

E.Y.C

"It Can't Rain 4 Ever"

Visit "[It Can't Rain 4 Ever](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(*talking*)

Chow time, chow time

Everybody line up for chow, chow time

Line up for chow, line up for chow

[Hook: Z-Ro & (Lil' O) - 2x]

I got dreams, of being a king

(But right now, I'm living unhealthy

Since I'm balling, as I say to myself)

But everything ain't what it seems

(I'm praying, asking God for some help

When I get out, I'll be back for my wealth

It can't rain forever)

[Lil' O]

But dear Lord, change the weather

Cause these scars and these bars, make my pain make
pleasure

And I'm a long far away, from everything that I treasure

All because, I was chasing this cheddar

But in my dream I was a king, but nothing ever comes
to a dreamer

So I turned to a hustler, block bleeder and schemer

Daddy noticed something different, bout my gangsta
demeanor

But he never, could just point the finger

But now he know, cause I'm locked up now

No more Benz with the roof, popped up now

I do my laundry in the toilet, and it's stopped up now

Boys think it's some pussy jacking off, when a female
guard walk thru now

My life is a shame, but nigga doing time is the price of
the game

And all this wasting time, doing nights in the bang

Got me realizing that my life gotta change, for real

[Hook - 2x]

[Z-Ro]

I use to have dreams, about having too much bread

But seem like whoever stacking me, down with who

bust lead
Trying to take something from em, and I ain't having
none of that
Artillery is close by, I'ma be grabbing some of that
If somebody was looking at me funny, I was about my
money
Acting like the world was mine, and nobody could take
it from me
Too much traffic, at my house now
No more twenties, I moved up to pounds and soft now
Got diamonds and gold in my mouth now, hustling
hoping I can get rich
Risking mo' than my freedom, turning a continent to a
brick
In the briefcase, nervous but tired of being a cheap
skate
Running in and out of town on the regular, with no
delay
Two hundred and seventeen thousand, dollar spot
35,000 dollar watch, you can hear it when my collar pop
I was a baller, balling in the mix
With seven cell phones, now all my people calling in
this bitch

[Hook - 2]

[Bleeda]
And Lord knows, he got to lighten up on me
Sooner or later, it's bound to brighten up for me
But as of now black clouds, have been above me so I'm
feeling like Pac
Trying to be calm and survive the storm, but I'm
missing my block
Sick of niggaz screaming throughout the night, wishing
they'd stop
Bitching about, if they gon get a visit or not
When I get out it's back to the block, ain't got no time to
keep
(it can't rain forever) not on a nigga, that's designed to
get it
Only 23, with at least eighteen prior convictions
Guess I'ma doubt trying to get it, and over ride this
visit
I've been through and through it again, troubles trials
and trenches
On the edge of reserve, riding on benches sitting in
back of the court
Reading breezing, through new bible scriptures
Ain't no reason for Bleeda lying and kick it, but for my
niggaz on lock
That's still, filling out their grocery list

I blaze tracks like a rapper real over a pit, when I'ma
wake up

[Hook - 2x]

I know, I know
(it can't rain forever) - 4x

Visit [E.Y.C](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.