

# Monsoon

Drapht

Yo, see have you ever felt like someone out there  
They may not want the best for you  
Is it your roommate yo, she be standing next to you  
Is it your next of kin, well fuck if it is  
Its a sad world we live in isn't it  
We be Martin Luther King telling Kellers  
Nelson Mandelas, more help from the heavens  
So understand life is a mirror, see what you don't like in her and him  
Thats a lesson and that change you see deep within  
Until we understand to treat the postman just like he was the Pope and the Pope like the postman, thats when hearts will open  
Use compassion like it was fashionable before I am the walrus and the car crash will all end it  
Calling it, the possibility of a world run by an infinite soul like Mother Teresa  
Instead of friends when you tell them it's the end you can see them all fighting back the grin thinking cya

Don't blame it on me when its raining on you  
I said don't blame it on me, I ain't a monsoon  
Cause it feels like I get caught up in your pain, when it feels like I'm just walking in my lane

Yo, my life is like a comic book  
Superman not in the booth, Clarke Kent back in a suit  
Unrecognisable, I shed light like Edison do or Edison did  
Where from a sensitive kid to running around, jumping up on a drumkit  
Look at me now Ma, comfortable up in front of a tent full up a bunch of these beautiful human beings and all can think is thank you  
Cause you could see it behind the crippling fear, behind the deer in the headlights  
Sad when the ones that run the red light to run you down are your friends, you feel that gravity  
Carry the weight of the world like Mary Magdalene, nah, it's reality, yep and it's happening  
Happy to see me go when I'm just casually over here carrying out my destiny, ain't a game of chess for me  
Stab me in the back but then pretend you want the best for me, I ain't got the energy for enemies so nah

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See I grew up like the rest of them, with a dream  
But too white to be Michael Jordan, too quiet to be Kurt Cobain  
And I listen to Jay, to Em, to Jestin?, dangerous thoughts over my head  
Paul never forget you just a deadbeat look at your friends, how do you think you can begin tryna be king

How can you dream, you can be bigger than B.I.G  
With the crippling rigorous self hate, but thats not me  
Had to separate myself with the way the world thinks, ahh  
You've got nothing to sell me man, living free but all these friends  
are trying to compete with me  
I can't even see your dreams when I'm standing in my lane then go and  
blame it on me when it rains

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