

## Praverb the Wyse

### "Rain"

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I've seen gloomy days; all I see is black clouds  
Rhyiming in my house, never seen a packed crowd I  
was a foster kid, grew up a black child A young Nat  
Cole, listening to black soul I felt froggy, from the start,  
like a tad pole With no direction, mastering my rap  
flows Started as a hobby, not concerning with cash flow  
I felt free like a Cuban fleeing Castro I found comfort in  
these lines and beats I wanna be mentioned with the  
rhyiming elite To reach that spot, I have to grind for  
weeks Days, months, years and find time to sleep My  
mind is weak, polluted by the tunes I hear I won't  
complain, I'm in a foul mood this year I feel like I'm  
losing ground I'm a veteran dog, y'all need to stop  
abusing sound [chorus] 2x I've seen black clouds, rain  
will fall I shout out to God, I await his call No answer,  
I'm fed up with hip-hop But I got a smile on my face,  
cause the game revolves You probably know me as the  
rapping priest Want me to get involved with this  
rapping beef But not I, I gravitate towards the light You  
know what I'm saying, got my eyes focused on Christ  
I'm not saying that I'm perfect fam But I do follow the  
perfect plan, so listen up From birth to man, I searched  
the land On a quest for knowledge, I unearth the sand  
They say when it rains, it pours when my mom died, I  
had pain in store I dropped out of college like K. West  
did I was an honor roll student, dreaming big  
Notoriously known for my naÃve nature Native  
American tossing my life on paper I had to start from  
scratch, to be in the mix I'm back in school now,  
chasing the pack [chorus] 2x

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