

## Game

# "Better On The Other Side"

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[Diddy talking]

I remember the first time I seen you moonwalk,  
I believed I could do anything,  
you made the world dance,  
you made the music come to life

[Chris Brown - Chorus]

This the type of song that make the angels cry,  
I look up in the sky and I wonder why?  
why you had to go, go  
I know it's better on the other side,  
you were chosen from the start  
never gon let you go,

[The Game]

Whose Michael Jackson?  
You're Michael Jackson,  
I'm Michael Jackson,  
We all Michael Jackson,  
I guess what I'm asking is, everybody bow their head  
for a legend,  
don't breathe for a second,  
now let the air out, grab the hand of somebody you  
care about,  
so you can hear my message, my confession,  
someone tell Usher,  
I seen the moonwalk, I guess the young thriller touched  
him,  
like he touched me, like he touched you,  
so carry on his legacy, something i must do,  
and I trust you lighting candles, concrete visuals,  
me and my brothers listen to Jackson 5 in the living  
room,  
first thing i did when i heard was call puff,  
cos him and Mike tried to stop the beef between us,  
who was us? Me and fifty, that beef is dead,  
him and Mike Jackson gonna take us to the ledge.

[Chris Brown - Chorus]

This the type of song that make the angels cry,  
I look up in the sky and i wonder why?  
why you had to go, go

I know it's better on the other side,  
you were chosen from the start

never gon let you go,

As I'm pouring out this liquor candles start to flicker,  
when list my air ones, MJ was my nigger.  
Not the one that play ball, the one with the hollywood  
star,  
and since I'm a Hollywood star Imma tell you my story,  
never had a family that close,  
never see Berry Gordy walking through Interscope,  
but just like me, they always had Mike in a scope,  
no matter what you say,  
imma love him and hes still dope,  
let me take you back to '85 when i was in a zone,  
dancing for my momma, 'Thriller' jacket with all the  
zippers on,  
now im doing 90 bout to crash in this Aston,  
listening to Outcast, I'm sorry Mrs Jackson  
anything I can ever do to better you your son was our  
king  
so we wont Corretta you,  
I'm writing this letter to all the Jackson kids, we all  
Jackson kids,  
time to let us through.

[Chris Brown - Chorus]

This the type of song that make the angels cry,  
I look up in the sky and i wonder why?  
why you had to go, go  
I know it's better on the other side,  
you were chosen from the start  
never gon let you go,

[Boys II Men]

This the kind of song that make the angels cry,  
look up in the sky and ask God, why o why why  
Do we live and let die  
This the kind of song that make the angels cry,  
look up in the sky and ask God, why o why why  
Do we live and let, live and let die.

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