

Jim Jones

"Rain"

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Nigga, we too close, can't stop praying now
Though it seems there's no end to this pain
Every time I close my eyes I pray for rain
I pray for rain to wash away the strain

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You couldn't understand how much the pain weight
So in the hood we love the rainy days
'Cause sub constantly we know the sun's coming
We love the winter 'cause we know the summers
coming

Remember I got locked the same night my son was
coming
All I could do is pray that they don't take me away
And Lord knows I have the angel's on my side
They search the car, I had the hammer in my ride

A miracle on flat bush avenue
I still made it back to say push when she was having
you
A newer version, a younger me
I want him to go to school and raise him up gun free

I swear some places I don't want him to be
And I swear some things I don't want him to see
But new booty, daddy loves you truly
So the nights you don't see me, you know daddy's on
his duty

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What's a poor man's pickle? Survive threw the poor
Pull a truck upfront and drive threw the store
Had to be a felon, hated being proper

Read the book of life and satin was the author

Still I was the colperate rather be in rikers
The bugger had my baby momma running threw them
diapers
All for that shitting and all them pampers
Grandma layed up with all of that cancer

Lid paint flaking constantly chipping
Mama with that dark rum constantly sipping
I vow to my name a bad transmission
For getting in the game that's a bad transition

One flick, one night I'm ally ally outsin' free
For getting you a place with a G
A couple heavy shots I'ma newer man ready
Go and get paper the hustler with the confetti, I'm
ready

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I can truly understand
How life can drain all the passion from a man
With just one chance it can change his circumstance
And get that money, baby, get that money, babe
Let's get this money, baby, yeah

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