

P. Diddy F/ Big Azz Ko, Black Rob, Kain, Loon, Mar "The Rain"

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[Ja Rule: Talking]

We 'bout to do the damn thing, you know
Roll that shit up, pop that shit
Pass that quarter, nigga
Haha, it's the CMC

[Chorus 2x]

Everybody wanna fly, hiiigh
Aim for the hills now
The Rain gon' trickle down, Sugar
All over you, heeey

[Jody Mack]

Aiyyo, I figure if I'm goin out, fuck it, I'm goin all in
Straight to the, top of the world where it ain't no fallin
My inner self is warnin, Chris Black it's like chill
But you know about Jody, oh Jody get ill
But now here I go, fallin down the hill, nigga tumblin
Thirsty than a muh'fucka, butterflies rumblin
The sunshine comin in, my eyes still rainin
I'm focused real hard but the numbness remainin
1, 2, 3, 4, 5 hours pass
Spend up the gas station, tank still for of gas
Oh Lord, it's what I'm in but I want it to stop
I got my rain coat on and really want it to pop
A nigga humble, but you know a nigga Jody won't eat
It's real crazy on the hill where the homies don't sleep
I seen a full moon, made a left, jammed on the breaks
Hit the curb, crashed and burned, damn it was too late

[Chorus 2x]

[O-1]

I think I'm float-in, cause the way you make me feel
Got me - goin, I'm so open, I'm tryna stay focused
But I'm livin it up, fourth way model, bitches and up!!
Take a ride in my Ferrari baby, burnin the clutch!!
it's a little, don't give a fuck about, rappin it up!!
I'm just, eager to fuck!!
You know me it's O-1, quick to pop 1 or 2, bitches
Makin it easy to come for you, bitches

You know how a nigga penetrate
Grabbin you by the waste, fuckin 4 to 8
That's us, ass up
You lookin so good that a nigga can't pass up
But the way my nigga feelin, I can't respond to the
touch
Tired as fuck, man, sweatin like a son of a bitch
Can't even love you, damn

[Chorus]

[Ja Rule]
Everybody wanna fly hiiigh, over the hill tops
But knowin everythings about slidin down through the
raindrops
Phase pop and pose sakin, 'bout to run outta patience
Everything is a blur, heart racin
Mind over matrix, Heavenly Father
Devilishly I really got a low key car
But it's harder then to pass, peer pressure in all the
masses
When all the kids is goin on class trips, caught acid
Listenin to hard rock classic, bangin they heads on
walls
Then go blame Eminem for that shit
The mind could be hazardous, when it's influenced
By substance abusive music for people to go use it
But, I was alike, like a tint on a window
Everything is darker, just a little bit harder
So when the wind blow, I wistle in the willows
On the top of the hill, 'cause I know

[Chorus 4x]

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