

# Rolls Royce Umbrella

Clever

Champagne showers  
Can't make flowers  
Bloom  
But the champagne keeps raining  
On my Rolls-Royce umbrella  
Shooting stars in the roof of the wraith  
Praying to the sky and paying for my mistakes...  
They saw me in a hearse like I would die young  
From rags to a wraith the stars in they face

If I go riches to rags I'll put my face in a mask and "put that shit in a bag now"  
Instead, it's poverty to fame  
Another new artist they probably the same yea  
See a whole squad when you pass us  
My only exercise is me running out of glasses- I'll drink to that  
Dreams to reality - by any means to your majesty- from misery to mimosa  
I was poor and now I pour it up until it's over

Champagne showers  
Can't make flowers  
Bloom  
But the champagne keeps raining  
On my Rolls-Royce umbrella  
Shooting stars in the roof of the wraith  
Praying to the sky and paying for my mistakes...  
They saw me in a hearse like I would die young  
From rags to a wraith the stars in they face

Went from poor kids on them porches  
To moving them Porsche's  
And it may seem like a day-dream  
If you knew-what-we knew  
You'd respect that I came from that Buick regal I had to ride illegal  
From the debts due to jet blue  
To burning fumes on private jet fuel  
Now they know my face broad day broad street  
From a court case to court side- sitting in a box to them box seats  
You don't care what we been through barely ate food  
Spend my days making millions they can spend too  
You mad I went from rags to a wraith  
Went from wishing on them stars to the stars in they face

Champagne showers  
Can't make flowers  
Bloom  
But the champagne keeps raining  
On my Rolls-Royce umbrella  
Shooting stars in the roof of the wraith  
Praying to the sky and paying for my mistakes...  
They saw me in a hearse like I would die young  
From rags to a wraith the stars in they face

25 to life or dead by 25  
From Monte Carlos  
To Montego when we fly  
From goats to a lamb

We was speeding in them cars  
Rags to a wraith we was  
Reaching for the stars  
Backstage passes  
To champagne glasses  
Don't you know that

Champagne showers  
Can't make flowers bloom  
But the champagne keeps raining  
On my Rolls-Royce umbrella  
Shooting stars in the roof of the wraith  
Praying to the sky and paying for my mistakes...

Falling  
Don't know where I'm falling  
They saw me in the hearse like I was dying  
Don't know where I'm falling  
Don't know where I'm falling  
Don't know where I'm falling  
Don't know where I'm falling  
Don't know where I'm falling  
Don't know where I'm-