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Bishop Lamont ''Rain''

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One, two, three, four, waiting for the rain living in the hallway no perfection I think I've gone insane, let is on the walking free direction It's Friday night, I'm just sitting at home in the zone with the TV on Looking at Beyonce with some sexy shit on, Thinkin Jay better be hitting that shit right home Woo, nigger I would, phone ringin, interrupt me from my dream It's my nigger Naseem, only other in like Dude, what you do? It's your b-day nigger, we got party in the studio Nah, I'm a chill in the crib, take it slow, bust a bitch here It really ain't no where to go Hell no, you remember them bitches from the show? No, two bad bitches that I'm at the club dancing Call me up, talking about some party at the mansion Hommie, you' swingin, I ain't tripping off that Well nigger I am, the white bitch ass was fat, fuck that We rolling, be there in 30, $\hat{a} \in$

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I hear horn beepers, last seen me in the driveway And the voices saying Bishop don't go stay I brushed it off, hop in, … drove away The slime's open shit but the feeling won't go away It's like I'm heavy in the cloud of dread I'm lifeless now I'm like I'm already dead I turn the music up … with the bitches' back Yeah, they pretty felling giddy-up for purple cush sack(?)

40 minutes later I'm like what the fuck me up? Out in the middle with nowhere the roses pitch black Finally we pass to some creepy ass $\hat{a} \in |$ saw wandering hills to a $\hat{a} \in |$ state

I rave the sign(?) not to pack but it's popping Had a few drinks bitch is already jacking Mac the cute freak is going down for sure

And the music go out they pull out an wizzy $\hat{a} {\ensuremath{\varepsilon}} \, _{\ensuremath{\iota}}^{\ensuremath{\iota}}$ what the fuck ?

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Yeah that is weird shit, I just sit back and watch it They said they tryin to sum it Kurt Kobain and $\hat{a} \in \{$ I ain't with that second shit this is it where it starts Grab the keys now I'm seeing niggers back to the block Baby right now, don't freak this is a game, we did it last time It's the same old thing Grab me by the arm, put me on the couch Got that feeling like …you need to get out While I think another drink even here some weed Watch their hands cause $\hat{a} \in |$ start to $\hat{a} \in |$ slowly They ask who with the slag toys V \hat{a} €¦ and C, we got \hat{a} €¦ I don't believe what I see The stars moving fast to spells you Moby They ask … then it's just freeze Flies of the port voice …. Shotgun They laugh and turn the lights up But I don't find it funny that shit was fucked up I hop off my seed, I'm ready to leave But my head starts swirling, my nose begins to bleed I can't stand I stagger, almost fall My scene catch me walking to the bathroom down the hall I … I pass out in the star, wake up

Blood on the fall, it's on the walls, Glock in my hand, it's a bloody ass scene A body dead and my nigger Naseem, Out the window flashing lights city sirens Forget Larin the Glock, throwing out the open fire (Dror

Forget I grip the Glock, throwing out the open fire (Drop your weapon)

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