

Barry Manilow F/ Phyllis Hyman**"Rainmen"**

Visit "[Rainmen](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Slug):

I'll take seven emcees, put 'em in a line
Shoot 'em and sell their clothes to get my wisdom teeth
pulled
From here on out I'm grabbing these rappers by their
fates
And throwing their destinies out into that lake
And as the earth shakes, and as the snakes eat
I found my birth place on top of that break beat
The beat breaks while I drink a red stripe to get my
head right
Maybe put some life into this dead mic
You fuckers got nerve, you're lost between mold and
the mildew
If you spit that verse with bullets and tits I wouldn't feel
you
This plan can't grow without the nurturing and
nutrience
So on I carry between the aryan and nubians (come
together)
Holding a head full of that Minnesota pork
And if I ever blow up, I wanna fuck Bjork (you know my
stink)
Let it rain, let it rain, let the water run off of the brain
Let the drops hit my shoulders and leave permanent
stains
Let one solo drip touch my heart and symbolize what it
contains
Restrain these thoughts that stay locked in my dark
side
Let the bumper hit the pavement, pull away and let the
sparks fly
Let the children have reason to laugh
Instead of needing to craft ways and passages to see
their last days

(Sole):

As far as me and water animals are concerned are
infantile
Past obliterating, great life on a scale, chorus boy
See if you died trying the diabetics

Bet if me and you had to breathe the same oxygen
you'd choke
And foam comes out your headphones
And little men in black would scurry around and jump
on dicks
Saying "Yo champ, keep the heads noddin'", I keep
heads still
Steal moments from opponents lucky to find fabric in
time
Between Nieche and Ice Cube
Fuck all of ya'll, never like any of ya'll in the first place
Punch face, dickhead, step on foot, burn bridge
Rape, pillage, take money
I saw your scribbles in the back of your last release, ha
ha, funny
You bring your marbles, I'll bring mine
When our ego's and balls collide, you'll have some pre-
written battle rhymes
But no, everything is cool, cold, icy, happy, glamorous
Let's all drink Zima and sing 'We Are The World'
I am the world, where I am a whirlpool where all these
fools get killed
Kilogram to your ass, and you bitch made like a quilt
Yeah I can drop down and neander with neanderthals
and jelly fish
The revolutionary evolutionist, let me be the tooth fairy
Cuz when it comes down to bitin', I make damn sure
everyone gets royalties
And rock Parliment beats instead of Jel's tracks
Shit, if I ever gave a fuck, I gave it away a long time
ago
Only time will tell, in due time until it's over
The pair of me see my parables, paragraphs and
emcee favorite tongue
The world is my stage, and stage presence for
everyone

Chorus:

Let it rain, let it rain
Let the gutter be the book you never wrote
Let the bottle be the drawbridge and moat
All this is soaked in the deep depths of Dynamics
All we ask is two ears and a planet

(Alias):

Developed materialist presented for your listening
pleasure
Quadruple phynetic spitters in two by ten measures
Profess my confession
I longed for this profession presently here
This art form ain't accessible

For those who want to hear us
Interlock hands through a sound and tape device
through a filter
Constructing of percussion, rhythm sections,
painstakingly built are
Infectious, totally overwhelming to soul and body
It's the Holy Ghost, making you physical structure
appear quite shotty
Disassembling, slow pick apart your sound taste
Deconstructing, jotted the four across the wall your
forced to face
And conclude that your thirst is quenched by Deep
Puddles
"Ay this shit is dope!", but our conversation to you is
subtle
You gotta hit that R-E-W when the fading commences
Your index extensions of your hand constantly tenses
Approximately every five minutes you will repeat this
motion
Over and over until your mind's convinced of this
notion
"Dynamics, I understand, and I pledge allegiance
To your music for advanced listeners covering many
regions
And as far as I'm concerned, this group is number one
And who knew that using my brain could be so much
fun"

(Dose):

Four, count them, one, two, three, seven, four
Pleasantly demented stock riders a few volts short of a
paper airplane
Decided to sit ingrain, paint their faces and be leaves
Light green, turned upside down in the wind
Finally, someone to clap for, this toxic hermit grins
Especially men who look the globe over and back
Scratch, fizzlin' a balmy sky, it's time
If you live in the cosmos, milky way style
Say it like I mean it, to ease my hard head
And to where have you been my whole life, c'mon guys
Let's play the sap, shoot branch, off, shoot branch
But "hee hee hee" giggle the children
Who's shot? Hands folded, pencils sharpened
Waiting patiently for quality birdseed
And really cool camp counselors who know lots of big
words
Once in a while it's fun to be smart
And play with matches on the dark side of the-Whoa!
Cock bang, young drummer get wicked
Smaller rock, and the larger ones all but confused
So with the prostitutes or platypuses

And grandparents fond on me
I'm a hydrogen molecule and proud of it
Let it rain....

CHORUS

Visit [Barry Manilow F/ Phyllis Hyman](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

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