

# Rain All Day (Feat. Hanz On & Dro Pesci)

## Method Man

Hey I swear I never change  
If I'm with you in the sunshine, I'm with when it rains  
I'll never switch, I'm still the same  
Get caught up in the mix, I never snitch or give up game  
I'm no squealer  
Police be trying to pick the killers brain  
Not familiar, that's why some brothers go against the grain  
I'm La Familia, I'm hands on  
But that don't mean the name I'm tryna fill ya  
My hands strong, I ain't trying to take your chain  
I'm trying to kill ya  
Orangutan, you monkeys tryna  
Hang like you're gorillas  
I give you Wu-Tang slash gilla  
The object in the mirror, Mac Miller  
My method is the Illest slash Illa  
I'm trying to get the guap, cash scrilla  
But whitey only see a crack dealer  
Michael Jack thriller, this is not The Walking Dead  
Rapper think he's Chalky White  
He get the white chalk instead  
Meth Lab, killing everything that's in the way  
Until the son say The Meth Lab dudes don't play Had these dude thinkin' damn, when it rains, it pours  
News flash, Meth back, whole Staten with him  
Couldn't come to terms, how they playing with this rap  
Don't be understanding all the substance that it lacks  
Gorilla out the traps, bout to flip  
Ten years gone probably saw him in the flicks  
Red tails Belly, motherfucker, was the shit  
Rap coalition, meth lab, get 'em lit  
Yo it's crazy how these nigga's try and do it like we did it  
Careful if you copy end up money on your fitted  
Side line critics  
Hate the bully with the Wesson's  
I swear to god in heaven, don't get caught without your weapon  
Caught without your weapons, it get ugly in a second  
Sidearms hover like we bought 'em from The Jetson's  
Meth lab, vocab, kill 'em where they lay  
Got 'em sittin' sayin' The Meth Lab dudes don't play I'm used to the rain, I don't see the sun too much

Nocturnal hustler grinding, holding them drugs too much  
Bench press my pen, on my fresh pad  
Just left the crack house, I'm headed to Meth's lab the tech jab  
Cowards in their face when they scheming I bet cash  
Frown up on their face leave 'em bleeding, who want's what?  
That's my attitude all day, you snooze, you lose, that's why I'm making moves all day  
The tool gonna spray  
I suggest you stay in your lane  
Staten niggas ain't playing, you get banged for your chain  
I bang with a gang, a poppin mind bangin up thangs  
Accurate aim, well-trained, angle and range  
Dismantle your frame, microphones blown into the flames  
Pesci the name, professional, perfecting the game  
I'm wrecking these lanes  
Sharpshooter killing all day  
Had these haters say The Meth Lab dudes don't play

Songwriters

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