

# 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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