

Mad Cobra

"Rainy Dayz"

Visit "[Rainy Dayz](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(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 cuz 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 cuz 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
Cuz 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 fuckin 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,
knowhat!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

Visit [Mad Cobra](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.