

Raekwon, Rainy Dayz

Intro: Blue Raspberry

Summer's dream inside

Of how I'm gonna get mine

I'm thinkin bou-owowow-out so many ways

Of how to conquer, these raihahahahahny days...

[You sang beautifully just now]

[I sang for him, and he isn't here]

birds crawl and cackle

It's going down man, word man

Sup black?

Niggaz is fuckin around my gate man

Word?

Fuck em... yo, I'ma murder somebody man

For real I ain't playin

Whatever whatever...

Chorus: Blue Raspberry

It's raining, he's changing

My man is going insane

Insane...

Verse One: Ghostface Killer

The war is on, yo

On rainy dayz I sit back and count ways on

how to get rich son, show and prove, ask my blitz

Stood up late nights, build with my a-lias

We can pull a heist, snatch ice, or rock mics

But this rap shit, got me wanna clack back the latch

How it goes Leon, pesos made from scratch

but in due time, soon to get mine like Bugsy

Heavy on the wrist, Polo mock socks and rugbies

Old flicks remind me of Gucci's, pack em in your square

and little macks milk, blast the year

That was Bill Bill, fast forward, ninety-four

Who got the bad base? Filthiest fiends scream for more

Bless me out of state, howdy Jake's, Starks is back

Niggaz want work, now I pull back off a G-Pack

Coke rocks, fled to co-ops livin gossip

Them big lip niggaz singin to cops need to box it

Stop it, the projects overflowed with slow leaks

the fiends get, new faces get wrapped in sheets

I gotta get mine, like my old Earth, bless the cheese blind

Sippin on fine wine, the power of the blacks refined

(Raining) devine

Waiting on these raw teats takes too long

It's like waiting on babies, it makes me want to slay thee

But that's ungodly, so yo God, pardon me

I need it real quick, the dope flow like penmanship

Many heads get pistol-whipped, I blow spots like horse shit

So now, talk, shit, nigga, what??

Chorus: Blue Raspberry

It's raining, he's changing

My man is going insane

Insane...

Past sunlight, more gunfight

Verse Two: Raekwon the Chef

...time to get the feeling, word up

What brings rain hail snow and earthquakes

The beat breaks, cause all my niggaz to break son

Styles is similar to criminals locked up

With gats, ghetto tabernacles is fucked up

I live once though, the mind stays infinite

Travel in the church, nine planets, in my midst

While I carry, to earn a decent salary

Soon get married, raise a family, but the plan'll be

real great, to sit up in the loft, count stacks and max

And real cats cold watch my back
But listen to the Wu soon, and maintain
It's all real, starvin individuals kill
I puff what's only right, leave the poison alone
Projects, infested with rats cats and crack homes
Half of us'll try to make it, the other half'll try to take it
So many fake half real freedom-ville
Born to science my alliance analyzes
Wild surprises, keepin my eyes wide to this
The unfortunate, layin in mountains countin
With jewelry on, can it be the next team house the horn
Chill Dunn, just for real ones, light the lye up
I hate to have to tie the next guy up
Pay attention to Tims ten wins, Wu blends
Now I'm starin you, the true buckle up
Now who's a legend?
Chorus: Blue Raspberry, Raekwon the Chef
It's raining, he's changing Word up Dunn
It's raining, he's changing Peace to Philly, VA, these days
My man is going insane Word up y'all
My man is going insane Word up
Insane The sun moon and stars
 Fly cars, word up y'all
No sunlight, more gun fights
I've lost him to the street life
Street life
No cash flow, no more dough
He's someone I don't even know
Someone I don't know
Rainy Dayz...
(children playing)
Gettin through those rainy dayz
Gettin through those rainy dayz
Gettin through those rainy dayz
Gettin through those rainy dayz
I lost him to the street life
The street life, whoahhhhh