

Better Than (feat. Maino & Kaydence)

Joell Ortiz

Better ThanJoell OrtizCoulda been still up in the hood
Shakin' up, stickin', stickin' up
Anyone that would come through [?]
I was livin' up, middle finger up
Still don't give a fuck 'bout it man
It's [?]
So I'm livin' better now
Coogi sweater now
Drop top the Benz
I'm the man girlfriend
So when they ask me how I do
I'm doin better
I'm doin better than I should
I know they all had me counted out
Gettin' all that illegal money, I would count it out
In front of a corner bodega, I was down and out
With a gun on my waist for the haters I would shout it out
"FUCK THE WORLD!" from the loudest mouth
And I meant every word of that, and that's without a doubt
Everyday it would never changed, just the same old thing
Tryna come up with different ways for me to scrape some change
Ramen noodles, beef patties from right up the block
Chicken wings, French fries from the Chinese spot
Good smoke, plastic cup filled up to the top
And dice games that I would stick up if I lost a lot
Say what y'all wanna say that's just how I was
Before this music popped, I was a different Yaowa cuz
Like, where you from? Who you know? Where you goin'?
Thank God that I can flow
I daydreamed about this on the stairs
With good weed smoke cloudin' up the hallway air
Brown paper bag coverin' the strongest beer
In my project lobby, now my lobby got a concierge
I remember all the winters troopin' up the ave
Snow was everywhere, I'm tryin' not to bust my ass
Walk the furthest from the curb cause with the luck I had
That disgusting splash used to soak me when the bus would pass
Now the bus look like an ant when I'm takin' flight
And I could turn a boring day into a Vegas night

From that pint of E&J that I would chase with Sprite
To them pretty bottles of Ros   on the way with lights
I fantasized now i'm livin' out my fantasy
I know them haters mad at me like, "Yo how can this be?"
I fucked two bad bitches in a row
Everyday I thank God that I can flow Thank God I found heaven yup
Peace sign, that's me throwin' my blessings up
Coulda been in that cell, prayin' they let me up
Daydreamin' 'bout being free, not missin' [?]
Coulda been six feet, deep in a hole
Trapped in the game, the devil after my soul
Coulda been in back of the car traffickin' blow
But I'm lion-hearted, I found the yellow brick road
Now it's plenty liquor, singles for these strippers
Goddamn right if she dime, I'm gon lick her
Young dope boys they screamin' I'm that nigga
Ten bad bitches, me and my niggas
Thinkin' back on my worst days
Now we sip champagne when we thirsty, hey!
I guess I'm livin' like I should
When they ask me how I'm doin, I say, "Better than good"[
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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