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' toke
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' clich

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