

# Rain Falls

38 Spesh

Ayy, what's up? Oh  
Ayy, Griselda, Dope Gang  
Look

Y'all don't know what to do when I show you the blueprint  
I ain't water it down 'cause I didn't know you was stupid  
You searchin' online for the truth that I throw in the music  
I can show it and prove, I don't gotta post it to prove it (I don't)  
I know how to cock it, I know how to load it and shoot it  
I'm alkaline water amongst all the sodas and juices  
You went from what's crackin' to what's poppin'  
I beat a body, then go gun shoppin'  
You're scared of the dark, my nigga, you sun-blockin'  
I'm hotheaded, my tongue dropped in a plug socket  
Take your lung, pop it, then I lunchbox it (Ow)  
I jump shot it and double-pump rockets 'til my blood clot blood-clottin'  
Fuck stoppin'  
Your man got jumped, he was just watchin'  
I left your body in the trunk rottin'  
House niggas never pluck cotton  
I'm just boxed in  
Jabbin', I'm just boxin'  
Jumped up, dodgin'  
I'm from where Santa Claus ain't never come stuff stockings  
You hustle or play ball, those are fucked up options  
I just fucked memory lane up drunk drivin'  
What? What? What could y'all do to me?  
My ex tryna put a hex on me, voodoo me  
This heavy artoolery  
Strapped with the semi harpoonery  
I'm multitaskin', lookin' at your chain' while I'm Googlin' where to pawn je  
welry  
I ain't with the tomfoolery  
I'm Huey P in the wrong community  
All my laundry is Louis V  
I burned a Moncler, Prada, and Gucci tee  
Inside a eulogy, I'd rather you to me, partner

When the shots fly and the rain falls  
It's a homicide, tell me, who can you call?  
When it's all lies, you can be right or wrong  
It can be you or me, who's ever with on the draw  
Mama, pray for me  
Just pray for me, uh  
Ayy

You got shooters layin' all in your bushes and grass  
Waitin' for you so they can be took to the cash  
Got you openin' your safe and got you pullin' out cash  
And you know what happen next when they pull up his mask  
Nigga, the muzzle flash and the bullet'll pass  
Through your melon, your whole shit gettin' put on the glass  
Robbery gone bad, news bulletin flash  
I laugh 'cause I'm the nigga that put up the bag  
Yeah, I'ma be straight as long as my mama pray for me  
If you gon' be around, you gotta spray for me  
Uh, gotta be solid all the way for me

Real nigga, that's somethin' you ain't gotta say for me (You already know wh  
at time it is)  
My resume'll vouch (Uh)  
You was never straight, you ain't never weigh an ounce (Ha)  
I'm with your bitch, 'bout to penetrate her mouth (Huh?)  
I give the word, a nigga finna spray your house (Boom, boom, boom, boom, boo  
m, boom, boom)  
Motherfucker