

Fashawn

"Dark Cloud"

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[Intro]

Drop, drop
Is for my niggas in the pen
Drop, drop
For all my brothers in the box
Drop, drop
Hold your head, hold your head
Is my letter to you

[Hook]

I said I knew a new nigga
For the these dark clouds follow
Cause while it's over me is too black to see tomorrow
Said I need a new nigga for these dark clouds to follow
Cause while it's over me is too black to see tomorrow
Said I need a new nigga for these dark clouds to follow
Cause while it's over me is too black to see tomorrow
Take another sip from the bottle, bottle, bottle

From out the corners of my eye seen the theme
stagger
Up to a hustler in this team with his jeans sagging
Had tilted to the left with a mean swagger
Don't plan on leaving the scene till this cream add up
Could have got a scholarship, but he fell victim
Drop out twelve grade caught a jail sentence
Had a polluted it with mind state, couldn't dwell in it
I look at death in his eyes, face was pale skinned
Looking up like a man, but a frail image
Not the normal hustler cause he was kind of timid
About the skinny as a grandma he would drown
pitching
Got a taste of that nose candy caught a fly adiction
Ask me if I need it to fix, but I resist it
The block hot keep it moving, is what I insisted
It will take another beat before we realize he's slipping
Into the cycle we're all living
It's called hell prison, prison!

[Hook]

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I just shown him that he envisions a better life for
himself
The type that he don't have to pedal right for the wealth
Is in the deam let's keep it up in night, nothing helps
He's trying to lean in coldine on the shelf
But he becomes hollow as the bottle that he drank
Lives life on the edge, but I doubt he'd ever jump, huh
Trying to find Heaven in hell in every second
Heading into a dead end couldn't tell you where his
head is
Still accounting this paper, preach accounting these
blessings
Evil in all directions, heathens was Smith and Westsons
His son's heathen desperately in need of affection
It's dead CPS steps in I see him stressing
He threw away his future couldn't escape his past
Caught up chasing cash, and he made at last
He's physically free, but confined
His hell is imaginary, the prison is in his mind

[Hook x2]

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