

# Tela, Let It Rain

[Traffic Noise]

[Verse 1]

Eleven-thirty on the dot, time to hit the spot  
Damn that shit be hot, my nigga be what chu' got  
On a sack of bud, these bitches gotta dub  
But they ain't got no love, young nigga so what  
Let's hook with these bitches, start to smoke up all of they Swisher's  
Get up inside they britches, start to get up off they riches  
You know I'm down man, stop off and get some gas  
Knowin' Pam's shakin' in part from the last  
Stereo I be catchin' from words I be flexin'  
I got a Smith-N-Wesson for those who want a lesson  
No time for no students, I be down for some shootings  
I be lookin' for the fluids for me and my crew kit  
Park up on that hill, ten minutes away from Beale  
Sittin' try to chill to get to know this ho that kill  
Her pussy all hot, yet tend to be on ya block  
Them haters be tryin' to stop but I gets hella props  
That pimpness from Memphis, them niggas be tryin' to get this  
Shoot em' up off they block but they got flipped just like a gymnast  
So watch when I swings and my swangs  
These niggas do not no my name, these niggas do not know a thang  
Let it rain, let it rain

[Chorus x2]

(Let it rain) Let it rain on those who cannot hold ya back  
Or men in chains, I was achin' cowards out the crack  
(Let it rain) Let it rain on those no that name I should not mention  
When things got kind of heated got they ass up out the kitchen  
(Let it rain)

[Verse 2]

Roll up on the shit, niggas wanna pick  
Me against a big, what the fuck is this  
You a fuckin' donor, I be smokin' the marijuana  
Tela hit that corner, you know's that I a goner  
Outtie five-thousand and these hoes that I be housin'  
Fuckin' thugs about a dozen, doin' sacks by the thousand  
Mad as she be on, them niggas be got be gone  
Fuck em' with the clip, I just beat em' to the strip  
Go and get that check, red Chev and the Lex  
I'm eatin' like a biscuit, exorcist be twistin' necks  
Let's get that shit over, I call the Suave soldiers  
Rollin' up like boulders, caff in caffeine just like Folgers  
Had to get em' back, sowed em' up just like that  
Niggas must be crap, comin' in and out like that  
Wax up on that bitch, stomp you feet now even bitch  
Breezy just like Weezy, movin' up like Jefferson's  
The southern type of weather and niggas don't stick together  
Had jewels and S-K blew ya crew, let it rain

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 3]

No time for me to stop, pass me the glock  
Got my homie Ball on the call, lick him jocks  
Jocks is lickin' in, still I'm down with Hen  
Got em' doin' ten push ups bitch kick the skins  
Time is obsolete, doin' bout at least  
90 miles an hour through the streets, niggas greased  
Rub me, tired munch, stay warm from the clutch  
Got the heaters in the trunk, cause there be cold fronts  
Exhaust and bitches, a forcast edition

Hurricanes on my terrains, a death of my condition  
A changin' of the climates brings some niggas blindness  
Glad to see you smilin', no congestion in my sinus  
Should I just eat the cakes, hoes turn tricks  
Men take yo dough, Suave deal with big ol' hits

[Chorus to fade]