

T.I., Be Better Than Me

[Intro]

Huh

Ok, yuh, yuh, yuh, yuh, yuh, yuh, yuh, yuh, yuh

Ay, Ok, Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay, Ok

Come on

[Repeat]

[Verse 1]

I never know whether I'm livin fo tomorrow or dyin fo today

But either way I'm tryna move a hundred dymes in a day

They sat that crime don't pay, but I'm gone stay on the grind in the A

Wit the same ole j's

I know the lames gone say that I done changed no way

I'm in the gutta everyday tryna slang mo ya

In the middle of the trap, we hang the dro blaze

Niggaz in the trap ain't changed in 4 dayz

Waitin on a page dat sayin the blow came

Instead of us just finding mo ways to get paid

Anyway, in the fire, I done been there homey

Niggaz ball, niggaz die and ain't shit fair homey

Dem crackers give ya some time and get to sit there homey

My niggaz dyin, I'll see ya when I get there homey

Ay, Born alone, die alone in life

But right or wrong, folk it's on fo life

Just be betta than me

[Chorus]

Shawty, the streets ain't the place to be

I'm telling you cuz it's to late fo me

Ay be betta than me

Crackas love nuttin betta to see then young niggaz wit a felony sheet

So be betta than me

I know ya mamma waitin faithfully on her baby to graduate ya see

You way betta than me

Betta than us, betta than this, take a chance nigga change some shit

You could be betta than me

[Verse 2]

Ay, its rules in the game son, learn it young

When dez hatas speak yo name man burn dey tongue

Neva be ashamed of how ya live or where ya from

You stack a mill, niggaz will see how far you come

Without a gun, you got somethin'll make 'em bar you son

That's a million dollar mind, why, dez niggaz is dumb

Yea they gon get outta line, but dez niggaz is scum

They outta sight and outta mind 'til you visit the slum, stay down

Stay on the grind and yo digits'll come, bottom line

You gotta shine no matta what you become

Dez streets is 40 percent of yo mind and 5 percent muscle

10 struggle, 10 time, and 35 percent hustle

And trust if dey don't burry the scared, dey burry the dead

When anticipatin pistol play, be very prepared

And if you ain't, find somewhere to burry yo head

Because them hot ones from the choppas tear ya body to shreds

I said

[Chorus]

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[Verse 3]

In a broke down Cadillac, ridin' high
Not many trusts in this life either shine or die
Ima live one of two ways, either grind or cry
And Ima grind it out, even if I'm dyin it out
Ain't got no mo than me, so what the fuck you lyin about
That man right there, but ain't gon be when dey start findin out
That that bullshit you be talkin ain't the real deal
That ain't you blow, them ain't yo cars so how you really live
See what you need to do is take a chilly-willy pill
Go and chill yo ass out, fo dey deal yo ass out
A bad hand from a mad man, in a mad clan
All dem otha niggaz take a fall you gon take the last stand
Gnawed in, sawed in, how everybody ball
when everybody else is all in you don't know where to fall in?
Need some Flaw Henn, I'm telling you shawty
and don't be buyin none of dat bullshit sellin you shawty
And all that otha shit they talkin is irrelevant shawty
Tell 'em, show you the papa, fo dey show you the cable
You see a whole different nigga when you open dem drables
follow hatas nuttin holy can saves us
Shawty be betta than me

[Chorus]

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[Repeat 1]