Better Me

Steven Cooper

I've been sitting right here
locked in my room all through the night, trying to write
every second of my life in this mic
it's been a fight, just to get 'em to listen and pay attention
punching 'till my knuckles are bleeding, ain't made dent
not to mention, ain't got a dollar to my name
just living gig to gig, straight caught up in the fame
sleeping in my car, hoping to sell a disc
'cause you're wanting it so bad you're tasting it on your lips
get a pen and paint a picture
of the pain and pull the ladder
of this pitter patter, people poking jabs
oh well, it doesn't matter
'cause this hurt won't all be forever
I'm keeping my head high and hoping for the better
when everything's down and out, under the weather
and every first round you're out, stuck in the shredder
yeah, claim to have friends but they're never around
so you keep moving on, one man and a crowdthis is my day, this is my night
this is my pain, this is my life
this is what I was born to do
I was born to do
every new day, every new night
every new stage, every new fight
this is what I was born to do
I was born to dothis is what I'm made for
every single moment that I'm living I can feel it on the stage flooryou don't know the half of half of what I've given
to make it up to this level, every day at home spitting
every day alone wishing, while every roads shifting
and every cold wind is getting heavy, road slipping
every day, might be your last chance to make it
every day I'm seeing less cash on the bank slip
grasp and get anxious, rap like it's ancient
give them something that they've never had from this basement
show them what you're made of, just tell 'em straight up
you can go and take on the world, what you afraid of?
yes, it's right around the bend
it's a first round knockout, let the rounds begin

no need to count to ten, we can count the win
and you can count on me to knock out every sound I'm in

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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