

Killah Priest

"The Rain"

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f/ Main Flo

[Intro : Killah Priest]

Uh, y'all remember?, nahmean?
Everythin', strugglin', comin' up
That's why I'm writin' to myself right now

[Hook x2 : Killah Priest]

Gotta make this come up, man
Get that dough, do these shows
Up late in studios
Tell all these groupies no
not right now, gotta write down
my life on paper, again
Spend the night with gangsters
Spend the night with strangers

[Killah Priest]

Feel the slice from a razor
In my hood, niggaz fight 'til they make up
Shoot dice 'til they blaze up
Po-nine come and chase us
through the streets, feel the slice on our faces
So many nights in the cages
So many fights, outrageous
Niggaz pullin' out gauges
bullets flyin' outrageous
Better run, better duck, hit the pavement
I'm outta luck, backed up by my payments
Patience, runnin' out
I'm all alone, with the gum in my mouth
pacin', back and forth
I'm on the phone with my son and my spouse, thinkin'
of good times, jot down hood rhymes
From the tour-bus to the corners, it's torture

[Hook x2]

[Killah Priest]

Feels like I'm in danger
Paranoid, slip one up in the chamber

Had the gun in The Rain
cuz'of the pain, I'm a thug, do you blame us?
I came up through the gang stuff
on the train with the chain tucked
Rings and a King Tut'
Three-piece suits and a clean cut
On a job search, better not get robbed first
Situation gets a lot worse
Precipitation is hard work
Lost youths, no-one to talk to
Sixteen-years old just jumped off the roof head first
Could be the network
Ghetto expert, devil network
Another peer is dead in the dirt
Another tear that I shed on my shirt
Another beer that's spread on the earth
Another year that I'm led by a hearse
Come here I know that it hurts, and

[Hook x2]

[Main Flo]

My nigga I know thieves that grow trees
for the fours, for the dope, for the smoke and the four
ki's
Know niggaz that throw ki's
on the boat, with the dope, with the coke and the
trophies
speed it up like ho please
Big ballers, mo' cheese
goatees, 40 ounce of the OEs
For the tons, to the ki's, to the pounds to the Oz's
bag it up for the lo-fi's
Street hustlers toke weed, both Gs
One time for the OGs, flip birds in OTs, dro' breeze
Hot time for the low-cs
invest the proceeds, no peace
Roll niggaz in the opi's, for the scope, the soap
the slope and the roast these
Know bitches who take shit for the sake
for the wake, for the snake, for the cake glist'
Know bitches that make wits
for the sake, the grape, the rape and the fake tits
Speed it up 'fo the jake hits
no time for baked bits
Make hits, write down where the lake sits
From the blocks, take trips to the lines, to the flake
glist'
Ride around in the '86
Why bredren hate tricks, lay chicks
One time for the state picks, one time for eight bricks,

great clicks
frontline for the state picks, all in my wavemix, stay
fixed
Main Flo gotta escape quick
from the gate to the plate to the date to the matrix

[Hook x2]

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