# 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 donâ€™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 witâ€™ hope of getting a deal quick,
I just talk to my mans he on some ill shit
18 years in the Feds and he ainâ€™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 ainâ€™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 Iâ€™m alive, blessed, and gravy so shit canâ€™t be better
Wake up, say a prayer, hustle gotta get that cheddar
Iâ€™d rather eat crumbs with bums, than have steaks with snakes
You canâ€™t expect nothing real from somebody who fake
You canâ€™t expect a handout if you ainâ€™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 wouldnâ€™t even call my horn
Up while yâ€™all snoring, trap so hard I was blowing
I ainâ€™t got too many choices so Iâ€™m hustlinâ€™ and flowinâ€™
Niggas hate me so much, but I donâ€™t know what I did
Down the way, packing blow you donâ€™t know how it feel
Real nigga for real, Lil nigga who chill; tryna get to that money baby ainâ€™t tryna get killed
My niggas taking bout deals, but Iâ€™m still in that field
It ainâ€™t easy to leave, they pay the high for them pills
So I guess Iâ€™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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