

# Rain Drops

## Doc Powell

Tear drops in the pillow on my bed  
Still trying to keep my head up  
Know you'd rather see me dead  
And the raindrops keep on falling  
I said they keep on falling  
And they keep on falling  
I said they keep on falling  
Slaughterhouse, yo

I'm the product of when a nigga mama gives up  
Crying, laying in the trash with the lid shut  
Ain't got no family, my mind is tender  
My daddy's invisible, my Mom's is Brenda, uh  
If I survive I'm grow into what  
Society considers trash, the rope is to us  
That mean I'm hanging myself by living  
The noose is getting murdered, that or going to prison  
My mind's controlled before I learned mind control  
What you call living life, I call dying slow  
I'm genetically predisposed

The reaper the only thing that can ease my soul, freezing cold  
Feeling like I was given life  
And if I take it, at least I choose  
I'll probably be in heaven when the pain stops  
'Til then all I'm hearing is wind and rain drops  
Tear drops in the pillow on my bed  
Still trying to keep my head up  
Know you'd rather see me dead  
And the raindrops keep on falling  
I said they keep on falling  
And they keep on falling, falling  
'Cause this is my pain

Dear Auntie, I still feel your timeless sorrow  
Before you died, it's like your body was mine to borrow  
Like I jumped in your physical shell while you was  
Going through miserable hell saying goodbye to tomorrow  
Everyday it makes me sad, angry, mad  
How you were sent to heaven's sacred path  
Duct taped and gagged, plus raped and stabbed  
Body draped in blood, what a fate to have

Such a pitiful end, I'm popping Ritalin like they Skittles  
'Cause when I sleep, I can feel it again and again and again  
And it's difficult, killing is the wickedest Biblical sin  
I'm talking about Mama's identical twin  
I see your face when I look at her  
Her reminder of how I've been in the cold since 14 years old  
I swear to God, I'll probably be in heaven when the pain stops  
'Til then all I'm hearing is wind and raindrops  
Rest in peace, Chacha  
Tear drops in the pillow on my bed  
Still trying to keep my head up  
Know you'd rather see me dead  
And the raindrops keep on falling  
Yeah, they keep on falling  
Yeah, they keep on falling, falling, falling, yeah  
Nah, I ain't move bricks on the Peter Pan  
No father around to teach me how to be a man  
We was too high, didn't know where we would land  
Scraping coke on the weed til' niggas didn't see a plant  
Alcoholic's child raise off of sugar water  
Headed to you and just thought about how good he was brought up  
Coulda, woulda, outta one track mind  
They say man of many hats buys a hooker for a quarter  
And now I'm writing a book and the hood's the author  
Called the 'Obvious Poker Face, The Look of Torture'  
Teach you how to climb your way out that ditch then  
Me all I need is this pen and thick skin  
Being so bright could mean you lit then  
'Cause you start trying to figure out a figment  
I'll probably be in heaven when the pain stops  
'Til then all I hear is wind and rain drops  
Tear drops in the pillow on my bed  
Still trying to keep my head up  
Know you'd rather see me dead  
And the raindrops keep on falling, falling, falling, falling  
Check it out, I'm still waiting on my dad to get back  
He went to the store in '84 and I ain't seen him after that  
Another single mom public assisted the rent wasn't consistent  
So they had us back and forth in court in the months of the blizzard  
My sneakers leaned, the rubber was missing  
No one on ones, they always jumped me  
No brothers and sisters to hold me down  
Along with headphones plugged into a cheap Walkman that ate tapes  
Gun shots and me sleep walking, I hate weights  
A whole lot of crying, police chalking that fake tape

Ambulance never on time, they like a day late  
My cousin had to vacate, my best friend since age eight  
Sometimes I can't hold them I kid you not  
Eyes get swollen holding on that tissue box, somebody get a mop  
I'll probably be in heaven when the pain stops  
'Til then all I'm hearing is wind and raindrops  
Tear drops in the pillow on my bed  
Still trying to keep my head up  
Know you'd rather see me dead  
And the raindrops keep on falling  
Yeah, they keep on falling, they keep on falling  
Falling, yeah, they keep on falling  
And they keep on, and the raindrops keep on falling  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

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