

## Sky Mad at Me

Big K.R.I.T.

I promise that I'm gon' make it through  
Look at myself in the mirror, like "this ain't it for you"  
I hear my momma holler out, "baby, come eat your food"  
Don't know the more time I waste, the more dough I lose  
They laugh at me. I guess I'm accustomed to this feeling  
They called it country, but hell, that's just how we be living  
Another dream, another scheme just to make a dollar  
No fancy cars or clothes, but shawty's still holler  
No [?], but we be poppin' bottles  
Grey goose'll get ya loose, no more than a hundred dollars  
I'm on my porch and I'm thinking bout' my past life  
Hopin' that all my troubles are over once my cash right, maybe not  
Think of the world like a hood you can't drive through  
Wish it was simpler like back in high school  
When those books was the only thing you abide to  
And lord, I was just wondering, what did I do to the sky?

This life and time I don't care  
Most of my life I blew smoke in the air  
(I think the sky mad at me)  
Because I know It ain't the limit  
And outer space is where I'm going when I'm finished  
(I think the sky mad at me)  
Cause I don't tell it that it's lovely  
I think it put the storm clouds above me  
(I think the sky mad at me)  
When it rains on my head, duck it  
But I'm not hot enough to touch it  
(I think the sky mad at me)

Maybe it ain't all bad  
Keep myself smilin', looking towards the sun like it ain't all sad  
I gotta get out on my own and build a shelter  
Where honor ain't my girl, I'm without an umbrella  
And it's raining. My Cadillac ain't swanging  
My rims ain't big enough, and my people keep complaining  
They thinking that I'm changing. I'm thinking I might fail  
I'm grinding in this flood and these haters drop as hail  
The weatherman funny. He claiming that it's sunny  
We don't have a magic city, so it never rains money  
And hurricanes comin'. I swear that I can feel it  
Grab a towel and bucket goes there's holes in my ceillin'  
I know that this ain't livin'. Yeah heaven's gon' be better  
The more I shoot for good, It's like the rain makes me wetter  
I know this ain't forever, so watch me make it mine  
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I think I smoked just a little too much, and now I'm outta my mind  
(I'm outta my mind, yeah)  
Cause I've been spending my days in the clouds, and baby, I wanna fly (I wanna fly, yeah)  
And now my folks say I'm dreaming too much, and I'm wasting my time (wasting my time)  
But I'm just tryna' make some sense out my life, so since I'm alive, that's why I stay high

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