

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

MC ELHONE, JOHN/SPITERI, SHARLEEN/SMITH, CLIFFORD

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