

WC f/ Jon B. "Better Days"

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{*Jon B. harmonizing*}

[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
Think about 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

[Chorus: Jon B.]

It might sound strange
But I
Just, can't, run away
I just can't run
I never can't run (Run away)
It might sound strange
But I
Just, can't, run away
I never can run away
Yeah
Yeah, yeah

[Verse 2]

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

[Repeat Chorus]

[Jon B.]
It might sound strange
But I
Just, can't, run away
I just can't run
I never can't run (Run away)
It might sound strange

[Verse 3]
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

[Repeat Chorus]

[Jon B.] + {WC in background}
I, can't (I don't wanna run) {I can't run}
I never can't run (I wanna sleep right here) {I can't run}
I, can't (I don't wanna run) {I can't run}
I never can't run (I wanna stay right here) {Jon B.}
I, can't (I don't wanna run) {WC}
I never can't run (Wanna live the good life) {Johnny J.}
I, can't (I don't wanna run)
I never can't run (Don't wanna run)
I, can't {Killin' in the streets}
I never can't run {The streets made me}
I, can't {Hoo-rider stay true to the streets}
I never can't run
I, can't {Money can't buy that}
I never can't run (I never can't run)
I, can't
I never can't run (No)
I, can't
I never can't run (No, no) {I can't run}
I, can't
I never can't run
I never can't run

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