

# Better Than (Feat. Maino And 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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