

Better Dayz (Ft. Mr. Biggs)

2Pac

Lookin' for these better days
Better days, heyy! Better days
Got me thinkin' bout better days
Better days! Better days, better days
Hey! Better days
Got me thinkin' bout better days
Time to question our lifestyle, look how we live
Smokin' weed like it ain't no thang, so even kids
Wanna try now, they lie down and get ran through
Nobody watches 'em clockin' the evil man do
Faced with the demons, addicted to hearin' victims screamin'
Guess we was evil since birth, product of cursed semens
'Cause even our birthdays is cursed days
A born thug in the first place, the worst ways
I'd love to see the block in peace
With no more dealers and crooked cops, the only way to stop the beast
And only we can change
It's up to us to clean up the streets, it ain't the same
Too many murders, too many funerals and too many tears
Just seen another brother buried plus I knew him for years
Passed by his family, but what could I say?
Keep yo' head up and try to keep the faith
And pray for better days
Better days, better days, hey!
Better days, got me thinkin' about better days
Better days, better days, better days
Hey! Better days
Got me thinkin' about better days
Thinkin' back as an adolescent, who would've guessed
That in my future years, I'd be stressin'
Some say the ghetto's sick and corrupted
Plus my P.O. won't let me hang with the brothers I grew up with
Tryin' to keep my head up and stay strong
All my homies slangin' llello all day long, but they wrong
So I'm solo and so broke
Savin' up for some Jordan's, 'cause they dope
I got a girl and I love her but she broke too, and so am I
I can't take her to the place she wanna go to
So we argue and play fight, all day and night
Makin' passionate love 'til the daylight
Plus we about to get evicted, can't pay the rent
Guess it's time to see who really is yo' friend

Tell me you pregnant and I'm amazed
 So many blessings while we stressin'
 Lookin for them better days(Lookin' for better)
 Better days, better days hey!
 Better days (Oh better days)
 Thinkin' bout better days (I'm lookin for better)
 Better days, better days, better days
 Hey! Better days (Better days)
 Got me thinkin bout better days (Oh)Now me and you was real cool, hell on them square fools
 Since back in high school, we was true, me and you
 Hardly parted or seperated, we stayed faded
 Affiliated with gangbangers and still made it
 Up in the gym, mess with me, gotta mess with him
 Still dressin' like grown men when rollin'
 I went to dark, smokin Newports, gamin' marks
 Got a place in my heart, homey stay smart
 Locked you up in the pen, and gave you three to ten
 I send you letters with naked flicks of old friends
 Hopin' you well, I know it's hell
 Doin time in the cells, you need mail, when you in jail
 And me I'm doin' cool
 I settled down, had a family, workin' in night school
 Every once in a while, I reminisce
 And wonder how we ever came to this
 I miss the better days(Lookin' for better)
 Better days, better days, hey!
 (Better days) Thinkin' bout better days
 Better days, better days, better days
 Hey! Better days
 Got me thinkin bout better daysI send this one out,
 To all the homeboys down in uh, Clinton lockdown
 Rikers Island, all them dudes I was uh locked up with,
 E Block, F Block, lower H
 N-I-C in Rikers Island,
 Downstate
 All the peoples I met along the way
 Better days is comin' homeboy, keep your head upBetter days, better days,
 Lookin for the better days hey
 Better days, hm better days, lookin for the better daysBetter days, better days,
 Lookin for the better days hey
 (Better days)

Songwriters

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