

## **Eagle-Eye Cherry F/ Neneh Cherry**

### **"The Rain"**

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[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 take 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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