Rain Storm

Ralo

Got to go hard 'cause I heard some niggas knocking me
Watch my surroundings 'cause I heard some people watching me
Hustler ambition, swear to God it ain't no stopping me
They like the way I do it so I guess that's why they copy me
In the rain while it's storming, gotta make it out
Stack up that money, none of my niggas will see a drought
They speaking on me then you knowing I'ma see what it's 'bout
Two twenty-three up in the closet, I'ma bring it out

I made a mil in a month, and this month is not over
I had a talk with my dreams, I told him I'm a lot closer
I drop the top on the rooster, in the trunk is motor
The police can't never lock us 'cause they can never control us
I pray I never lose focus, hope one day they will notice
That I'm the person that won but wasn't given the trophies
I got more drip than the rain, got more trips than the plane
I only fuck with them cowards 'cause I be milking the game
I do not talk to these niggas, I only talk to myself
Don't worry 'bout what I buy, 'cause bitch I bought it myself
Remember when I was down, I did not ask for no help
I ain't begging for shit, that's something I won't accept
When the rain drops, we the ones that can't stop
We done came for, I'ma do everything for her
I'ma do everything for her, I'ma do everything and more

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I gotta go hard, I gotta go hard, you know that I gotta go hard
Everything that I get in life, you know I gotta thank God
Everything that I do in life, you know I do it for my boys
Even if we don't do it right, we'll never fall apart
When they was down I was down with 'em
When they was lost I was found with 'em
Any nigga try to play around
I'll go against the town with 'em
They turned me down, I ain't turning back
They turned me down, I ain't turning back
I never turned my back on my niggas, I never did
Even when I give 'em my all, they never see it
Even if I gave 'em my last it wouldn't matter
'Cause if I was down bad on my ass I wouldn't ask 'em
For shit

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Get back from that chopper
Split your head and leave your shit in pieces
Everybody 'round me getting money, ain't nobody leechin'
Look me in my eyes, what you see? I bet you say a demon
It's a horror story, bet I have everybody screaming
They got some OG's who been hustlin', some up in the can
They say it's a struggle, say it's hard to touch a hundred grand
Devil on my back so through the day I always be praying
Would you let a nigga step on your or hop out and start sprayin'?
I'm on probation but I always keep that thing on me
I know they hate me, I'm like fuck 'em, I ain't never runnin'
We grab them choppers and post up since they say they comin'
When they pull up we hit 'em up, there go a whole hundred
These bitches under disguise, tryna get to my money
She think she fuckin' with my mind, won't finesse me out nothin'
Diamond teeth, summer rider, king on the under
I ain't have nothing but now you see me with a lot of money
I'm like oh-oh-oh, when this pain gon' go?
What you don't tell, they don't know, I'll never sell my soul
I done walked a long road, was up in jail up the road
Stood on all ten toes, nigga I'm never fold

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