Better Days

So many of us done lost lives to the streets As we reminisce I'm pourin liquor for the deceased Thinkin bout the times that I spent with many of em Hopin that the Lord let me see the millenium Trapped in this ghetto main, seekin better days Fightin for my conscience, tryin to shake these wicked ways I know it's wrong but it's hard to change All my life, all I ever knew was hustle and game Lookin for answers ever since I was a adolescent Faced with rejection, early age stressin But now ten years later with doodoo respect I'm bustin million dollar raps and six digit checks Showin love to my peeps and my love don't change Here's a toast to you fakes, huh, here's to better days

Might sound strange, but I just can't run away I can't run, run, it might sound strange but I just can't run away I can't run, no, run away

Touch a meal ticket, shake a spot for good Never, I still got love for the neighborhood And even though now it's infested with gunplay on most days like Bootsy I can't stay away Cause if I shook like y'all shook on me Then whose gon' stay and guide the way for the lil homies? I can't turn my head on my folks so I stay visible in these streets and try to give hope Born in the ghetto, raised in the ghetto Got love for the ghetto, I can't forget the ghetto How come everytime we get some change in our can we run away and try to move out as far as we can? I know that jealousy's the devil's greed but you worse

than a devil when you turn your back on these young G's Now feel every word that I say, hear my cry as I struggle out of thirst and search for better days

Might sound strange, but I just can't run away I can't run, run, run away! Said I just can't run away I can't run, run, run away No I just can't run away I can't run, run, runnnnn away!

Another day another dollar, it feels good to look around and see I'm surrounded by real riders Childhood comrades I ran with for years Shared the same beer and tears over the same peers Player haters swearin that all we all G's off each others strength with these, regulates the same cheese No jealousy we all family like Sister Sledge Lace each other with game, so I can spin beer cans Watch our kids grow together, as we get old together Loc I mean this, let no one come in between this Keep our business among us, behind doors and eyes closed on those we consider as foes Outsiders never exposed to your hustle Plus I'm, never been one likely to trust em No negative association, just dedication to watch our paper sprout like this bud mutation

Might sound strange, but I just can't run away I can't run, run, run away! No I just can't run away I can't run, I can't runnnnnn away! No I just can't run away I can't run run run runnnnnn away! Sha