The Rain

Boosie Badazz

In my feelingsDirty 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, manAnd the rain comes down so hard
In my life
Why god, (in my life) the rain comes down so hardTried 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 hardThe 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 thoughIn 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

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