

Wrote: 2013

Song: A Betta Life

Album: Kaddyz, Penthousez & Yachtz

V1
Fittn da description, of a hustla,
n da hood, gettn money,
kuz everytime, i come out da tilt,
im not tryna, look bummy....
Telln da hommyz, about da shyt,
where everyday, dey pass laws,
jus 2 harrass us, n da hood,
maken us get, against wallz...
Stayn down, 4 da ghetto kause,
tryna help out, my people,
brought over here, 2 be som slavez,
until we fought, 4 our freedom...
Hopen 2 educate, my sistaz,
not tryna get, off welfare,
quik 2 snitch, 2 da punk police,
2 throw a playa, n jail....
Hearn about, my people starven,
needn curez, 4 diseases,
bekuz dey dying, from common coldz,
like chicken pox & da measelz.....
As people come, outta poverty,
jus 2 make'em, som fundz....
So dey can live, a betta life,
over here, n amerikkka....
Mad as hell, dat Dr. King,
got whoopd, during marches,
n i dont care, about Rev. Jackson,
or da fool, Al Sharpton...
Wantn us blaxx, 2 not say nathan,
about dis racist, ass kountry,
wishn 2 still, own us as slavez,
out n da sun, pickn cotton....

V2
Seeing how women, play all deze foolz,
maken it rain, n da klubz,
sayn dey want, a betta life,
strippn on polez, 2 get buxx...
Wondern why, femalez be frontn,
instead of stayn, n skool,
dey wana scream, dey independent,
but dey really, prostitutez...
Raised up, n da ghetto streetz,
not haven nathan 2 eat,
n slangn drugz, 4 dope kartelz,
jus 2 escape poverty....
Is da struggle, i represent,
kuz im down, 4 da kause,
2 tie a flag, aròund my face,
chunkn roxx, at da laws....
Dey be sayn, im 2 extreme,
like dey know, what i mean,
2 be called, all type of namez,
n harrassd, by police....
N femalez, be forced 2 marry,
older dudez, 4 dey money,
haven 2 work, at da age of ten,
n som rugged, ass kountryz.....
Datz all ran, by dictatorz,
not tryna give, people shyt,
4 speakn out, against da system,
tryna starve dem, 2 death....
Trippn out, how little kidz,
go 2 skool, n be hungry,
walkn thru war zones, n Afrika,
steppn over, dead bodyz.....

V3
Telln myself, i couldnt live,
n poverty, wit no buxx,
bekuz i still, be seeing kidz,
play soccer, n flip-flopz....
Who all be wantn, a betta life,
n 2 play, n da statez,
denoucen placez, from everywhere
2 represent, U.S.A.....
Now everybody, dat use 2 diss,
us blak folx, gettn lenchd,
love da way, we got da world,
steady bumpn our shyt....
Not wantn blax, n dey naborhood,
befo dey call, da police,
haten da fakt, dat we da first,
2 put it down, on da scene....
As deze women, from overseaz,
roll 2 klubz, 2 be strippaz,
so dey can twerk, n UnitedStatez
payn dey college, tuition....
N without, Natural Disasterz,
going on, n other kountryz,
nobody would give a damn,
about donaten, dey money....
Wantn 2 visit, da Motherland,
2 help out, all my people,
n 2 buy'em, all Jordan sneax,
n a pure, water system....
Lookn at foolz, n da rap game,
braggn about, all da money,
n couldnt roll, thru my krazyset
bekuz i know, dey all phony....

Chorus:
Dis a kountry, where everybody,
wanna run too, n live,
2 get away, from poverty,
tryna own, dey own cribb...
Lookn 4 dem, a betta life,
n away, from da killingz,
bekuz da system, sofull of shyt,
is why a gee, dope dealn....

