Usher "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 sky Never gon let you go,

[The Game] Whos Michael Jackson, Your 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, so 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. [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 sky Never gon let you go, As I'm pouring out this liquor candles start to flicker, When list my air ones, MJ was my nier.

Not the one that play ball, the one with the hollywood star,

And since I'm a hollywood star I'm gonna tell you my story,

Never had a family that close, never see Barry Gordy walking through interscope,

Just like me they always had Mike in a scope,

No matter what you say,

I'm gonna love him and he's 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 I'm 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.

[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 sky Never gon let you go,

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