

# Better Way (feat. Layzie Bone)

## Saigon

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Hey, hey, it's Lil' Lay', Saigon, Just Blaze  
Just out here in the field man, tryin' to make these ends meet  
You know? Every time you look around it's some shit goin' down  
Man, we tryin' to make a better way Saigon, talk to 'em, man  
Tell 'em how we tryin to do this, man Check, my heart is hurtin' and my soul's searchin' for a better way  
I was born in Mooseknuckle where the kid was led astray  
Then I moved to B.K., where I fell in love with guns  
Fast forward six years later, I'm a felon on the run with one Renegade Run was my alias  
And even when I was whylin', the 'gon was a Don like Cornelius  
Them hoes used to chase me around  
None of my niggas surprised, I got models givin' face to me now That I roll with a super producer plus keep the  
booth in a stupor  
That's your dog? Call him for a meetin' is [Incomprehensible]  
I try to put all of my trouble-makin' days behind me  
But it seem like them fuckers always find some way to find me I never thought that Just Blaze would sign me  
(Why?)  
'Cause he know that I fight a lot  
And he know my Nation is rangin' grimy  
(Yeah) That's how I know that nigga for real  
Took a chance on givin' a trill nigga a deal Although we thuggin' and we be buggin'  
We do be tryin' to find a better way  
(Tryin' to find a better way)  
And I'd be lyin' if I said  
That we wasn't tryin to keep our pockets paid  
(Tryin' to keep our pockets, paid) Although we grindin' we on the grind  
And cause we tryin' to reach our destiny  
(Tryin' to reach our destiny kid) Whether it's hell  
(It's hell)  
Whether it's jail  
(It's jail)  
Or it's the cover of the double X LI never thought rhyming would help me climb the ladder of success  
Niggas thought by now that I woulda took the Magnum to the chest

Or have the staggerin' arrest record for dabblin' in this  
I knew I shouldn'ta been in since I'm fresh up out the pen But N, O, spell 'No' sucka, I kill 'em with the flow,  
fucka  
You could compare me to no other  
I'm so scared of my temper, what if somebody try me?  
What if I gotta prove that I still use the shotty? Atlantic Records would dropped me, police is gon' knock me  
Them bitches is gon' laugh at me, the haters is gon' party  
And I'll be back in the yard  
With old timers callin' me a goddamn fool for clappin' ratchets at y'all I'm tellin' you this, so you know I'm  
fully aware  
And very mindful that I will throw away my career  
And let one of you little bitch niggas step in my square  
And I'll show you, I keep the weapon right here, ayyo Belly, come here Although we thuggin' and we be  
buggin'  
We do be tryin' to find a better way  
(Tryin' to find a better way)  
And I'd be lyin' if I said  
That we wasn't tryin' to keep our pockets paid  
(Tryin' to keep our pockets, paid) Although we grindin' we on the grind  
And cause we tryin' to reach our destiny  
(Tryin' to reach our destiny kid) Whether it's hell  
(It's hell)  
Whether it's jail  
(It's jail)  
Or it's the cover of the double X L Check it, look  
I'm hardly never low-key, so it's hard to get to know me  
Got enemies in the street that's still targetin' to smoke me  
It must make 'em sick to see me in [Incomprehensible] in the movie  
Wait 'til they start spendin' money to market and promote me Why would y'all wanna stop me?  
I changed my life around, put the rifle down  
Niggas still plottin' to Big and 'Pac me  
But on the contrilly, I'm packin' the mac-milly  
And clappin' at the first lil' faggot that act silly It was my destiny to be here  
I killed the mixtapes for three years, all original beats so be clear  
And as fuckin' fate would have it  
I got connected with the best producer in the world  
So we can go in and make a classic So when will you learn? I get deep without the Biblical terms  
We livin' in hell with no physical burn  
That's why a nigga tryin' to find a better way  
And sayin' hi to tomorrow, goodbye to yesterday Although we thuggin' and we be buggin'  
We do be tryin' to find a better way  
(Tryin' to find a better way)  
And I'd be lyin' if I said  
That we wasn't tryin' to keep our pockets paid  
(Tryin' to keep our pockets, paid) Although we grindin' we on the grind

And cause we tryin' to reach our destiny  
(Tryin' to reach our destiny kid)Whether it's hell  
(It's hell)  
Whether it's jail  
(It's jail)  
Or it's the cover of the double X LWhether it's hell, whether it's jail  
Or it's the cover of the XXL  
Whether it's hell, whether it's jail  
Or it's the cover of the XXL

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