

Saigon "Better Way"

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Hey, hey, it's Lil' Lay', Saigon, Just Blaze
Just out here in the field man, tryin' to make these ends
meet
You know? Every time you look around it's some shit
goin' down
Man, we tryin' to make a better way

Saigon, talk to 'em, man
Tell 'em how we tryin to do this, man

Check, my heart is hurtin' and my soul's searchin' for a
better way
I was born in Mooseknuckle where the kid was led
astray
Then I moved to B.K., where I fell in love with guns
Fast forward six years later, I'm a felon on the run with
one

Renegade Run was my alias
And even when I was whylin', the 'gon was a Don like
Cornelius
Them hoes used to chase me around
None of my niggas surprised, I got models givin' face
to me now

That I roll with a super producer plus keep the booth in
a stupor
That's your dog? Call him for a meetin' is
[Incomprehensible]
I try to put all of my trouble-makin' days behind me
But it seem like them fuckers always find some way to
find me

I never thought that Just Blaze would sign me
(Why?)
'Cause he know that I fight a lot
And he know my Nation is rangin' grimy
(Yeah)

That's how I know that nigga for real
Took a chance on givin' a trill nigga a deal

Although we thuggin' and we be buggin'
We do be tryin' to find a better way
(Tryin' to find a better way)
And I'd be lyin' if I said
That we wasn't tryin to keep our pockets paid
(Tryin' to keep our pockets, paid)

Although we grindin' we on the grind
And cause we tryin' to reach our destiny
(Tryin' to reach our destiny kid)

Whether it's hell
(It's hell)
Whether it's jail
(It's jail)
Or it's the cover of the double X L

I never thought rhymin' would help me climb the ladder
of success
Niggas thought by now that I woulda took the Magnum
to the chest
Or have the staggerin' arrest record for dabblin' in this
I knew I shouldn'ta been in since I'm fresh up out the
pen

But N, O, spell 'No' sucka, I kill 'em with the flow, fucka
You could compare me to no other
I'm so scared of my temper, what if somebody try me?
What if I gotta prove that I still use the shotty?

Atlantic Records would dropped me, police is gon'
knock me
Them bitches is gon' laugh at me, the haters is gon'
party
And I'll be back in the yard
With old timers callin' me a goddamn fool for clappin'
ratchets at y'all

I'm tellin' you this, so you know I'm fully aware
And very mindful that I will throw away my career
And let one of you little bitch niggas step in my square
And I'll show you, I keep the weapon right here, aiyyo
Belly, come here

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Check it, look
I'm hardly never low-key, so it's hard to get to know me
Got enemies in the street that's still targetin' to smoke
me
It must make 'em sick to see me in [Incomprehensible]
in the movie
Wait 'til they start spendin' money to market and
promote me

Why would y'all wanna stop me?
I changed my life around, put the rifle down
Niggas still plottin' to Big and 'Pac me
But on the contrilly, I'm packin' the mac-milly
And clappin' at the first lil' faggot that act silly

It was my destiny to be here
I killed the mixtapes for three years, all original beats
so be clear
And as fuckin' fate would have it
I got connected with the best producer in the world
So we can go in and make a classic

So when will you learn? I get deep without the Biblical
terms
We livin' in hell with no physical burn
That's why a nigga tryin' to find a better way
And sayin' hi to tomorrow, goodbye to yesterday

Although we thuggin' and we be buggin'
We do be tryin' to find a better way
(Tryin' to find a better way)
And I'd be lyin' if I said
That we wasn't tryin' to keep our pockets paid
(Tryin' to keep our pockets, paid)

Although we grindin' we on the grind
And cause we tryin' to reach our destiny
(Tryin' to reach our destiny kid)

Whether it's hell
(It's hell)

Whether it's jail
(It's jail)
Or it's the cover of the double X L

Whether it's hell, whether it's jail
Or it's the cover of the XXL
Whether it's hell, whether it's jail
Or it's the cover of the XXL

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