

## **Brady Paul**

### **"When it Pours it Rains"**

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[John Doe]

For the record Im'a bring the unexpected  
Neglected shit that'll makes your moms wanna  
Go out and select 'n check it  
The other day I heard pressure burst the pipe  
Musta been the night when I was out  
Coolin' with my wife  
Stay in school and get a life is  
What I tried to tell 'em  
But I guess he said "Fuck that! I'd rather be a felon"  
Yellin "Cream" but at the same time had a dream  
I'm in his team  
Wouldn't have to stress a mother fucking thing  
You know the routine  
You seen it before  
One shot to your belly  
Blow your spleen through the door  
And that's on the tapes it makes me mad  
When niggas say shit like this can't motherfuckin'  
happen  
The shit I'm rappin 'bout is fact  
Get rich drop mics  
And have your girl screamin' "who the fuck is that?"  
Dread lock with the headlock  
Putting niggas on deadlock  
Fuck wit' me? You bet' not  
John Doe, goddamn I'm glad he came  
Motherfuckers sleeping on me  
Like my name was Daddy Kane  
And if that's the case  
You're wasting your time  
And on the low  
Your flow ain't worth a motherfucking dime

[Diamond]

Niggaz be like D-B on some old throwback shit  
I scoop your little birdie on some Bobby Womack shit  
The best you ever heard, fuck that, you know that shit  
Perpendicular to most, with the flow that's sick  
Lookin sporty in the 740 (aight) put the G on the shorty  
Even if I'm tore down, from a 40

No advertisement or chastisement  
The ice on my neck make the honey's eyes squint  
Every, chance I get, from the stance I pick  
Flick your ass on the floor like a cancer stick  
No more, jokes and games, I hope to claim  
I want, boats and planes, ice ropes and chains  
When it, pours it rains, so I'm weatherin the storm  
Been away for three joints and still better than the  
norm  
Yo I'm deep rooted, for this here, I be suited  
I do it to you all night girl, when I be booted  
Find out, have you screamin time out  
Your big lover man chillin with the shine out  
Girl I blow your mind out, we can wine and dine out  
Reclined on my system, Alpined out..

[John Doe]

You ever heard a murder?  
The lyrical kind? Well, I got a rhyme  
That'll make a nigga shit a few times  
Hit a few dimes but I'm, never raw  
In '98 you wack motherfuckers better score \*echoes\*  
Or feel the blast  
Cause John Doe's rhymes are tighter than a  
Mosquito's ass  
News flash John Doe and Diamond about to flex  
Plus we raw like motherfuckin' unprotected sex

[Diamond]

Tryin to build a monopoly, Franklins on top of me  
I go to the Roof, if 97 start rockin me  
No stoppin me, on the verge to blow  
And I, splurge the dough from the words I know  
From the true and living, bonafide top contender  
Not a pretender, I live my life in splendor  
Uhh, remember, I got the ill type phonetics  
You wack MC's sound pathetic \*echoes\*

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