

C-Murder F/ Soldier Slim % Da Hound

"Victim of the Rain"

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(BFAP):

It's wild how you never know where you life could go
Though so many try to slow your roll
In these trails of life, I ignite to show you the way
If you stay naive and believe what they say
When they try to break you down and sculpt your mind
like clay
I was a special-ed student at a school in The Bay
????? , where you wack counselors tried to bust my
tooth
Because I refused the rules
Cuz I was a ten year old stuck in the wrong school for
two years
How would you react to fear?
That's why I was so hard to grow near to
Another human being until the age of 19
I'd seen my mother go through different levels of rage
Living with her was like being locked in a cage
Like my pops who's trapped in a world of crack and
cocaine
But I never hold him to blame
If I should barely fly from the broken picture frame I
call my reality
And blow away into a suicidal breeze
I've been learning more about me
Trying to help kill the anger I see
And became in the rain
I tried, but it's so hard to open up inside
I'ma feel like I'm dying
It's only so high I can get before I start feeling like shit
So excuse me if I act too rude

Chorus:

Excuse me if I act to rude
I've never been a victim to the rain
How many tryna live they lives, and the sprinkle drops
of pain

(PSC):

It's like a bad attitude was possessing me to dis her
If in turn she had left, I can't front, I would miss her

Almost everyday I think how my head blew up
Thinking I was too large to be touched
By the public or the simple sense of loving someone
who had my back
Surrounded by friends that's all new, it had my act put
down for a rap star
Positioning convenience by conveniently placing those
who had social status
In my circle
The workings of a jerk in the making
The pain's taking tax to quicken life in the eye
Trying to figure out why we want to live privileged
Even down to the little things like sliding in the club
On the guest list forever, very insecure
People live like VIP's within fame as a shelter
It shelters all their loneliness that ego's keep hidden
Forbidden forms of expression in this hip-hop culture
or rap game
And so human traits, they many
Humble and slips through the fingers that hold
platinum
Gold plats, I wonder if I ever go back after we blow up,
after doing this
stuff
Enough to drive you crazy
Enough to make you hella lazy
Enough to make you think that's a way to be treated
Immediate forms a conflict, rise within denial
The trial of what lies beside your life files
It combines and confines you inside your moods
And gives some insight to why you too...

CHORUS

(BFAP/spoken):

I never meant to be that way
Something inside burns
I'm a survivor
Burns....survivor
Dancing on the world like Josaphine Baker
How many tryna live they lives through the sprinkle
drops of pain?
Rain...
I'm a survivor...survivor of war
Dancing on the world like Josaphine Baker
And Louis E...Louis Armstrong's long lost son

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