

# Rainy Dayz

Raekwon

It's a mystery inside  
Of how I'm gonna get mine  
I'm thinking 'bout so many ways  
Of how to conquer these rainy daysIt's raining, he's changing  
My man is going insane, insaneThe war is on, yo  
On rainy days I sit back and count ways on  
How to get rich son, show and prove, ask my bitch  
Stood up late nights, build with my a-alikes  
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  
Back in Union Square when little Mack's 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  
Niggas want work, now I pull back off a G-Pack  
Coke rocks flood the co-ops living gossip  
Them big lip niggas singing 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  
Sipping on fine wine, the power of the blacks refined  
(Raining) Divine  
Waiting on these royalties takes too long  
It's like waiting on babies, it makes me want to slay these  
But that's ungodly, so yo God, pardon me  
I need it real quick, the dope flow like penmanship  
Meat heads get pistol-whipped, I blow spots like horse shit  
So now talk shit nigga, what??It's raining, he's changing  
My man is going insane, insaneWhat brings rain hail snow and earthquakes  
The beat breaks, cause all my niggas 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  
Traveling to touch 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 max  
And real cats cold watch my back  
But listen to the Wu son, and maintain  
It's all real, starving 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, keeping my eyes wide to this  
The unfortunate, laying in mountains counting  
With jewelry on, can it be the next team house the horn  
Chill dun, just for real ones, light the lye up  
I hate to have to tie the next guy up  
Pay attention to 1010 WINS, Wu blends  
Now I'm steering you to truth, buckle up  
Now who's a legend? It's raining, he's changing  
My man is going insane, insane Word up dun  
Peace to Philly, VA, these days  
Word up y'all, word up  
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, getting through those rainy dayz  
I lost him to the street life, the street life, whoa

Songwriters

COREY WOODS, ROBERT F. DIGGS Published by

Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group, MEMORY LANE MUSIC GROUP Song Discussions is protected  
by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>