

# Rain

Lil' Keke

Orange lights on the digital dash, the Coupe's lit  
Never dime's on the passenger side of my shit  
H-Town true O.G., that rep her shit  
Sideways parked at the door, with no mercy  
Lamborghini, new bikini, Louie on my bitches  
Presidential, continental, got her going first class  
Toast with the pot, when I go driving  
Kush got me floating real high, like flight mileage  
Rain on my window pain, it's no thing  
Cause I'm still trying to lead this game, with no stain  
My penitentiary nigga's that be locked in the shoe  
I send them pictures of some real shit to come home to  
I'm in an ice cream, white lean, cocaine car  
Born and raised in South Park, I'm a hood rich star  
H in the air, nigga I don't care  
Riding mean every day, pulling broads by the pair  
Super clean, new machine, bitch I ride nice  
Diamonds are a girl's best friend, I'm rocking ice  
Pimping at an all time high, I wonder why  
Dirty south till the day that I die, we still fly, uh

I got a whole lotta' Prada, I'm in love with Gucci  
But ain't nothing like the belt and the shoe that come from Lou  
ie  
Financial, new [?] Mark Jacob's give them hell, red bottom's ne  
ver fell  
Rain on my window pain, just ain't the same  
Eight figga's for the price of the fame, I love this game  
When thing's get trashy, cut it out the plastic  
Hustler on his grind till they put him in his casket  
Seven-thirteen don't make me say it twice  
You know it's hustler U.S.A. when they look at the lights  
Don Ke' he the legend, tall as a full [?]  
He done shut this shit down when my squad pull up