I dropped a couple bangers since they let me out the slammer The jakes back on my case, I just pray I see the summer Yo it's big boy Skrapz, the one and only motherfucker Everything I say is proper, there can never be another Free my nigga Jigga, that's my brother, word to mother I'm looking for a brownin just to fuck her, not to love her I be staying undercover tryna duck an undercover Drop a package on a runner Call him Ramsey, he's a gunner Me, I be a gunner slash black star Slash drug dealer slash rapper slash gangster Slash a boy's face just for acting like a prankster Snuff a nigga on the mains, what you talking bout banter? Save that for your Twitter fans Ask Inch, I was hanging out the car What you know about wicked man? They're gonna make me raise the stick and start sticking man Bring my black suit out and start christen man

Rain on dem, rain on dem
Rain on dem
Rain on dem, we're in a different lane from dem
I don't think nobody out there can compare
Rain on dem, we're in a different lane from dem
I don't think nobody out there can compare

Come through in some design shorts Bitches understand my story, I don't need nice talk The fly sorts, see all I get is white cause In the trap house, tracksuit looking Sky Sports Cocaine creps, matching white tee Yeah them niggas sound nice but they ain't nothing like we Watch how I switch the game on them See a pagan, let it rain on them I'm having nightmares of getting nicked See the feds coming plain on me Dreams of getting rich but now they wanna rain on me But before I do life though I'll shoot a fed You went to sleep last night while I moved a Z And putting two in pebs, now designer shoes and creps Italian attire you see the medusa head Bitches wanna fuck, I just get stupid head Kill a beat, even the producer's dead

Rain on dem, rain on dem
Rain on dem
Rain on dem, we're in a different lane from dem
I don't think nobody out there can compare
Rain on dem, we're in a different lane from dem
I don't think nobody out there can compare