

# The Rain

## Boosie Badazz

In my feelings Dirty system tried to hit me with the needle, man  
Always losing my people man, deceitful, man  
Take your boys back to beefing man  
And just when you tried to leave the game  
Close friends in the grave, I've seen the stinking rain  
Sticking needles in my body, diabetes, man  
The struggle of a young hustler, I could teach you, man  
Cancer in and out my body, I can breathe again  
I seen chains so tight on my wrist, they bled on me  
Brought OG in my circle for him to tell on me (Damn, Po)  
They say my best friend, Murda brought the feds on me  
'Cause he was getting them for the low, now he dead on me  
Rest in peace love  
The rain, man And the rain comes down so hard  
In my life

Why god, (in my life) the rain comes down so hard Tried to leave the state, stay away from drama  
Still on parole, fake cases from your baby momma  
Lost Trell momma, that was my right hand  
Lost my aunty Keisha, I need a momma sayin'  
Praying, why my family, we in the rain again  
Dude ain't finished his 10, G Money back again  
Maybe it's 'cause I was seeing him, but we was raised to win  
Bronson won't do that whole 10, I been getting it in  
Been crossed by niggas, that hurt my heart like kidney stones  
I got some henchmen gone (Rest in peace, Ghost), half of my kidney gone  
(You ain't know, nigga?)  
(You ain't know, nigga?) And the rain comes down so hard (Hard)  
Oh my God  
Why my rain comes down so hard (All the time in my life)  
My God (My God)

You know my rain comes down so hard The rain come down hard as a motherfucker, don't it?  
He saved our life, God a motherfucker, how don't it?  
Deedee sister Bucky, she called me lil brother  
Six-year-old shot by cops, ripped him up with cutters  
This my state and guess what, he with my skin color (He was white)  
Looked like going to that place fucked up my friend's hustle (She was right)  
Seeing envy hit my clique, I had to sit and suffer  
And still be threatened to go to court by my kid's mother (Your mother tripping)  
This a real struggle, on death row, I slept in water puddles

Heat so bad, it was scorching, brother  
Front page of the news page, Angola, where the thugs go  
King of all this rap shit, but I can't get no cover though  
But that won't stop my hustle though In my feelings, nigga  
We in to your life nigga  
You hear the jewelries, you hear the chains on me  
But it's the, real live motherfucking session, you in here with me right now  
Shit, fresh off the bed, nigga, fresh out the hospital  
I won't stop nigga

Songwriters

Torrence Hatch Published by  
Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>