

Evidence f/ Madchild, Rakaa Iriscience

"Perfect Storm"

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[cuts by Babu]

"Ask the weatherman..."

[Chorus 2X: Evidence]

It's the perfect storm, it felt so warm
'Til the rain came, with winds so strong
The Weatherman warned 'em but it felt so calm
'Til things lined up right, and went so wrong

[Evidence]

Yeah I toured "20/20" twice, 40 days, 40 nights
2 of each bird of my shit, I save ya life
Paid the price, no dice, I'm the nicest
The odds in my favor; Noah, before there's Christ
I'm the holy resurrection of him
I'm the only one that's left, to drop these gems
Clean sweep, cleanliness is Godly
Never been afraid of pain, that's just weakness leavin
the body
War is politics by other means, no more than
And if I can't forgive you, the Lord can
And if I don't deliver, I stand by my messages
Never backed out, day one, same ever since
It never end like it's supposed to be
So I took the whole script and rewrote the scene
The first shall be last and the last is first
So when my cup runneth over, it floods the Earth
The boomerang is back, gives the city a crash
Between the water and sky, my reign is trapped
I don't feel shit, no pain, no remorse I'm numb
When I take off it's like I'm on Air Force, One

[Chorus]

[Rakaa Iriscience]

Yeah, I rhyme invent free
They're blind and then see the Mind of Mencia
I'm like Chappelle, puffin cheeba with my feet up
On the beach in South Africa, not trippin off the media
You thought vampires only roamed in the evening
But they be in boardrooms and they feed at lunch

meetings

So even though I might party, smokin and drinkin
I'ma keep at least one eye open when I'm sleepin
Alarm clock rappin while they snooze button slappin
I'm on beats but I know people in the streets clappin
Modified semis to fullys for revolution
Evolution of the final self-defense solution
It is what it is yo, but read between the words too
Rock with Rakaa 'til Babylon drops the curfew
I grind like Stevie Williams or Terry on the curb too
I'm fly, movin dope, sick words, call me bird flu
How the beats rain down and the verses pour
Ev the weather man, breaks it down perfect form
I'm a king with a crown full of perfect thorns
Lookin at Halle Berry, that's a perfect storm

[Chorus]

[Madchild]

I went from - never feelin better, to feelin under the
weather
To takin pills just to escape, I got to get it together
Cause now I know the upside of bein numb
I hear, all these stupid songs and I try to be as dumb
But there's still somethin inside of me that try to see
the art
So I decide to be a freedom fighter hidin in the dark
And when you're livin on the road, it gets cold f'real
Enough to turn a warm pure heart of gold to steel
I'm a iron jawed angel, life is painful
Let it rain on my parade, your whole facade is
shameful
Swear to God I'm able, but it's the wrong season
Pick all the wrong topics, for all the right reasons
When your empire's crumblin, that's a humblin
experience
Joke's over man it's time to get serious
I'm brutally alive with a plan, now understand where I'm
from
It's past the point of love I do this for my family and
blood
Go out proud I got, God on my chest
Just take a picture of my soul cause it's too wild to
posess
Make today count, that's one thing we got in common
Cause we have to realize that tomorrow's not promised
yeah

[Chorus]

