## **Blueberry Rain**

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I have to blink two times 'cause im camera shy I dont eat ice cream or cherry pie I make it melt man it'll be dripping of the shelf But looking hella pretty like my leather buckle belt Its a serenity a trinity My legacy is begging me to change my identity A four-five infinity Anthology anatomy is sorta like a policy A rapper termonology It dont give an apology You know the trigonometry You think can handle flygirly (?) It'd get the BDP Half a crimonology The mongoose bangs while the birds all sang I wear my house shoes like Im part of a gang

I spread bread like mustard but never could trust her You know im just a hustler caught up like Usher Im all in trying to triple a nickel See the game thats told get as cold as icicles I cut 'em off if you question my analysis Day i rate mayne my mind state mac a trick Knowin all my homies gon call when ready To the P.I's and those pushin raw like Eddy You can give me a update and tell me "wassup mayne" Influxuate the paste till its cookie or cupcakes Its so vivid straight up with no gimicks Gotta get on her you can roll wit it Every minute count we bounce We count onces to the amount Houses from the account breached up in the couch Fly down south get the dough in atlanta I hit the floor and do the Toni Montana

Im going to go, leaving clouds of smoke Ima always do my bay thang, Ima hustler mayne, gotta make my change No time for playin games hey State-to-State on a papa chase Leavin em laced got moves to make Im staying high like fly for life Cant get by just to maintain

Oh hell naw I aint done enough, theres more i gotta see So lord dont punish me just 'cause i smoke alot of weed Thats my apology see I be the no sinner The rule breaker shaker mayne the goal tender Getting the business suckas letting the cash burn Im never finish not even after my last words Natural disasters might take your boy No doubt just let me go out in blaze a glory Helpin kids cross the bridge it is what it is Live life with a whole lot of sacrifice to give I dont deserve it Believe me if god told me its curtains I hope i served my purpose and he knows I wasnt perfect Young queez in this game for life Translate do the damn till the day I die Its a cold world baby and im already frost bit So save your breath I play death when you talk shit

Man its the fifth wheel, some feel, roll up and blow kill I dont trust them motherfuckers all of em hope still Kay swiss white like columbian coke And I dont care about your word I sell dreams and hopes Man its the reece's buttercup be the focus like a mind reader Number 2 pencil is Picasso's brush EQ got the purple rain crushed up The rush of the blood is like a task-force bust

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