

Yung Bleu, Dark Clouds

I done seen a lotta sunny days
But I still can't forget about them dark clouds

Made a million dollars, still ain't happy
I know this money can't get my niggas out the casket
I made a million dollars, still ain't happy
Say she got her tubes tied, bitch, you tryna trap me
What money make a bitch do
You don't know the half
Posted in the projects
I'm makin' them birds take a bath
Come and get your ho
'Cause I'm makin' these girls take a tab
I'm that nigga put my city on the map

To the nigga that killed Ty'Corey
Let it die down
Put a bag on all of y'all, you better slide down
Twenty choppas in the F150, out ridin' round
Merry Christmas
We tryna see who chimney to slide down, nigga
Playin' with my nigga just like Russian roulette
Fuck her when I wanna, I don't ask her for sex
I go where I wanna, nigga, show me respect
BMG, the mob
Bitch, we buy the check

You ain't no shooter
Get the fuck up out the car, nigga
Police put chains on my dawg
But this ain't Saw, nigga
We caught him at a baby shower
Play it raw, nigga
You ain't no gangster
I can see that from afar, nigga

I been seein' dark clouds lately
I'm so tired of seeing dark clouds, baby
But it's them dark clouds that made me
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I just took auntie to Sunday service
You ain't no gangster
You just slide when you be on them percy
Two cars swervin', sent 200 shots like Khyrie Irving
I'm out the dirty
Keep that boy away, he make me nervous
Buy that bitch some business 'fore I ever buy a Birkin
You too fine to beg me for a purse but you a serpent

Say you want a kilo
Nino meet him by the churches
Take a nigga pack
And tell him that he don't deserve it
I was on my last hundred dollars, I was worthless
Seein' dark clouds over me, I'm hearin' voices
You gon' get this paper or be broke?
I made choices
Lost a couple friends and it tore my heart to darkness
I be seein' dark clouds

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