

Morton's

Derez De'Shon

It's pouring, pouring, pouring on my head
Been through the mud in my Margielas, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah yeah

Momma laying in the hospital, say she showing symptoms of a stroke
Lil brother stealing out the stash spot, didn't admit he addicted to the dope
Got Don locked in with me everyday, the music shit our only hope
Rapping shit I never wrote, this music shit is all I know
Pain buried in my soul, not a good son or a father
Two kids, son and a daughter, barely see 'em, barely call 'em
Both my baby mamas arguing, but I ain't got too many options
Nigga barely graduated high school and I ain't never think of college
But I knew that I'd be balling, I'm just protecting they future
I do confessional music, hoping one day they get older
They listen and know what they daddy was doing
Hoping one day 'fore it's over I gladly can say all this pain I endured
It was worth it, we no longer hurting
Draw tears while acceptin' my plaques and awards, uh
Everyday thanking the Lord for blessing me when it was hard
And protecting me when it was dark
So much pain I tatted all my scars, ain't no love like I ain't got a heart
For my girl I barely get on hard, and she thinking it's another broad

They say when it rains it pours, and it's pouring
But I got holes in my umbrella
Been through the mud in my Margielas
At first it was love but now they jealous, yeah
I gave all I had so how I'm selfish?
Stay on my last dollar stressing, yeah
They say when it rains it pours, and it's pouring
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I gave all I had so how I'm selfish?
Stay on my last dollar stressing, yeah

Can't believe my brother got shot, oh my god
All I thought about was Dunk lookin' in his mama's eyes while she crying
Like this shit can't happen to her no more times
'Cause if this shit happen to us one more time, it's gon' be a suicide
'Cause I'ma send so many shots to a nigga, it's gon' be like do or die
It's either you or I, yeah yeah
You don't know all that I've been through
See the pain in my face like a dimple
I ain't cool with niggas 'less they been cool
I ain't bool with niggas 'less they been bool
Came from the bottom, made it to the top
I got some stains on my red bottoms
All of my partners know Derez got them
I told you, I got you, I got you, yeah
Salute to Shooter, Dave, and Big Mike
You know know I'ma keep me a draco
They done freed Draco
Play with me, he sprayin' shit up like Maaco
Vice versa so don't play ho, no face no case ho

It's going down like the bass low
The streets crowned me King ClayCo, yeah yeah yeah

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