

# The Weather (feat. 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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