

Mamas & The Papas

"Better Days"

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[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
Thinkin bout 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

[Ron Banks]

Might sound strange, but I just can't run away
I can't run, run, it might sound strange
but I just can't run away
I can't run, no, run away

[WC]

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

[Ron Banks]

Might sound strange, but I just can't run away
I can't run, run, run away!
Said I just can't run away
I can't run, run, run away
No I just can't run away
I can't run, run, runnnnnn away!

[WC]

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

[Ron Banks]

Might sound strange, but I just can't run away
I can't run, run, run away!
No I just can't run away
I can't run, I can't runnnnnnn away!
No I just can't run away
I can't run run run run runnnnnn away!

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