

When It Rains It Pours

50 Cent

Yeah, it's 50
One shot, one kill, what's the deal?
Yeah, what's the deal? Listen lil' homie, when it rains it pours
Hollow tips and tallids, when it rains it pours
Get caught in lead showers just because
Niggaz ain't playin', when it rains it pours Niggaz get set up, that's when it rains it pours
End up, wet up, that's when it rains it pours
It usually, goes down over money and whores
But lil' homie in my hood, when it rains it pours Ain't nothin' changed, niggaz doin' the same ol' shit
Them new hollow tips in them same ol' clips
In the projects, niggaz fuck with the same ol' chicks
And somehow, they still think that they game is so sick Now from the rip, niggaz know I'm 'bout my grip
I don't trick, man I barely even feed a bitch
She say I'm stingy, I say, "I don't need you bitch"
Go 'head leave, see if I chase you, shit Tell yo' mammy, I catch her in the streets I'ma get her
She know I'm on parole, why she call police on a nigga?
She just mad, 'cause a nigga pockets on swole
When she ask to borrow some, I say hell naw I was tellin' the lil' homies all about this shit
To keep yo' mind on yo' money and don't trust no bitch
Keke hit high notes, when them kids came
But her ass kinda fat, so niggaz treat her the same, this is real Lil' homie, when it rains it pours
Hollow tips and tallids, when it rains it pours
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But lil' homie in my hood, when it rains it pours There was blood stains on my stoop, when Akbar got shot
When homicide outside, nigga I'm not
This the third time them niggaz done circled the block
It's money out now yeah, but damn it's hot They'll love to catch a nigga, on a direct sale
They say, "Tell us who caught the body, or you goin' to jail"
Look, if you know the drill you stay the fuck outta Dodge
And say, "What's happenin'?", to the captain
And say, "What's up?", to the sarge Fuck bein' in a cage man, that shit for the birds
Charlie drunk, drinkin' wild Irish rose on the curb
I know a spot full of niggaz tryin' to bet a few bucks
Hopin' they number come out, they can have 'em some luck Queen, ace to the deuce, and stumbled off mad
Lost his re-up money man, that's all he had
Magazine from the store, so he could look at the cars

And do pull-up's in the park, on the monkey bars, mad as fuck Lil' homie, when it rains it pours
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