

It Can't Rain 4 Ever

Lil' O

Chow time, chow time
Everybody line up for chow, chow time
Line up for chow, line up for chow

I got dreams, of being a king
(But right now, I'm living unhealthy
Since I'm balling, as I say to myself)
But everything ain't what it seems
(I'm praying, asking God for some help
When I get out, I'll be back for my wealth
It can't rain forever)

But dear Lord, change the weather
Cause these scars and these bars, make my pain make pleasure
And I'm a long far away, from everything that I treasure
All because, I was chasing this cheddar
But in my dream I was a king, but nothing ever comes to a dreamer
So I turned to a hustler, block bleeder and schemer
Daddy noticed something different, bout my gangsta demeanor
But he never, could just point the finger
But now he know, cause I'm locked up now
No more Benz with the roof, popped up now
I do my laundry in the toilet, and it's stopped up now
Boys think it's some pussy jacking off, when a female guard walk thru now
My life is a shame, but nigga doing time is the price of the game
And all this wasting time, doing nights in the bang
Got me realizing that my life gotta change, for real

I use to have dreams, about having too much bread
But seem like whoever stacking me, down with who bust lead
Trying to take something from em, and I ain't having none of that
Artillery is close by, I'ma be grabbing some of that
If somebody was looking at me funny, I was about my money
Acting like the world was mine, and nobody could take it from me
Too much traffic, at my house now
No more twenties, I moved up to pounds and soft now
Got diamonds and gold in my mouth now, hustling hoping I can get rich
Risking mo' than my freedom, turning a continent to a brick
In the briefcase, nervous but tired of being a cheap skate
Running in and out of town on the regular, with no delay
Two hundred and seventeen thousand, dollar spot
35,000 dollar watch, you can hear it when my collar pop
I was a baller, balling in the mix
With seven cell phones, now all my people calling in this bitch

And Lord knows, he got to lighten up on me
Sooner or later, it's bound to brighten up for me
But as of now black clouds, have been above me so I'm feeling like Pac
Trying to be calm and survive the storm, but I'm missing my block
Sick of niggaz screaming throughout the night, wishing they'd stop
Bitching about, if they gon get a visit or not
When I get out it's back to the block, ain't got no time to keep
(it can't rain forever) not on a nigga, that's designed to get it

Only 23, with at least eighteen prior convictions
Guess I'ma doubt trying to get it, and over ride this visit
I've been through and through it again, troubles trials and trenches
On the edge of reserve, riding on benches sitting in back of the court
Reading breezing, through new bible scriptures
Ain't no reason for Bleeda lying and kick it, but for my niggaz on lock
That's still, filling out their grocery list
I blaze tracks like a rapper real over a pit, when I'ma wake up

I know, I know
(it can't rain forever) [x4]