

2Pac, Better Dayz

Lookin for these better days
Better days, heyyy! Better days
Got me thinkin bout better days
Better days! Better days, better days
Heyyy! Better days
Got me thinkin bout better days

[Verse One]

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 watched '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, heyyy!
Better days.. got me thinkin bout better days
Better days, better days, better days
Heyyy! Better days
Got me thinkin bout better days

[Verse Two]

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

For better days, better days, better days, heyyy!
Better days.. got me thinkin bout better days
Better days, better days, better days
Heyyy! Better days.. got me thinkin bout better days

[Verse Three]

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 gangbangs 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, heyyy!
Better days.. I'm thinkin bout better days
Better days, better days, better days
Heyyy! Better days.. got me thinkin bout better days

I send this one out, to all the homeboys down in uh, Clinton lockdown
Rikers Island, all them dudes I was uh locked up with, hehe
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
Heyyy! Better days.. uhh, lookin for the better days
Better days, better days, lookin for the better days
Heyyy! Hahaha..