Better Way

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 would 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, aiyyo 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

Saigon

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 an 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 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!