

The Rain

Trae tha Truth

[Shyna:]

Cause, it's all I knooooow

[Trae:]

I wish this life'd get better, but everyday it's like I'm wishing for nothin g

But still I'm walking like I'm proud, and keep it G when I'm strutting

It's been a long road, watching everything unfold

I'm 24 and still alive, so I respect what I'm told

Some days I wonder who might go through, what I go through

Where every other day, some motherfucker think they know you

Come here nigga let me show you, that money don't change a thang

The only thing that change, is how quick your partnas'll bust your brain

I'm so use to seeing it rain, I give a fuck about the sunshine

I'm adapted to pain, that's why they feel it when I spit mine

It's anger when I spit lines, I remember what it was and where I'm coming from

I started from nothing, that's why I'm glad I made it out the slums

But that ain't do nothing, but change a nigga address

Same old drama same bullshit, same old stress

I'm well acquainted with the rain, so way too much that I ain't seen

Yeah I'm still below the possible, it's fuck you when I'm dreaming

[Hook: Shyna & (Dallas)]

See I would rather, feel the rain

Cause shit, don't ever change

(cause shit don't ever change)

So I kick it, with the rain

(so I'll just kick it, see I'll just kick it with the rain)

And try the best, to do my thang

(and try my best, and try my best)

Cause it's all I knooooow

[Trae:]

It's like I keep feeling the pressure frustrated and agg'd, but trying to keep focus

Is hell, when pain collide with the rain haven't you noticed

I had a few up's in my life, and a whole bunch of them down's

It's amazing, how our niggaz still around

Nevetheless I find myself, doing the same thang

Drop another album for the block, and try to get my change

And deep beneath that all I feel, like it's the last that I'm giving

While on this trip, you see my hurt no longer keeping me driven

I don't even feel part of nothing, it's been that way from the get

One of the realest, but I still end up the last round draft pick

I thought it was coming, a twenty thousand dollar video

BET denied it, cause unlike...it wasn't bout the hoes

And I ain't capping, I'm just keeping it real

It's prolly cause I don't be rapping, I be keeping it real

I won't sell my soul for no dollar, the money cars or fame

I won't even give it thought, I would rather kick it with the rain motherfucker

[Hook]

[Trae:]

It ain't too many can relate, to what I'm feeling inside

I've been a loner on my own, so I continue to ride
Whether my life done been sour, I still been playing my part
No matter what these niggaz say, don't try to take it to heart
I found myself in that situation, too many of times
And start to searching for myself, but anger's all that I find
I'm motivated by the doubt, that they done gained for a nigga
And all this way below the belt shit, that they aim at a nigga
But still I learn to continue on, to the next episode
No matter the weight up on my shoulders, I'll be damned if I fold
And even though, I'd rather find myself inside of the rain
It's only cause I see the fake, when I'm outside of the rain
And I ain't speaking on all, but yeah I'm speaking on most
This show right here, is when you keep it real and Trae is the host
If you ain't never been inside it, ain't no way to explain
The only thing that understand me, is the drops of the rain

[Hook]

[Shyna:]

I'd rather feel the rain, (I'd rather feel the rain)
Cause shit don't ever change, (cause shit don't change)
So I kick it with the rain, (I kick it with the rain)
And try my best to do my thang, cause it's all I knooooow