

# RAINING RED

Lancey Foux

All this blood in the air, it's raining red  
(You know what I'm saying? It's a war)  
All this blood in the air, it's raining red  
(It's a war in this world, you know what I'm saying?)  
All this blood in the air, it's raining red  
(Most importantly there's a war between you and you)  
(You know what I'm saying? Yourself)  
All this blood in the air, it's raining red  
(We're at war with ourselves, you know what I'm saying?)  
All this blood in the air, it's raining red  
All this blood in the air, it's raining red  
All this blood in the air, it's raining red  
All this blood in the air, it's raining red  
All this blood in the air, it's raining red  
All this blood in the air, it's raining red  
All this blood in the air, it's raining red

I'm just a young boy going OG  
I'm just paying my dues, I know nothing ain't free  
My mummy had a demon, now she gotta face the priest  
My daddy had a diva, don't talk to me cheap  
You ain't from the jungle, you didn't grow up in the East  
You're either Yxng Bane, J Hus or Me  
And my parents immigrated, I can't fuck up the plan  
One of us kids gotta run up the racks  
Opened my phone, see this shit in Sudan  
How could I not cry? I'm a African man  
Then these niggas try to change up on me, they trans  
Just met my pagan, he said he a fan  
Just met my pagan, I told him it's up  
In Lancey-the-muhfucking-Foux I trust  
Bad bitch, she keep me second to none  
She got a boyfriend but we still in love  
I just been treatin' my girl like a gun  
I go in deep inside then let her bust  
Ain't no complaining, there's no need to fuss  
You ain't got to change, you just need to adjust

All this blood in the air, it's been raining red  
All this blood in the air, it's raining red  
All this blood in the air, it's been raining red  
All this blood in the air, it's raining red

I seen this shit, I'm too psyched out  
I live every day like I could die right now (Yeah)  
Too paranoid, I smoke too much loud  
And I been tryna stop, I just don't know how  
Niggas ain't killers, but they'll kill you for clout  
I'm just holding my corner, no screaming, no shouting  
I wear my heart on my sleeve, not my mouth  
If it ain't a move, what we talkin' about? Yeah  
What we talkin' about?  
Where were you when I had scores in my mouth? Yeah  
What we talking about?  
You ain't chaos, start walking it out (Yeah)  
What we talking about?  
I want the smoke, I ain't sortin' it out

Live through the pain and the danger, it's gory  
Blood in the air and it's raining, it's pouring, yeah

All this blood in the air, It's been raining red  
All this blood in the air, it's raining red  
All this blood in the air, it's raining red