

When It Rain

Danny Brown

With a bat, go dangerous on that cat
Go Traxman, hit it from the back
DJ Assault, bitch, let me bang
Bruiser Brigade, we run that train
Put that thang in her caboose
Only way you hang is with a noose
Beef with us, it ain't no truce
Y'all niggas lame, y'all ain't like us
Hanging with the devil off angel dust
For that money, in God we trust
All fall victim for greed and lust
Who you 'pose to trust when guns gone bust?
Living every day like it's the end
Just waking up, feelin' like a sin
Gotta keep a eye on your friends
Cause everybody hungry in them streets
Nigga rob ya grandma for something to eat
Know it's fucked up, that's how it be
Growing up living everyday in the D
And it don't seem like shit gon' change
No time soon in the City of Boom
Doomed from the time we emerged from the womb
So to cope, drugs we consume
Here we go, now, here we go
Ain't no water, how a flower gon' grow?
Ain't no change, then how we gon' change?
No umbrella, we stuck in the rain
Dark clouds hanging all over our head
No sunshine and them showers be lead
Lighting up squares and them dots be red
Now ya best friend gets shot in the head, damn

Oh, you ain't know that
When it rain, when it pour, get your ass on the floor now
Oh, you ain't know that, did you?
Better duck when you hear them gunshots go off
Pop off when them shots go off
Knock off, you try to play me soft
Glocks all in yo face, dog
No baseball, better run home
Hit ya lung, blood on yo tongue
Exorcist, yo head get spun
Exodus, I might forget
Bitch, when it's time for your ass be done

You ain't heard it like this before
They don't do it like this no more
That get on up, that get on up
That get on up, up on the floor
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Time for the percolator
Murder music orchestrator
Point blank hollow tip circulator
Your ass lucky if you on respirator
I'm like Vega rolling with that blade
Kid don't play, wanna catch that fade?
Shoot the house party up with them K's
Shut down when we hit the DJ
That Detroit shit, do the Rambisco
Minks and Gators, pistol the disco
Eating crawfish up in Fishbones
Heater off safety, watching the Pistons
Niggas get pissed on no-fly zone
Call Uncle Trick when you hit my home
Beef with him? Don't hit my phone
D vs. everybody, ain't no song
Coming from the city where them goons be lurking
Get caught slipping, yo ass will be hurting
That's for certain, yo ass be curtains
Young niggas out there puttin' that work in
On you scoring for a pair of Jordans
Whole damn city probably got a couple warrants
Why the county jail always stay crowded
They don't give a fuck, they just go POP

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Better duck when you hear them gunshots go off
Pop off and all them shots go off
Knock off, you're tryna play me soft
Glocks out in your face, dawg
No baseball, better run home

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