Let It Rain

Action Bronson

Uh, uh, uh, uh
Yeah, now I'm ready, uh
Your pockets' slim pickings
Lay 'em out like grilled chicken
It's been an hour but that blunt still hittin' like a champion
Eatin' scampi with Batali, 50 feet from the Pantheon
And that's my life, 60k for the glass pipe
I'll break it on your head if you don't act right
There'll be bagpipes playin' like a cop died
While I wiggle 850s wearing foxhide
I pray to Jobu that we all get money and live life sunny with a gold pool
But the fact is, I stand alone like cactus
Hide money under tempurpedic mattresses, shit
You don't know the half of this (you bitch) nah (you bitch)
I serve the Jersey Shore Line with furs on (Uh)
It's my world, get my swerve on (Oh)
Install the turbo on the Cherokee for certain
It's like my life directed by Tim Burton
And daddy twisted off the henara
And I'm always on the center stage
Reminisce on better days in a hammock, reading Hemingway
Trying to get a better brain, then it rained
Let it rain (yeah, yeah, yeah)
I must've been a junkie in my past life, man
I must've been a junkie in my past life
Standin' in front of McDonald's, throwin' bottles
Ninety degrees, Timbs on
Ma, your kid's gone
A lot of graves to be pissed on
Land of the free I think wrong (I think wrong)
You know I got the drug so potent
Johnny took a hit
He died, came back, said, "That's that shit" (Goddamn!)
Two-twenty in Toyota Supras (Uh)
The shit sound like I'm shootin' off bazookas (Uh)
Flushing, Queens, no scare business here
Assemble weapons with no hand twitches here (Uh-uh)
Plus the strength of twelve oxen
Hold it down, though, there's no option

Let it rain (Uh)
I must've been a junkie in my past life, you know
I must've been a fiend in my past life, fuck
I must've been a junkie in my past lifeUh, these dudes trash like Michael Jordan jeans
Hahaha, that's it. I'm done
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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