

# Insane Clown Posse, Let It Rain

Looks like rain

Sittin down in my crackhouse, earnin my pay  
It's the Southwest Jugglette claimin' Del Ray  
Violent J  
I'm known by the gang squad and police alike  
I'm known to get wrong off the get right  
Hangin' out the truck I blow the moss burg off  
Who da head of yo set?  
I'll blow yo boss shirt off  
I'll be the top dawg killa  
Who da bomb don?  
You're soft like a Bon-Bon in you're Sean John  
I'm ridin' durrtay up and down a Ford Escort  
I'm in a re-mastered gold super-sport  
And it's about to rain  
I see the weather bad  
I hit the top on up like I  
Better had  
I cut back to the cut to get a cut of my cut  
'Cause even in a hurricane a crack-head'll show up  
I be da gang tag K-er  
Gay-fag slayer, bag-weighter  
With a sweet street-sweep AK  
I don't care

(chorus)x2  
I like the darkness  
It's bout to helly flow  
Tornado sirens  
Let it rain wicked shit

It's borin' man  
I'm smokin a blunt  
It's pourin' rain  
The hood's soakin it up  
But it's gettin' kinda windy and the walls are shakin  
F\*\*kin' roof's comin' off i'm in a lazy-boy bakin'  
I see the crack-heads try to reach the porch  
But the wind sweep 'em off before they get to the door  
They only 90 pounds  
Grab somethin' held down cause you're lookin' funny flyin' around  
FAG!

Blunt wrap on my lap  
Ash all over me  
Playin' Nintendo  
Mega Man IV from '93  
Shudders are shakin and the lightnin' is frightenin'  
F\*\*kin' windows are breakin'  
Man, i'm thinkin' it might be a tornado  
Go to the door open it up...  
YUP  
All the same back to my game  
It's all right  
As long as that motha f\*\*ka stay outside  
I'm tight

(chorus) x2

HOLY F\*\*KIN' SHIT! WHAT THE F\*\*K IS HAPPELATIN'?!  
The whole house spinnin' and shakin'  
Damn near breakin' in half  
I take it and laugh cause what the f\*\*k can i do?

I put the rocks in my socks so i don't loose them too  
I'm f\*\*kin hangin' on  
I lost all but drawers  
Somehow my game's still good, chillen on pause  
We airborne and in the windows flayin' past by are crack-heads  
Wavin' at me STILL tryin' to buy  
Mail boxes, a pizza man, some garbage cans, then i seen a naked, ass-bitch Like  
DAMN  
There was all kinda crazy shit caught in the storm  
But before long, all the shit was gone...