

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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