

Make It Rain (Art & Life Remix)

Fat Joe & Lil Wayne

Oooooooooooooooooo!(Ha ha ha, yeah)
Scotty (Yeah)
Let's make it rain on these niggas (Joey Crack) Yeah, I'm in the business of terror
Got a hand full of stacks better grab an umbrella
I make it rain, I make it rain (Oh)
I'm in this bitch with the Terror Got a handful of stacks better grab an umbrella
I make it rain, I make it rain (Oh)
Make it rain on them hoes
I make it rain, I make it rain (Oh) I make it rain on them hoes
I make it rain, I make it rain (Oh)
I make it rain on them hoes
I make it rain, I make it rain (Oh)
I make it rain on them hoes Cr-cr-crack-crack-crack-crack-crack
You hear that echo, man I seen the best go, cause he ain't had that metal
I'm a hustler's hustler
A pusher's pusher
You a buster a customer I get you some cook up
Yeah Crack is a chemist
I pack an eleven
I'm mackin' the seven I'll clap at your residence
I see you in N-Y, I'll send you an invite
You gon' need you a pass, that's the code that we live by
Yeah, I'm in the business of terror
Got a hand full of stacks better grab an umbrella
I make it rain, I make it rain (Oh)
I'm in this bitch with the Terror
Got a handful of stacks better grab an umbrella I make it rain, I make it rain (Oh)
Make it rain on them hoes
I make it rain, I make it rain (Oh)
I make it rain on them hoes I make it rain, I make it rain (Oh)
I make it rain on them hoes
I make it rain, I make it rain (Oh)
I make it rain on them hoes Oooooooooooooooooo!
Clap, clap, clap
Gotta make that ass clap
Gotta make that ass clap Clap, clap, clap, clap (Yeah)
Gotta make that ass clap (Yeah)
Gotta make that ass clap
Now why's everybody so mad at the South for
Change your style up, switch to southpaw
Jada I was listenin' listenin'
So I made him an anthem to make some dividends

Lil' mama try to hit me with the Shoulder Lean
This Cut-Co-Crack and I control the team
Couple bricks stacked on that triple beam
My dirty bro sippin' that promethazine
That gonja green
That Cali Weed
A nigga lose his life try roll on me
Now yup, yup we get it
No if ands about it
And the rain keep fallin' even when it's droughted
Yeah, I'm in the business of terror
Got a hand full of stacks better grab an umbrella
I make it rain, I make it rain (Oh)
I'm in this bitch with the Terror
Got a handful of stacks better grab an umbrella
I make it rain, I make it rain (Oh)
Make it rain on them hoes
I make it rain, I make it rain (Oh)
I make it rain on them hoes
I make it rain, I make it rain (Oh)
I make it rain on them hoes
I make it rain, I make it rain (Oh)
I make it rain on them hoes
Mami's body's bangin' she got it man she does it all
She gets it poppin' with no hands
I make it pour
I make it rain on 'em,
I'm layin' game to 'em
I got some misses to tattoo my name on 'em
Gotta get that baby love
Gotta get my paper up
Gotta six strap case, just in case guys hate Crack and wanna rain on us
And you know what it is yeah it's them powder kids
And we know how to biz and we don't give a shit
Yeah, I'm in the business of terror
Got a hand full of stacks better grab an umbrella
I make it rain, I make it rain (Oh)
I'm in this bitch with the Terror
Got a handful of stacks better grab an umbrella
I make it rain, I make it rain (Oh)
Make it rain on them hoes
I make it rain, I make it rain (Oh)
I make it rain on them hoes
I make it rain, I make it rain (Oh)
I make it rain on them hoes
I make it rain, I make it rain (Oh)
I make it rain on them hoes
Owwwwww!
Calca?

TS BX niggas
Khaled!
Scott Storch, my nigga
Tony Sunshine, I see you nigga
Ahha

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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