

Rain

Jim Jones

We to close can't stop praying now
Though there seems theres no one to this pain
Everytime I close my eyes I pray for rain
I pray for rain to wash away the strain

You couldnt understand how much the pain weight
So in the hood we love the rainy days
Cause subconstantly we know the suns coming
We love the winter cause we know the summers coming
Remeber I got locked the same nite my son was coming
All I could do is pray that they dont take me away
And lord knows I have the angel's on my side
They search the car I had the hammer in my ride
A mirical on flatbush avenue I still made it back
To say push when she was having you
A newer version a younger me I want him to go to school
And raise him motherfucka free I swear some places I dont want
him to be
I swear some things I dont want him to see but new booty daddy
Loves you truley and the nights you dont see me you know daddy'
s on his duty

Whats a poor mans pickle survive threw the poor pull a truck up
front
And drive threw the store had to be a felon hated being proper
Read the book of life and satin was the author still I was the
colperate
Rather be in rikers the bugger had my baby momma running threw
them
Diapers all fo that shiting and all them pampers
Grandma layed up with all of that cancer lid paint flaking cons
tanly chipping
Mama with that dark rum constanly sipping I vowe to my name a b
ad transmission for getting in the game thats a bad transittion

One flick one night I'm ally ally outsin free for getting you a
place with a g
A couple heavy shots ima newer man ready go and get paper the h
ustler
With the confetti

I can turley understand how life can drain all the passion from
a man
With just one chance it can change his circumstance
And get the money baby lets get the money baby