

# Make It Rain (Feat. Lil Wayne)

Fat Joe

Yeah, I'm in this bitch wit' da terror  
Got a handful of stacks  
Better grab an umbrella  
I make it rain, I make it rain  
I'm in this bitch for terror  
Got a handful of stacks  
Better grab an umbrella  
I make it rain, I make it rain  
I make it rain on them hos  
I make it rain, I make it rain  
I make it rain on them hos  
I make it rain, I make it rain  
I make it rain on them hos  
I make it rain, I make it rain  
I make it rain on them hosCr, cr, crack, crack, crack, crack, crack  
You hear the echo, man  
I seen the best go 'cause he ain't have this metal  
I'm a hustla's hustla, a pusher's pusher  
You a busta, a custerma  
I get you some cooka  
Yeah, crack is a chemist  
I pack an eleven  
I mack in a seven  
I'll clap at your reverend  
I see you in NY  
I'll send you an invite  
You gon' need you a pass  
That's the code that we live byYeah, I'm in this bitch wit' da terror  
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I make it rain on them hos  
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I make it rain on them hos  
I make it rain, I make it rain  
I make it rain on them hosOww, clap, clap, clap, gotta make that ass clap  
Gotta make that ass clap  
Clap, clap, clap, clap, gotta make that ass clap  
Gotta make that ass clapNow 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 a anthem to make some dividends  
Lil' mama, try to hit me with the shoulder lean  
This cootco crack, and I control the team  
Couple bricks stacked up on that triple beam  
My dirty bro sippin' that Promethazeen  
That gonja green, that Cali weed  
A nigga lose his life try roll on me, now  
Yup, yup, we get it  
No advanced about it  
And the rain keep fallin', even when it's drownin'Yeah, I'm in this bitch wit' da terror  
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I make it rain, I make it rain  
I make it rain on them hos  
I make it rain, I make it rain  
I make it rain on them hosMami's body is bangin', man  
She got it, man, she does it all  
She gets it poppin' with no hands  
I'll make it pour  
I'll make it rain on 'em  
I'll lay a game to 'em  
I'm gassin' misses to tattoo my name on 'em  
Gotta get that baby love  
Gotta get my paper up  
Gotta suspect me exactly  
Test this crack and want a ring on us  
And you know what it is  
Yo, it's them powder kids

And we know how to biz, so we don't give a shit Yeah, I'm in this bitch wit' da terror

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I make it rain on them hos  
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Songwriters

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