

Rains It Pours

G.T. & Mia

Hmmmm Hmmmm Hmmmm Hmmm (GT Humming)

Aye Aye...this that feel good shit (inaudibles)

Chorus 2x

When it rains it pours, you gotta go through the storm

You gotta stand up tall, so you don't come up short

See you gotta play smarter, and you gotta grind harder

Than the people around you just so you can go farther

GT Verse (Verse 1)

Rest In Peace HP

If you ever been down, then shit you feel this

I still sell dope with hope of getting a deal quick,

I just talk to my mans he on some ill shit

18 years in the Feds and he ain't feel shit,

Been lost half my dogs to the game

And if you lost some of yours, then you feel the same pain (for real)

I remember it was times I wanted to quit

Around niggas with bags, who ain't give me shit

At first I got discourage but, it made me better

Turned me to a go-getter had to get some cheddar

Shit I'm alive, blessed, and gravy so shit can't be better

Wake up, say a prayer, hustle gotta get that cheddar

I'd rather eat crumbs with bums, than have steaks with snakes

You can't expect nothing real from somebody who fake

You can't expect a handout if you ain't on your shit,

Get up off your ass, strap your nuts, and go get your chips

Chorus 2x

MIA Verse (Verse 2)

Yeah...ugh waddup GT

I was down, I was touring

But I made it through that storm

Fucked up, niggas wouldn't even call my horn

Up while y'all snoring, trap so hard I was blowing

I ain't got too many choices so I'm hustlin' and flowin'

Niggas hate me so much, but I don't know what I did

Down the way, packing blow you don't know how it feel

Real nigga for real, Lil nigga who chill; tryna get to that money baby ain't tryna get killed

My niggas taking bout deals, but I'm still in that field

It ain't easy to leave, they pay the high for them pills

So I guess I'm trapped, fall off get back, roll up sit back, fuck bitches sip Act (Actavis)

Talking shit with my niggas about who bitch got cracked
Rest In Peace to my dogs, wish I could get yâ€™all back
But when it rains, it pours (pours)
You gotta pray to the Lord, run through it, re-cop it; try to weigh up more Nigga!
Chorus til song goes off.

Lyrics Submitted by Cool Breeze

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