

Violent J, Let It Rain

Looks like rain...

Sittin down in my crack house

Earning my pay

It's the southwest juggla claiming Delray

Violent j, known by gang squad and police alike

I'm known to get wrong off the get right

Hanging out the truck I blow the mausborg off

Who the head of your set I blow your boss shirt off

I be the top dawg killa, who the bomb don?

You're soft like a bon bon, in your Sean John

I'm ridin dirtay up and down forth, escort

I'm in a Ringmaster gold super sport

And it's about to rain I see the weather bad

Hit the top on up like I better had

I cut back to the cut, to get a cut of my cut,

Because even in a hurricane a crack head will show up

I be the gang tag K-a, gay fag slayer, bag weigher

With a sweet street sweeped 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 pouring man, I'm smoking a blunt

It's pouring rain, the hood soaking it up

But it's getting kind of windy and the walls are shaking

Fucking roofs coming off I'm in a lazy boy, baking

I see the crack heads trying to reach the porch

But the wind sweep 'em off before they get to the door they only 90 pounds

Grab something held down, Because you looking funny flying around, FAG!

Blunt wrap on my lap, ash all over me

Playing Nintendo, mega man 4, from '93

Shudders are shaking and the lightning is frightening

Fucking windows are breaking; man I'm thinking it might be a tornado

Go to the door, open it up, yup, all the same back to my game

It's all right, along as that motherfucker stay outside I'm tight

(Chorus x2)

I like the darkness

It's 'bout to helly flow

Tornado sirens

Let it rain wicked shit

Holy fucking shit what the fuck is happilating

The whole house spinning and shaking

Damn near breaking in half, I take it and laugh

Because what the fuck can I do?

I put the rocks in my sock so I don't lose them too,

I'm fucking hanging on I lost all but my drawers

Somehow my game's still good chilling on pause

We air born and the windows flying passing by

A crackheads waving at me still trying to buy

Mailboxes, a pizza man, some garbage cans

Then I seen a naked ass bitch like... damn!

There was all kind a crazy shit caught in the storm

But before long all that shit was gone...