

Rain All Day

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