

# Joe Budden, Better Me

[Intro: Joe Budden]

I hear what nigga's sayin'.

Nigga's gonna talk to me like...

Like when I come on the plane an' shit, Louie's on.

When I sit out in front of the muh'fuckin' plane wit' the daily news wit' my legs crossed an' shit.

Wanna' act like I ain't earn my seat, when I'm watchin' muh'fuckas walk to the back an' shit, when i

You Pat Riley in that shit, nigga.

[Verse 1: Joe Budden]

Look here,

Look, look...

I get a ghetto gospel

Only right considerin' the ghetto was my hostile.

Memory is gone, but I'm recallin' all through highschool

Even at my lowest, I was sittin' on my high stool;

That's what bein' high do.

If I couldn't do shit, was always able ta' toke

They tol' me that a nigga die 'fore I was able ta' vote.

'Proolly 'cause me an' my constituents

An' all the shit we did

The MRI couldn't tell you what the issue is.

Wit' my treason came a cause that I believed in

Is it really wrong if a nigga got a reason?

At times I had ta' take doe

Nigga did whatever for a peso

Bein' from the hood'll be my scapegoat.

A 'can it be' cause I wasn't born into a canopy

Maybe I was prone ta' fallin' in love wit' vanity.

Tell me shit'chu reap is the shit'chu sow

Tell God I'm better than the shit I show

I gotta grow, c'mon.

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Joe Budden]

Whoa...

Now look...

Now niggas say I floss too much

So... has he changed?

'Cause I don't think that thousand-dollar T cost too much.

All they should say is that he strong

Came out the fire unscathed, ye', I carried on

Lu Vuitton carry on.

?? wit' my blessing's at a delay

Now ta' lace my chick in ?? is sorta' clich.

Plane ain't gonn' never land, less it's in the Netherlands

Twenty on that goldface, Breitling wit' the leather band.

Ask for a better hand

I tried collidin' wit' my problems, ye', I never ran

That'll make me less a man.

I ain't go from not havin' it ta' bein' arrogant

I dreamt, went grabbin' it, jus' bein' passionate.

Some niggas get complaints an' why...

Dude's is newborn birds, jus' afraid ta' fly.

If you're foot's on the breaks, can't ride.

Me, I spread my wings, inhale an' embrace that high!

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Joe Budden]

Give it away, give it away, give it away now [x3]

Look, look, look...

Part of me was gruesome

I ain't changed, I grew some

An' if I did change, I welcomed that shit to come.

Dudes that smoked trees wit' me

Dudes that used ta' be wit' me

They say I switched up on 'em an' did a three-sixty.

'Cause I don't burn it down

But to me it's commonsense -  
You wann' see the otherside, gott' turn aroun'.  
Show 'em your game face -  
I tell 'em we was on the same track, but wasn't runnin' that same race (nigga).  
Weighin' in the same space, but I ain't gonn' change pace  
Some' won't let me slowdown, I can't explain fate.  
So don't say I won't from broke ta' booshie  
I'm far from far-end I jus' know what suits me, muh'fucka.  
[Hook]