

Jill Scott, Love Rain (Remix)

chorus:

Love rain down on me,
on me,
Down on me.
Love rain down on me,
on me,
Down on me,
Love rain down on me,
on me,
Down on me.
Love rain down on me,
on me,
Down one me.

Met him on a Thursday,
Sunny afternoon,
Cumulous clouds, 84 degrees.
He was brown,
Said he wanted to talk about my mission, listen to my past lives.
Took me on long walks to places where butterflies rest easy,
Talked about Moses and Mumia, reparations, blue colors, memories of shell-topped Adidas.
He was fresh like summer peaches;
Sweet on my mind like block parties and penny candy.
We were nice and warm, no jacket, no umbrella, just warm.
At night, we would watch the stars,
And he would physically give me each and every one.
I felt like cayenne pepper, red, hot spicy.
I felt dizzy and so near heaven.
Miles between my thighs,
Better than love, we made delicious.
He me had, and had me he.
He had me tongue tied;
I could hear his rhythm in my thoughts.
I was his sharp, his horn section.
His boom and his bip,
And he was my love.

Chorus x1

The rain was falling and slowly and sweetly and stinging my eyes,
And I could see that he became my voodoo priest,
And I was his faithful concubine.
Wide open, wide, loose like bowels after collard greens.

The mistake was made, love slipped from my lips,
Dripped down my chin and landed in his lap,
And we became new.

Now me now clairvoyant and in love,
Made the coochie easy and the obvious invisible.
The rain was falling,
And I couldn't see the season changing,
And the vibe slipping off its axis.
Our beautiful melody became wildly staccato.
The...rain...was..falling...and...I...could not...see..that...I..was...to...be
loud...
And so fertile,
and left to drown in his sunny afternoon,
Cumulus clouds of 84 degree melody.

Chorus x1

Mos Def:

I stretched my arms towards the sky like blades of tall grass.
The sun beat between my shoulders like carnival drums.
I sat still in hopes that it would help my wings to grow,
So that I could be really fly.
And then she arrived,
Like day break inside a rainway tunnel,
Like the new moon, like a diamond in the mines, like high noon to a drunkard, sudden.
She made my heart beat in a now/now time signature.
Her skinny canvas for ultraviolet brushstrokes;
She was the sun's painting.
She was a deep cognac color;
Her eyes sparkled like lights along the new city.
She lips pursed as if her breath was too sweet and full for her mouth to hold.
I said, "you are the beautiful, distress of mathematics."
I said, "For you, I would peel open the clouds like new fruit;
Give you lightning and thunder as a dowry.
I would make the sky shed all of its stars like rain,
and I would make the heavens your cape,
And they would be pleased to cover you.
They would be pleased to cover you,
May I cover you?"