

# Trae, The Rain

(\*Shyna\*)

Cause, it's all I knooooow

(Trae)

I wish this life'd get better, but everyday it's like I'm wishing for nothing  
But still I'm walking like I'm proud, and keep it G when I'm strutting  
It's been a long road, watching everything unfold  
I'm 24 and still alive, so I respect what I'm told  
Some days I wonder who might go through, what I go through  
Where every other day, some motherfucker think they know you  
Come here nigga let me show you, that money don't change a thang  
The only thing that change, is how quick your partnas'll bust your brain  
I'm so use to seeing it rain, I give a fuck about the sunshine  
I'm adapted to pain, that's why they feel it when I spit mine  
It's anger when I spit lines, I remember what it was and where I'm coming from  
I started from nothing, that's why I'm glad I made it out the slums  
But that ain't do nothing, but change a nigga address  
Same old drama same bullshit, same old stress  
I'm well acquainted with the rain, so way too much that I ain't seen  
Yeah I'm still below the possible, it's fuck you when I'm dreaming

(Hook: Shyna & (Dallas))

See I would rather, feel the rain  
Cause shit, don't ever change  
(cause shit don't ever change)  
So I kick it, with the rain  
(so I'll just kick it, see I'll just kick it with the rain)  
And try the best, to do my thang  
(and try my best, and try my best)  
Cause it's all I knooooow

(Trae)

It's like I keep feeling the pressure frustrated and agg'd, but trying to keep focus  
Is hell, when pain collide with the rain haven't you noticed  
I had a few up's in my life, and a whole bunch of them down's  
It's amazing, how our niggaz still around  
Nevertheless I find myself, doing the same thang  
Drop another album for the block, and try to get my change  
And deep beneath that all I feel, like it's the last that I'm giving  
While on this trip, you see my hurt no longer keeping me driven  
I don't even feel part of nothing, it's been that way from the get  
One of the realest, but I still end up the last round draft pick  
I thought it was coming, a twenty thousand dollar video  
BET denied it, cause unlike...it wasn't bout the hoes  
And I ain't capping, I'm just keeping it real  
It's prolly cause I don't be rapping, I be keeping it real  
I won't sell my soul for no dollar, the money cars or fame  
I won't even give it thought, I would rather kick it with the rain motherfucker

(Hook)

(Trae)

It ain't too many can relate, to what I'm feeling inside  
I've been a loner on my own, so I continue to ride  
Whether my life done been sour, I still been playing my part  
No matter what these niggaz say, don't try to take it to heart  
I found myself in that situation, too many of times  
And start to searching for myself, but anger's all that I find  
I'm motivated by the doubt, that they done gained for a nigga  
And all this way below the belt shit, that they aim at a nigga  
But still I learn to continue on, to the next episode  
No matter the weight up on my shoulders, I'll be damned if I fold  
And even though, I'd rather find myself inside of the rain  
It's only cause I see the fake, when I'm outside of the rain

And I ain't speaking on all, but yeah I'm speaking on most  
This show right here, is when you keep it real and Trae is the host  
If you ain't never been inside it, ain't no way to explain  
The only thing that understand me, is the drops of the rain

(Hook)

(Shyna)

I'd rather feel the rain, (I'd rather feel the rain)  
Cause shit don't ever change, (cause shit don't change)  
So I kick it with the rain, (I kick it with the rain)  
And try my best to do my thang, cause it's all I knooooow