

## Joe Budden "Better Me"

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[Intro: Joe Budden]

I hear what nigga's sayin'.  
Nigga's gonna' talk to me like...  
Like when I come on the plane an' shit, Louie's on.  
When I sit out in front of the muh'fuckin' plane wit' the  
daily news wit' my legs crossed an' shit.  
Wanna' act like I ain't earn my seat, when I'm watchin'  
muh'fuckas walk to the back an' shit, when it's Coach.  
You Pat Riley in that shit, nigga.

[Verse 1: Joe Budden]

Look here

Look, look...

I get a ghetto gospel  
Only right considerin' the ghetto was my hostile.  
Memory is gone, but I'm recallin' all through highschool  
Even at my lowest, I was sittin' on my highstool;  
That's what bein' high do.  
If I couldn't do shit, was always able ta' toke  
They tol' me that a nigga die 'fore I was able ta' vote.  
'Prolly 'cause me an' my constituents  
An' all the shit we did  
The MRI couldn't tell you what the issue is.  
Wit' my treason came a cause that I believed in  
Is it really wrong if a nigga got a reason?  
At times I had ta' take doe  
Nigga did whatever for a peso  
Bein' from the hood'll be my scapegoat.  
A "can it be", 'cause I wasn't born into a canopy  
Maybe I was prone to fallin' in love wit' vanity.  
Tell me shit'chu reap is the shit'chu sow  
Tell God I'm better than the shit I show  
I gotta grow, c'mon.

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Joe Budden]

Whoa...

Now look...

Now niggas say I floss too much  
So... has he changed?  
'Cause I don't think that thousand-dollar T cost too  
much.  
All they should say is that he strong  
Came out the fire unscathed, ye', I carried on  
Lu Vuitton carry on.  
[??] wit' my blessing's at a delay  
Now ta' lace my chick in [??] is sorta' cliché.  
Plane ain't gonn' ever land, less it's in the Netherlands  
Twenty on that goldface, Breitling wit' the leather band.  
Ask for a better hand  
I tried collidin' wit my problems, ye', I never ran  
That'll make me less a man.  
I ain't go from not havin' it ta' bein' arrogant  
I dreamt, went grabbin' it, jus' bein' passionate.  
Some niggas get complaints an' why...  
Dude's is newborn birds, jus' afraid ta' fly.  
If you're foot's on the breaks, can't ride.  
Me, I spread my wings, inhale an' embrace that high!  
[Hook]  
[Verse 3: Joe Budden]

Give it away, give it away, give it away now [x3]

Look, look, look...

Part of me was gruesome  
I ain't changed, I grew some  
An' if I did change, I welcomed that shit to come.  
Dudes that smoked trees wit' me  
Dudes that used ta' be wit' me  
They say I switched up on 'em an' did a three-sixty.  
'Cause I don't burn it down  
But to me it's commonsense -  
You wann' see the otherside, gott' turn aroun'.  
Show 'em your game face -  
I tell 'em we was on the same track, but wasn't runnin'  
that same race.  
Weighin' in the same space, but I ain't gonn' change  
pace  
Some' won't let me slowdown, I can't explain fate.  
So don't say I went from broke ta' booshie  
I'm far from highend I jus' know what suits me,  
muh'fucka.  
[Hook]

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