

My Window

Rittz

[Verse 1]

Fake smile on my face, feeling super so the safety off of my gun
Can't tell it was real or a cry for help but I feel like if I don't make one
I'ma follow through, my girl gonna follow suit cause she tries every time I'm gone
Last tour, she done slit her wrists and this time she done OD'd, blacked out, and broke her arm
Feel bad, lyin' to her bout the coke I done
The doc said if I keep drinking Coke and Crown, I won't make it to see 38
Then I'm wasted again on the floor in the hotel room with puke stains on the drapes and the carpet
Gotta call at eight o'clock in the morning
So my boy took the keys to my car and drove it through the front door of an Exxon
Cops came and, locked him up, they said they had a warrant
Now I'm spending all my tour money on his lawyer
Lord if, this is you sending us a warning
I hear it loud and clear and please God I swear
I won't ignore it anymore
This type of torment is torture, but show us a way
On my knees and I'm screaming to God and I heard him say[Chorus]
It's only when it rains it pours
And I can hear the pouring rain
It feels just like a hurricane just came right outside my window
Woah-oh
One day when the rain is gone
The thunder from the storm goes on
I woke up and I seen the sun and it shine right inside my window
And it feels like

Euphoria[Verse 2]

Some kids are saying that they in to me
They told me everything I rap about
Feel like it happened to him identically
That he was listening to Misery Loves Company
Im wishin, Rittz I feel just like you
Im tryna rap and I'm flunkin' with school
The only thing I really care about in this world
Is my girl and she been fucking with another dude
And I was hoping maybe you would tell me what to do
I'm tryna make it with the scraps that I have
Working fast for the stack of some cash
But its like I'm losing the enthusiasm I have
Trying to master the craft as a rapper

All I hear is laughter just got in a scrap with my dad
He hit me in the eye, gave me blacker than bad
All I ever wanted from him was a pat on the back
And I bet if I was dead he'd be glad
And the bass or molasses, this is how life works
When you feel like you sitting at the bottom; You not
Taking better shit, it gets worse first
Gotta reverse the negative eye
Keep praying to God and don't believe in a made up curse
Told him that I prayed to the Lord
And he said these words[Chorus]
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