

Do Better (feat. Paul Wall & Boogieman)

Big Scoob

Yeah this that old school dope house music hear boy
Paul Wall, Big Boog, Big scoob, and Kali BabyWhat would I do besides grind for them paper stacks?
That's the only way i know to get a Cadillac
See, I refuse to live this life broke another day
All I know is hard work accumulating pay
A never ending saga this the true hustler's ballet
I done tossed more blue cheese than a cobb salad
That paper calling me I answer on the first ring
Championship work ethic, tryna chase a ring
They told me I would never make it but I didn't listen
It ain't my fault that they failed to see God's vision
Worldwide globe-trotter, stacking up commission
And if I knew better, I'd do better please pray for wisdomSomebody better pray for me and where I'm at
Don't know when I leave, if I'm comin' back
And if I knew better (If I knew)
I would do better (What would I do?)
And If I ever try to lead this life alone
Wherever I go, the street's is still my home
See, if I knew better (If I knew)
What I would do better (What would I do?)
What would I do?I should've knew better
Outta place like me with a blue sweater
In a place where the funny nigga moves his treasure
I was pushin' fireworks in cool weather
Big Boog tougher than boot and leather
But a fucked up move makes moves lesser
I was in it for them bands with the grams measure
Got fucked up dealing with a cool jeffer
But that's my fault
Behind enemy lines I'm gettin' work off
Bitches toast, head hard or soft?
And I'm flamed up talkin' that turf talk
They was comin' for me, couldn't stand that
The two spots upstairs, I ran that
Had foots in [?], they sent us helpers
We movin' metals couldn't plan that
But I man the station despite the hatin'
No fabrication in this conversation
Boogie blazin', a trail of greatness

No time for patience, that's time wasted
Good gracious, my good race and them fiends chasin' that fire blood
Bold statement, I rocked, skated, and bounced the products on my blood
Somebody better pray for me and where
I'm at
Don't know when I leave, if I'm comin' back
And if I knew better (If I knew)
I would do better (What would I do?)
And If I ever try to lead this life alone
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See, if I knew better (If I knew)
What I would do better (What would I do?)
What would I do? Searchin', lost, let me slide in the sauce
Livin' like the heater huntin' freedom, but it costs
Seekin' out the preacher, but the preacher teachin' false
May be on my feet, now I'm creepin' through the moss
Hoping I ain't lost, man, time can't be bought
So it's tickin' and it's tickin' and I'm try'na turn it off
Ain't dreams on the cross cause they seem to get lost
Any schemes to be boast? Any greed will exhaust
And I'm muh'fuckin' tired, I ain't muh'fuckin' lyin
When I'm muh'fuckin' dyin', better muh'fuckin' grind
And it's all bull time, I ain't try'na waste mine
So I scratch off the line that wasn't built for the pine
So I push a hard line on these bitches all the time
I'll treat you like a bitch, nigga, and beat you from behind
I'ma keep you lookin' fine, I'ma keep you winned and dined
Not a pimp, I'm a pusher, I'm a creature of the grind
I'm a block boy with a life tied to a scale
Built to excel, can't hear the word fail
I'ma savage for the cabbage, I'm to greedy for the kale
And I always work a package like I'm workin' for the mail
Barely missing jail, life lost to a cell
But I'd rather be in prison than be wallowing in Hell
Pray to God for a different route, open up and let me out
Dreams of a dreamer, realistic, I ain't gettin' out..
Somebody better pray for me and where I'm at
Don't know when I leave, if I'm comin' back
And if I knew better (If I knew)
I would do better (What would I do?)
And If I ever try to lead this life alone
Wherever I go, the street's is still my home
See, if I knew better (If I knew)
What I would do better (What would I do?)
What would I do?

Songwriters

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