

Let It Rain

Tela

Eleven-thirty on the dot, time to hit the spot
Damn that shit be hot, my nigga be what chu' got
On a sack of bud, these bitches gotta dub
But they ain't got no love, young nigga so what
Let's hook with these bitches, start to smoke up all of they Swisher's
Get up inside they britches, start to get up off they riches
You know I'm down man, stop off and get some gas
Knowin' Pam's shakin' in part from the last
Stereo I be catchin' from words I be flexin'
I got a Smith-N-Wesson for those who want a lesson
No time for no students, I be down for some shootings
I be lookin' for the fluids for me and my crew kit
Park up on that hill, ten minutes away from Beale
Sittin' try to chill to get to know this ho that kill
Her pussy all hot, yet tend to be on ya block
Them haters be tryin' to stop but I gets hella props
That pimpness from Memphis, them niggas be tryin' to get this
Shoot em' up off they block but they got flipped just like a gymnast
So watch when I swings and my swangs
These niggas do not no my name, these niggas do not know a thang
Let it rain, let it rain
(Let it rain) Let it rain on those who cannot hold ya back
Or men in chains, I was achin' cowards out the crack
(Let it rain) Let it rain on those no that name I should not mention
When things got kind of heated got they ass up out the kitchen
(Let it rain)
Roll up on the shit, niggas want to pick
Me against a big, what the fuck is this
You a fuckin' donor, I be smokin' the marijuana
Tela hit that corner, you know's that I a goner
Outtie five-thousand and these hoes that I be housin'
Fuckin' thugs about a dozen, doin' sacks by the thousand
Mad as she be on, them niggas be got be gone
Fuck em' with the clip, I just beat em' to the strip
Go and get that check, red Chev and the Lex
I'm eatin' like a biscuit, exorcist be twistin' necks
Let's get that shit over, I call the Suave soldiers
Rollin' up like boulders, caff in caffeine just like Folgers
Had to get em' back, sowed em' up just like that
Niggas must be crap, comin' in and out like that
Wax up on that bitch, stomp you feet now even bitch
Breezy just like Weezy, movin' up like Jefferson's
The southern type of weather and niggas don't stick together
Had jewels and S-K blew ya crew, let it rain
No time for me to stop, pass me the glock
Got my homie Ball on the call, lick him jocks
Jocks is lickin' in, still I'm down with Hen
Got em' doin' ten push ups bitch kick the skins
Time is obsolete, doin' bout at least
90 miles an hour through the streets, niggas greased
Rub me, tired munch, stay warm from the clutch
Got the heaters in the trunk, cause there be cold fronts
Exhaust and bitches, a forecast edition
Hurricanes on my terrains, a death of my condition
A changin' of the climates brings some niggas blindness
Glad to see you smilin', no congestion in my sinus
Should I just eat the cakes, hoes turn tricks

Men take yo dough, Suave deal with big ol' hits
[Chorus to fade]