

# Better Dayz (feat. Mr. Biggs)

## 2Pac

Lookin' for these better days  
Better days hey, 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, better days  
Better days, better days, better days

Hey, better days, got me thinkin' 'bout 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' hello 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  
Better days, better days, better days  
Hey, better days, got me thinkin' 'bout better days  
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 separated, we stayed faded  
Affiliated with gang bangers 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  
Better days, better days, hey  
I'm thinkin' bout better days  
Better days, better days, better days  
Hey, better days, got me thinkin' 'bout better days  
I send this one out, to all the homeboys down in Clinton lock  
down  
Rikers Island, all them dudes I was 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 up  
Better days, better days, better days  
Hey, better days, lookin' for the better days  
Better days, better days, lookin' for the better days, hey

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