

Chase Allen "Cloudy Afternoons"

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Looking back no rapper all I dress up
Flat screen cars on the naughty professor
Sun raise beamer through the curtain
5 voice smells on my phone, saying this isn't working
For certain, that's a loony for certain
Given tone in her voice you can tell she was rehearsing
Damn I should have used better judgment
I should have smashed her friends and her cousins
My cousin said cousin you was bugging
You different main that's swagger like make loving
You wifed her and you wasn't even husband
Pop potato stressed out while she out clubbing
So as the room lights get dim, falling like the wagon
Of a black stay none like them
Thick ones some like then
Every times the horrors brought,
Come they always lightskin
This a shame, money in the vain
Can't boy you love, they don't make him buy you things
Like diamonds and chains, black on black range
Private jet planes
Mane I'm bout to go insane
Give me a jacket with the straps on
And if it's louie then I just might... my back on
Need some love, hit onyx off then I stack on it
Your ass look lonely, you sure you don't need a lap on it
I'm just saying, cause you know,
You fine and all, but

Mama used to tell me take advantage of any single
change I get
Who would have thought that I would see some days
like this
Pass forward places that you see on tv
Like a novel how custom turn the page like this
I was made like this, I was raised like this
Mediterranean sea, I got waves like this
Minimum wage, I was once paid like this
Hellfire smoking weed, how I blaze like this
In school odd, didn't get A's like this
In the barber shop, Jordan junk shot got fades like this
Lasagna noodles with the chicks, get laid like this

Fire hoes with the ruger, you get sprayed like this
Disassemble gotti's part inside the lobby
When our owners come out, we rob they asses with the
shotty
Cause we do this for a hobby, ain't tryina catch a body
But if somebody spot me, they gonna make the news
prolly
Got nothing to loose, don't follow no rules
Don't look up to me homie, just look up to my shoes
Catch me at a bar mitzvah drinking nothing but booze
On a search for my lucky break like I'm hunting for food
Touch a hunned k soon as the weather start changing
Before god fulfilled the book of revelation
Lift her legs up, make her legs start shaking
Then she hitting high notes, like a need of bacon
And my fault, she wanted the morning situation
Now she on the floor, vital for respiration
Remind me the brown versus the boardal education
Bust a la black remi and the segregation
Mama said.

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