

# Rain It Pours

## Trick Daddy

'Tis the season to be jolly  
(Jolly, for what) hell if I know  
I just don't get it, tell it like it is  
It's on, truth hurts[Chorus: x 2]  
It's like the sun in the summer  
It's like the cold in the winter  
And when it rains it pours  
why'all keep sweating these hoes  
And doing this one for the poor ones[Trick Daddy]  
This one here is dedicated for them hatas, I wrote it for my niggas  
Who ain't here they couldn't make it, let's face it  
The dope game is getting shaky  
When shit get flaky, see most niggas can't take it  
I done seen the biggest dope dealas turn squealas  
And yesterday's killas, today's fucked niggas  
?That's defined? on behalf of the state  
Your main key witness, and won't involve me with em  
You could set me up to crush time  
It ain't selling the vines so nigga, lay down and do your time  
Cause, back when you was kingpinning  
I was sitting off in prison, and you ain't send me a penny  
And closing arguments can't get me  
I had it deep for the state, caught his first witness That's right, that's right  
From one heat to another, you a sucka[Chorus: x 2][Trick Daddy]  
As an American, I think the whole world's against us  
It took 9-11 just to convince us  
That we got wars going on  
And it's way bigger than thugs, this shit's deeper than drugs  
Suicide bombings, and air attacks  
All the planes that were hijacked, and all of our politics  
So I guess that makes me a democrat  
The Republican party problems are worrying about crack  
If I could speak another language, I'd say it in  
French, Spanish damn it, so everybody understand it  
Want everybody on the planet, that if you anti-thug  
I guess you gets no love, from us[Chorus: x 2][Trick Daddy]  
Where are the police at when you really need em  
How can you chastise a child, if you ain't allowed to beat him  
Want to screaming for no reason

Why you keep reproducing if you know you can't feed em  
If he leave you, don't blame him  
He the father of two mugs so regardless, you ought to raise em  
And it might seem outrageous  
This unsafe sex these days quite dangerous  
And stop killing these babies, I mean it, I love em  
If you don't want em give em to me I'll raise em  
Truth is, that the future is our kids, and every playa with skills  
Should be in the NFL, for real[Chorus: x 2]'Tis the season to be jolly  
(Jolly, for what) hell if I know  
I just don't get it, tell it like it is  
It's on, truth hurts

Songwriters

YOUNG, MAURICE / TEWLOW, ROBERT F. Published by

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