

Rain

Mac Miller

Take your time, when talkin' to a nigga I don't waste none
Knock you off your feet and then I flee before the jakes come
Sick of hearin' cases from these niggas who ain't face none
But I'ma be the nigga that they feelin' when the day come
Thirsty for the pay, young niggas led astray
Stray bullet hit my brother in his mothafuckin' face
What's fate when a person don't deserve what he get?
Shootin' reckless at the father almost murdered the kid
Or is it karma for the shit that both the parents had did?
Ain't embarrassed where I'm livin', we get merit for kills
From a family of niggas that was veteran skilled
Voted heartless cause my momma made me part of the guild
Deals made, sellin' thrills paid the bills at the crib
Drag him down by the river, he'll be missin' for years
And them funerals was usual, ain't sheddin' no tears
You the fall and had it better off than most of us did
Cause shit, Heaven knows, Heaven's gates prolly closed
And these hoes in a race for the gold
We was raised on that fork in the road
No food on our plate, just the meals that we stole

I spit that prayer hand emoji, that shit that injured Kobe
The holiest of holy, Nick Nolte in some Oakley's
That's a flex though, cover up the issues that I kept close
Sober I can deal 'em in the corner with my head low
Runnin' from my shadow, never ending chase
Ease the pain and the battle that's within me
Sniff the same shit that got Whitney, the high heel depression
My temple feel the metal comin' out the Smith & Wesson, bang
Say a prayer, leave my brains on the tile floor
My bitch hate me, always tell me I should smile more
Off them drugs that hit you in your spinal cord
This the shit I need to keep the climate warm
Wish I could get high, space migration
Pretend I can just fly to great vibrations
The magazines need a quote
Now I'm gone, sorry I don't even know

And this pain, and this pain, and this pain, and this pain
Mixed up with this rain, this rain, this rain, this rain