

# Better Me

## Joe Budden

[Intro: Joe Budden]I hear what nigga's sayin'.

Nigga's gonna' talk to me like...

Like when I come on the plane an' shit, Louie's on.

When I sit out in front of the muh'fuckin' plane wit' the daily news wit' my legs crossed an' shit.

Wanna' act like I ain't earn my seat, when I'm watchin' muh'fuckas walk to the back an' shit, when it's Coach.

You Pat Riley in that shit, nigga.

[Verse 1: Joe Budden]Look here,

Look, look...

I get a ghetto gospel

Only right considerin' the ghetto was my hostile.

Memory is gone, but I'm recallin' all through highschool

Even at my lowest, I was sittin' on my high stool;

That's what bein' high do.

If I couldn't do shit, was always able ta' toké

They tol' me that a nigga die 'fore I was able ta' vote.

'Prolly 'cause me an' my constituents

An' all the shit we did

The MRI couldn't tell you what the issue is.

Wit' my treason came a cause that I believed in

Is it really wrong if a nigga got a reason?

At times I had ta' take doe

Nigga did whatever for a peso

Bein' from the hood'll be my scapegoat.

A "can it be", 'cause I wasn't born into a canopy

Maybe I was prone ta' fallin' in love wit' vanity.

Tell me shit'chu reap is the shit'chu sow

Tell God I'm better than the shit I show

I gotta grow, c'mon.

[Hook][Verse 2: Joe Budden]Whoa...

Now look...

Now niggas say I floss too much

So... has he changed?

'Cause I don't think that thousand-dollar T cost too much.

All they should say is that he strong

Came out the fire unscathed, ye', I carried on

Lu Vuitton carry on.

?? wit' my blessing's at a delay

Now ta' lace my chick in ?? is sorta' cliché

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