  
No jealousy we all family like Sister Sledge  
Lace each other with game, so I can spin beer cans  
Watch our kids grow together, as we get old together  
Loc I mean this, let no one come in between this  
Keep our business among us, behind doors and eyes  
closed  
on those we consider as foes  
Outsiders never exposed to your hustle  
Plus I'm, never been one likely to trust em  
No negative association, just dedication  
to watch our paper sprout like this bud mutation

[Ron Banks]

Might sound strange, but I just can't run away  
I can't run, run, run away!  
No I just can't run away  
I can't run, I can't runnnnnnn away!  
No I just can't run away  
I can't run run run run runnnnnn away!

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