

Rain Drops

Slaughterhouse

Tear drops in the pillow on my bed
Still Trying to keep my head up
Know you'd rather see me dead
And the raindrops keep on falling
I said they keep on falling
And they keep on falling
I said they keep on falling
(Slaughterhouse Yo)

I'm the product of when a nigga's mama gives up
Crying lying in the trash with the lid shut
Ain't got no family my mind is tender my
Daddy's invisible my Mom's is Brenda unhh
If I survive I'm grow into what
Society considers trash the rope is to us
That means I'm hanging myself by living
The noose is getting murdered that or going to prison
My minds controlled before I learned mind control
What you call living life I call dying slow
I'm genetically predisposed
The reaper the only thing that can ease my soul freezing cold
Feeling like I was given life and if I take it at least I choose
I'll probably be in heaven when the pain stops
Til then all I'm hearing is wind and rain drops

(Cause this is my pain)
Dear auntie I still feel your timeless sorrow
Before you died it's like your body was mine to borrow
Like I jumped in your physical shell
While you was going through miserable hell saying goodbye to tomorrow
Everyday it make me sad, angry, mad how you were sent to heaven sacred path
Duct taped and gagged plus raped and stabbed body draped in blood what a faith to have
Such a pitiful end I'm popping Ritalin like they skittles cause
When I sleep I can feel it again and again and again it's difficult
Killing is the wickedest biblical sin I'm talking about momma's identical twin
I see your face when I look at her
Her reminder of how I've been in the cold
Since 14 years old
Swear to GOD I'll probably be in heaven when the pain stops
Til then all I'm hearing is wind and raindrops. (Rest In Peace Chacha)

Nah I ain't move bricks on the peter pan
No father around to teach me how to be a man
We was too high didn't know when we would land
Scraping coke on the weed til' niggas didn't see a plant
Alcoholic's child raise off of sugar water
Headed to you and just thought about how good he was brought up
Coulda woulda outta one track mind
They say man of many hats buys a hooker for a quarter
And now I'm writing a book and the hoods the author
Called the "Obvious Poker Face The Look of Torture"
Teach you how to climb your way out that ditch then

Me all I need is this pen and thick skin
Being so bright could mean you lit then
Cause you start trying to figure out a figment
I'll probably be in heaven when the pain stops
Til then all I hear is wind and rain drops

(Check it out)

I'm still waiting on my did to get back
He went to the store in 84 and I ain't seen him after that
Another single mom public assisted the rent wasn't consistent
So they had us back and forth to court in the months of the blizzard (Freezing)
My sneakers leaked the rubber was missing
No one on ones they always jumped me no brothers and sisters to hold me down
Along with headphones plugged into a cheap Walkman that ate tapes
Gun shots and me sleep walking I hate weights
A whole lot of crying police chalking that fate tape
Ambulance never on time they like a day late
My cousin ain't had to vacate my best friend since age eight
Sometimes I can't hold them I kid you not
Eyes get swollen holding on that tissue box
Somebody get a mop
I'll probably be in heaven when the pain stops
Til then all I'm hearing is wind and raindrops