

# My Window

Rittz

Fake smile on my face, feeling suicidal, safety off of my gun  
Can't tell it was real or a cry for help but I feel like if I don't make one  
I'ma follow through, my girl gonna follow suit cause she tries every time I'  
m gone  
Last tour, she done slit her wrists and this time she done OD'd, blacked out  
, and broke her arm  
Feel bad, lyin' to her bout the coke I done  
The doc said if I keep drinking Coke and Crown, I won't make it to see 38  
Then I'm wasted again on the floor in the hotel room  
With puke stains on the drapes and the carpet  
Gotta call at eight o'clock in the morning  
So my boy took the keys to my car and drove it through the front door of an  
Exxon  
Cops came and, locked him up, they said they had a warrant  
Now I'm spending all my tour money on his lawyer  
Lord if, this is you sending us a warning  
I hear it loud and clear and please God I swear  
I won't ignore it anymore  
This type of torment is torture, but show us a way  
On my knees and I'm screaming to God and I heard him say

He told me when it rains it pours  
And I can hear the pouring rain  
It feels just like a hurricane just came right outside my window  
Woah-oh  
But one day when the rain is gone  
The thunder from the storm rolls on  
I woke up and I seen the sun and it shine right inside my window  
And it feels like  
Euphoria

Some kids are saying that they in to me  
They told me everything I rap about  
Feel like it happened to him identically  
That he was listening to Misery Loves Company  
And Wishin, Rittz I feel just like you  
Im tryna rap and I'm flunkin' school  
The only thing I really care about in this world  
Is my girl and she been fucking with another dude  
And I was hoping maybe you would tell me what to do  
I'm tryna make it with the scraps that I have  
Working fast for the stack of some cash  
But its like I'm losing the enthusiasm I have  
Trying to master the craft as a rapper  
All I hear is laughter just got in a scrap with my dad  
He hit me in the eye and he blackened it bad  
All I ever wanted from him was a pat on the back  
And I bet if I was dead he'd be glad  
Hit him back so relax, this is how life works  
When you feel like you sitting at the bottom; You not  
To get better, shit gets worse first  
Gotta reverse the negative eye  
Keep praying to God and don't believe in a made up curse  
Told him that I prayed to the Lord  
And he said these words

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Euphoria  
We keep pourin' up  
A big enormous cup  
Of Crown Royal  
Puff another joint and trust  
You're gonna hoist me up  
When the devil wanna stick a  
Pitchfork in us  
Or wanna burn us in a furnace till we boil up  
Beggin' The Lord ???  
To show remorse for us  
We was born in a metamorphosis  
Formed in something far less unfortunate  
We absorbed enough pain ??  
Through our veins like a sting from a scorpion  
We ashamed 'cause we can't afford the stuff  
We wanna buy had to find some form of love  
Or find a formula, of course sure enough  
You in a rut now  
Layin' on the floor in cuffs  
They say the storm is comin'  
But the lightning never struck  
A chord with us

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