

The Weather (ft Rick Ross & Cuzzy Capone)

Nipsey Hussle

Most the time, when it rain it start pouring'
But how we grind, it make the weather change for us
We roll through, but we never change for 'em
So smile for us, when you see us, drive for us Nigga watch us ball
Stop a star, nigga not at all
I'm poppin' broads with Tiny Hog at the shoppin' mall
All money in the squad, boy I'm not involved
Can't pay the cost to floss? I can spot your flaws
SLs with the toppin' off
Dress well when it's time to ball
Couple hundred for my boxer drawers
Young nigga used to shop at Ross
First to shoot when it's poppin' off
Couple times, a nigga almost got popped by Ross
Crash unit, buzz cut ex-marines
Crenshaw, Slauson Ave 17
Infant Stone, Lil' Shady, Baby Buke to fast light a demonstration
85 Cutlass with the 380s
Summertime functions, L.A. streets' crazy
Shoot it out that's what this crew about
Hangin' out the Cutlass window with the Rugar out
Prove yo'self, killers in pursuit of clout
It felt wrong, but who is you to doubt
Look, my master plan was buy a pound and then move it south
And hopefully one day I'll put this music out
Trippin' now, seeing that it's movin' out
I'm buying spots, nigga movin' out
My fan base, I see 'em movin' south
I'm overseas eating fuckin' croÃ»te
Yeah... so I can tell you what this hustling 'bout
I couldn't tell you what no luck about
I had maps on my wall, nigga
Dope sacks in my drawers, nigga
Look, a lot of stress I couldn't rest not at all
Nigga risking everything trynna ball
Niggas get it and they fall off
It's cause they all soft
Nigga like me started at the car wash
8am to 10pm, that's on the rainy day

Wise words from dope boys meant everything
They say it's levels to the street life
Then I seen a bezel with the pink ice
All natural, momma tell you to be careful
In the trap trappin' to increase capital
No longer cruising with the windows down
Hand on the pistol anticipating the riddle sound
I'm Kanye when it came to 'ye
I'm Jay-Z when it came to keys
I'm Snoop when it came to weed
So now they wanna Biggie me
As the credit rolls, now the charge is federal
Money bags, I'm placed upon a pedestal
Still on the block in my Reeboks
You ain't really know these was the Basquiat's
You ain't really know who really call shots
Worldwide mastermind, number one all charts
Reporting live from the land of the hopeless
Representing for the team that won rings with no coaches
We stay strapped and we cockin' so don't approach us
Price Johnson with a big gold chain and Louis Loafers
Been hiding guns in the sofa since toy soldiers
Thunder-domes up in Hyde Park, didn't nobody know us
We took all fades, our introduction was from the shoulders
We was kids, honestly we just needed someone to hold us
Grindin' hard on them corners with cane boulders
Fascinated by the green, all we wanted was Range Rovers
On the block politicking with brain blowers
Real niggas that got love in their hearts but can't show it
We live and die for the fame and the lights glowing
Fox Hills buying Jordans, but still the pain shown'
When I die, put me next to the dead poets
Tell 'em God had a plan for me and I didn't know it
Victory

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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