

# Stormy Weather

## Dinah Washington With Quincy Jones And His Orchest

Stormy weather, ah, sunny day  
That's why we're the best, have a conflict  
Then we go and do somethin' fresh  
Don't get test with levels are way higher  
I shoot for the target, call me aim higher  
Merk guys on the mic and up the hype light  
Wiley, Wiley you're on a hype  
Shut your mouth blud, I was born on a hype  
See, you don't know this could be your last night  
I'm passed right, I'm, I'm on another level you can't see  
That's why you can't dark me, join the nasty  
Won't work, end here, I'm worth two dubs, none of the marvy  
I'm hardly touched, I got an army though  
They'll rain on, how'd you think your got your chain on  
You shit bricks when I bring the pain on  
Better switch your brain on, you can see I'm way gone  
Look back, the game's gone you got caught up in  
Stormy weather  
That's why I'm a grafter the tag team master  
Don't know now you will realize after  
I've made my mark with permanent marker  
I've made history like the Spanish armada  
You can't say that my style ain't harder, hot like Nevada  
I ain't dead like the Wiley in lethal saga, nah, I'm a leader  
I lead the cattle like a farmer  
See a girl once, she'll call me a charmer  
Stage names Wiley, my second names drama  
I'm here for a laughter, just like trimble  
Center court wileys are done like wimble  
Albums doin' well so I want a grime single  
Can't wait, I just wanna do my single  
Why should I listen or mingle with a label  
That's not gonna do a grime single  
Stormy weather  
When I merk one of them 20 man back it  
You won't see me in a protection racket  
I know the roads hard, I know you can't hack it  
That's why I've got to teach you, always back it  
Even if you're scared, I'll be there, I'll rack it

I'm a soldier, I'm older, I cause world traffic  
You crew won't manage but wait, don't plan it  
Go home and tell yourself you won't have it  
Guns do bangin' it, I ain't sayin' go home  
Get a gun and come back and start bangin' it  
But if you go that way and get the hang of it  
My words to you will be your not havin' it  
F the western, F the system, I don't care  
I've got my own system, are you listening?  
The weather wont change, there will always be some  
Stormy weather  
That's why I'm still a fighter, the star in the sky  
That shines brighter, the east side rider  
Hyper like kitchen micra  
It's a shame how people ain't tighter  
We can be a powerful team so what we doin' then?  
Everybody tighter, gotta be a fighter  
I came from the drain so if ya come from there  
Then, push up your lighter  
Look, there he goes, it's E3 boy  
It's the second phaze, more peace for the boy  
Your never gonna take no G's from the boy  
'Cause he ain't one of them boys, believe in the boy  
There ain't no chief in the boy  
He's got a lot of anger inside to release on a boy  
That hates him for the wrong reason  
Can't get along with the boy, don't chat to the boy

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