

# Raekwon The Chef, Rainy Dayz (Dalvin Remix)

(Blue Raspberry) These rainy days...  
(Raekwon) Doin this for nineteen ninety-six  
Revolution is a trick, be aware

Verse One: Raekwon

Yo, yo, yo  
I run with rich rap cats who run corners  
They run through alleys, navy blue Bally's at the grand finale  
Still in all, currency catches the eye of the youth  
on top, playin on three corners of the roof  
So we accept that, jettin at nights  
don't ever wet that, drop the G-pack how will I eat black  
And brothers, flexin labels like cables  
White Sables, pressin up, tryin to make a debut  
Hard times, when the God rhyme, I maim the minds  
because he playin mines close  
We ain't related 'cause he raided mine  
They see me lampin up in 850's  
With 360's, blowin like 160 sellin fifties  
Due to the wicked, dice should never lie  
Now that's a damn lie, provin on standby, man why?  
The game, I mentally tear down the brain  
Half of us'll feel the pain, big boy, let it rain  
I guess my whole team is marvelous  
Street life novelist, let it rain dunn, swallow this

Word up, so you know  
When I take you there you just add on to this (let it rain dunn, swallow this)

Chorus: Raekwon (singing)

You know how to love me  
Makes me feel so good (let it rain let it rain)  
You know how to -- you know how to love me \*laughter\*  
Makes me feel so good -- Flex my voices right, it's on knowhat!msayin?

Verse Two: Raekwon the Chef

Guess down, the crazy new appar' just for the new year  
Wavy hair plus, we get much 'cause we on the air  
Cristal whylin my medallion, stylin it's like city island  
Relax kid, while shorty profilin  
Until then, we got to bend with the wind  
Plus build again, writin my friends sendin em linen tims  
I'm tired of robberies, pornography  
Throw a pair, Wally's on poach for live nigga pho-tography

Chorus: Raekwon (singin)

You know how to love me  
Makes me feel so good

Verse Three: Ghostface Killer

Yo, yo  
Check out the handshake fake niggaz rockin the toupee  
Frontin on me and Chef, yo it's dog day  
Afternoon I'm blowin up your weak platoon  
Leave you helpless, screamin from all types of wounds  
I be the expert, blowin like a firework  
Covertin concepts that will nerve-wreck in concert  
'cause I write, and blast and slash your whole level  
I'm holy God I be challengin pros for gold medals

Whatever, still remain sturdy like a leather  
On Friday's, get your fresh pay, from a better  
represent, my lifestyle is in like Flynn  
Mili-tinted God shit is very masculine  
Mad tuff, Razor bust stuff with nuff said  
Ex-dust said, now puttin heads to bed  
Call me a legend, flexin with the style of old  
Carryin loads of loot, mad rich buryin gold  
Sabotage, thoughts of livin large any day now  
The land to satisfy the whole garage  
Back to the morrow, soon to make a novel  
Born to be, sellin like Marvel Comic books for my survival  
Beware, I'm hittin like a snare from the Delphonics  
Crushin niggaz I be blowin like egg-onomics  
Washed up, you're f\*\*kin with a daily error  
No fat, niggaz be jettin when they face terror

Check it out y'all, all the fly chicks, yeahhh  
Check it out yo, all the fly chicks, you know I dig your back out  
Word up word up but check it out it's still china  
Word up, one time y'all  
(New York, New York that's the temple, knowhatl'msayin?)  
(Georgia) Carolinas, Mexica  
Mexico, Canada, word up  
Baltimore, BA, plus Philly and Boston  
Mississippi, and Chicago, no doubt no doubt  
Word up, Michigan Michigan