

Makaveli

"Better Dayz"

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Lookin for these better dayz
Better dayz heeey better dayz, got me thinkin bout
better dayz
Better dayz. better dayz, better dayz
Heeey better dayz, got me thinkin bout better dayz

Time 2 question our lifestyle look how we live
Smokin weed like it aint no thang
So even kids wanna try now
Then lie down and get ran through
Nobody watches, I'm clockin a evil man do
Faced wit the demons and addicted to hearin victims
screamin
Cuz we was evil since birth product of cursed semons
Cuz even our birthdays is cursed days
A born thug in the first place the worst ways
I love to see the block in peace
Wit no more dealers and crooked cops the only way to
stop the beast
And only we can change
Its up to us to clean up the streets it aint the same
Too many murders, too many funerals and too many
tears
Just seen another brother buried plus i knew him for
years
Pass by his family but what can I say?
Keep your head up and try to keep the faith, and pray
for better dayz

(Chorus)
Better dayz better dayz
Heeey better dayz
Thinkin bout better dayz
Better dayz better dayz better dayz
Heeey better dayz
Got me thinkin bout better dayz

Thinkin back as an adolescent
Who would have guessed that in my future years
I'd be stressin
Some say the ghetto sick and corrupted
Plus my P-O wont let me hang wit the brothas i grew up

wit
Try to keep my head up and stay strong
All my homies slangin yayo all day long
But they wrong
So Im solo and so broke
Savin up for some Jordans cuz they dope
I gotta girl and I love her but she broke 2
So am I
I cant take her to the places she wanna go 2
So we argue and play fight
All day and night
Makin passion and love to the daylight
Plus we about to get evicted
Cant pay the rent
Guess its time to see who really is your friend
Tell me your pregnant and Im amazed
So many blessings while we stressin
Lookin for them better dayz

(Chorus X2)

Now me and you was real cruel
Hell on them square fools
Since back in high school you was true me and you
Already parted and seperated and stay faded
Affiliated wit gang bangers and still made it
Up in the gym mess wit me gotta mess wit him
Still dressin like grown men and rollin
Out in the dark smokin newports gave me marks
Gotta place in my heart
Homie stay smart
Locked you up in the pen and gave you 3 to ten
I send you letters with nekkid flicks of old friends
Hopin you well I know its hell doin time in the cell
You need mail when you in jail
And me Im doin cool
I set to town had a family
Work in the night school
Every once in a while I reminisce
And wunder how we ever came to this
I miss the better dayz

(Chorus repeat till end)

I send this one out
To all the homeboys down in Clinton, Rikers Island
All them dudes I was all locked up with
E block F block and H
N, I, and C in Rikers Island
Downstate
All the peoples I met along the way
Better dayz is comin home so keep ya head up

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