

Curren\$y

"Rain Delay"

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[Verse 1: Curren\$y]

Dedicated to the Winners and the Losers
To the night De-bo got knocked fuck out
N Red got back his beach cruiser
I'm jet livin for the day to make em pay
This revenge served cold on a doobie ashtray
My eyes and my windows open halfway
I'm livin in a matinee early
See me tho fashionably late and you nervous
Mad outta place
You pretendin to be comfortable its showin on yo face
And them niggas that you think holdin you down jus
lookin for cake
And theyll accept from whoever got a slice on they
plate
Fall in like rain
Befriended and betrayed
All in all viciously bitten by niggas u was jus callin yo
dogs
And it was all good jus a week ago
Chillin by dem freaky hoes, feet kicked up
When you shoulda been on yo toes
Stay high
Kill em wit the flow
These new, fresha than yo easter clothers
I ain't trippin off nann nigga to each his own
So ignore my grass tend to ya own home homes
Might pick my hair til its Puffy, no Combs
Fuckin bitches that won't let u make it out the friend
zone
Ice Water, Tall Glasses take it in
It goes down like nails if you frail
Jet fuel
Labortory reported it burned thru the test tube
Tearin thru yo rag toproof while u at the drive thru
waitin on that slow ass fast food
Alan from the sky foo

[Verse 2: Curren\$y]

8: 50

Bird shit on the windshield hit the wipers

Mother natures cryin
Harmonizin
Homiide ridin on these tracks
Think when DoeBoy caught the fools who killed Ricky
Them niggas was lunchin
Slippin
Monsta told DoeBoy "Cut the lights nigga!"
My watch is on grind time word to mic Bigga
This here is a digital track
(w)rap on these bitches
On computers like laptop stickas
Light pressure on these suckas means its drizzlin
Feelin like pennies fallin from the roof of the empire
state buildin
High velocity
Im high off broccoli
In Cali wit a license, got plants on property
Watchin me
Tryna copy me
Showin my pics to yo stylists like "Buy this outfit for
me"
But the clothes dont make the man, a man made them
pants
His flight leave at 8 and at 9 my plane land
Ain't that grand?
I got pounds of weed and a plan
To let you suckas kno who the mutha fuckin...
Ah man
Bad weather
And that shelter won't help ya
Sink, swim or swelter
Temperature risin, so is the water level
Where is u niggas hidin

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