

Better Days (Feat. Ron Banks From The Dramatics)

WC

featuring Ron Banks (from The Dramatics)[WC]

Nineteen-ninety-eight, damn I can't believe it

Whoever thought, throughout the drama, we'd live to see it

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 millennium

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[Ron Banks]

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[WC]

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[Ron Banks]

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, runnnnnnn away![WC]
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[Ron Banks]
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 runnnnnnn away!
No I just can't run away
I can't run run run run runnnnnnn away

Songwriters

WILLIAMS,ROBERT PETER/CHAMBERS,GUYPublished by

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