

# Rainy Dayz

## Raekwon

[Intro: Blue Raspberry] Summer's dream inside  
Of how I'm gonna get mine  
I'm thinkin bout so many ways  
Of how to conquer these rainy days...  
(You sang beautifully just now)  
(I sang for him, and he isn't here) It's going down man, word man  
Sup black?  
Niggaz is fuckin around my gate man  
Word?  
Fuck em... yo, I'ma murder somebody man  
For real I ain't playin  
Whatever whatever... [Chorus: Blue Raspberry]  
It's raining, he's changing  
My man is going insane  
Insane... The war is on, yo  
[Verse One: Ghostface Killer]  
On rainy dayz I sit back and count ways on  
how to get rich son, show and prove, ask my blitz  
Stood up late nights, build with my a-lia  
We can pull a heist, snatch ice or rock mics  
But this rap shit, got me wanna clack back the latch  
How it goes Leon, pesos made from scratch  
But in due time, soon to get mine like Bugsy  
Heavy on the wrist, Polo mock socks and rugbies  
Old flicks remind me of Gucci's, pack em in your square  
And little macks milk, blast the year  
That was Bill Bill, fast forward, ninety-four  
Who got the bad base? Filthiest fiends scream for more  
Bless me out of state, howdy Jake's, Starks is back  
Niggaz want work, now I pull back off a G-Pack  
Coke rocks, fled to co-ops livin gossip  
Them big lip niggaz singin to cops need to box it  
Stop it, the projects overflowed with slow leaks  
the fiends get, new faces get wrapped in sheets  
I gotta get mine, like my old Earth, bless the cheese blind  
Sippin on fine wine, the power of the blacks refined  
(Raining)  
devine  
Waiting on these raw teats takes too long  
It's like waiting on babies, it makes me want to slay thee  
But that's ungodly, so yo God, pardon me  
I need it real quick, the dope flow like penmanship

Many heads get pistol-whipped, I blow spots like horse shit  
So now, talk, shit, nigga, what?  
[Chorus: Blue Raspberry]  
It's raining, he's changing  
My man is going insane  
Insane...

Past sunlight, more gunfight [Verse Two: Raekwon the Chef]  
...time to get the feeling, word up What brings rain hail snow and earthquakes

The beat breaks, cause all my niggaz to break son  
Styles is similar to criminals locked up  
With gats, ghetto tabernacles is fucked up  
I live once though the mind stays infinite  
Travel in the church, nine planets, in my midst  
While I carry, to earn a decent salary  
Soon get married, raise a family, but the plan'll be  
Real great, to sit up in the loft, count stacks and macs  
And real cats cold watch my back  
But listen to the Wu son, and maintain it's all real,  
starvin individuals kill

I puff what's only right, leave the poison alone  
Projects, infested with rats, cats and crack homes  
Half of us'll try to make it, the other half'll try to take it  
So many fake half real freedom-ville  
Born to science my alliance analyzes  
Wild surprises, keepin my eyes wide to this  
The unfortunate, layin in mountains countin  
With jewelry on, can it be the next team house the horn  
Chill Dunn, just for real ones, light the lye up  
I hate to have to tie the next guy up  
Pay attention to Tims ten ways, Wu blends

Now I'm starin you, the true buckle up, now who's a legend? [Chorus: Blue Raspberry,

Raekwon the Chef]  
It's raining, he's changing  
Word up Dunn  
It's raining, he's changing  
Peace to Philly, VA, these days  
My man is going insane  
Word up y'all  
My man is going insane  
Word up  
Insane

The sun moon and stars  
Fly cars, word up y'all No sunlight, more gun fights  
I've lost him to the street life  
Street life  
No cash flow, no more dough  
He's someone I don't even know  
Someone I don't know  
Rainy Dayz...Gettin through those rainy dayz

Gettin through those rainy dayz  
Gettin through those rainy dayz  
Gettin through those rainy dayz  
I lost him to the street life  
The street life, whoahhhhh

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>