

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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