

Game "Better Days"

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[Chorus:]

Been holdin' this pain inside for so long
Though the rain never goes away
They say I should leave these streets behind me
But it's so hard to escape
Oh lord please send me an angel

To lead me out of this place
Take me awwaaayyyy
Away, far away to better days

[Verse 1:]

First thing I want to do is say what up to T.I.
King of the south now everybody see why
I'm just driving and thinking how I survived here
And I ain't seen Dre and Eminem in five years

That sounds Shady right, I live a crazy life
So many black thoughts I had to paint the mercedes
white
I could tell you about the rims but I ain't here for that
Goin' out like Big and Pac I fear for that
Take this lambo and put six 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 cause that's what I've
been dreamin' bout
I ain't thinking bout bitches and pulling beamers out

I'm thinking about my sons safety everytime they leave
the house
I know how to make it out the hood, I've seen the route
And heres the proof, me, Venus and Serina out

[Chorus:]

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[Verse 2:]

I'm sitting on these stairs at this church bout to start a
verse
And somewhere in the world somebody bout to start a
hearse
Tell me who inside it, who son is that

And how he get there now tell me who gun was that
I ain't saying confessed definitely ain't saying snitch
But if you killed the nigga, help his mamma dig his
ditch
I'm from a hood were niggas gotta keep there gun
cocked
And kids were Dre beats to stop the sound of gunshots

But at least they got the Dre beats
Cause kids in africa ain't even got shoes on they feet
And I've seen it with my own eyes

At the same time I'm picking flies off my own eyes
Can you feel that, if you can hear them buzzing
You can feel the pain in Mike Tyson and his baby
mother
They lost their baby daughter and she was only three
She never got a chance to blossom on the family tree

[Chorus:]

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[Verse 3:]

We got a new president and I love that he black

But I'm a ask him like Bush, were the soldiers at?
Now move the camera to New Orleans were the
soldiers at
The water dried up well nigga do you know your clap
We all juveniles, we all been through some trials
And some tribulations, I'm in this booth pacin'
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
I can't show you I covered 'em up with tattoos

I can't do nothing but spit the truth
On probation smoking, drink patron before I hit the
booth
You makin' songs for the club when niggas drinking
I'm make 'em for the ride home, when niggas thinking
One minute you here, next minute shit is tragic
And this a Jim Jonsin track now feel the static

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