

## Better Way

Saigon

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 niggaz 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, or we're meetin is ?  
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 XXL!

I never thought rhymin would help me climb the ladder of success  
Niggaz 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 niggaz step in my square  
And I'll show you I keep the weapon right here, aiiyo Belly come here!

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 as godly ? 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, niggaz still plottin to Big and  
d '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

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