

Fat Joe, Make It Rain (Remix)

(feat. R. Kelly, T.I., Rick Ross, Birdman, Lil' Wayne,...)

Whooh!

Roxanne, (It's Khals bitches! Owww!) You don't have to turn off your red light...

[Fat Joe:]

Static!

Let's make it rain on these niggaz (Remix!)

[Lil Wayne:]

Yeah, I'm in this bitch with the terror
Gotta handful of stacks, better grab an umbrella
I make it rain, I make it rain (Remix!)
I'm in this bitch with the terror (We back! Let's go!)
Gotta handful of stacks, better grab an umbrella
I make it rain, I make it rain I make it rain on them hoes
I make it rain, I make it rain (Remix! Remix! We back!)
I make it rain, I make it rain on them hoes

[R. Kelly:]

If you drilling these chicks they like Major Payne
When I make it rain, they be like "yo... do it again"
From the club to the coupe, inside my gates
Up in my bedroom screaming that you're the snake
They was perty perty, and I was flirty flirty
Lil' dro, lil' bub now they getting' dirty dirty
Don't ax me what my name is, stupid bitch I'm famous
You gon' make me aim this
Leave your ass brainless
I'm tryin' to stay R&B
But these streets is a part of me
So don't get it twisted
You see I order one bottle, then I fuck with one model
Then I order more bottles, now I got more models
I'm from that city where them niggaz don't play mayn
I take a chick to my room like caveman
So ask your girlfriend my name, I bet she go
"Skeet skeet skeet, Weatherman 'bout to make it rain! "

[Hook]

[Lil Wayne:]

Blat Blat blat ay Joe let me get em
It's young money and we on like the television
The weather channel but I do not broadcast
I throw up more cash and change the forecast
Your boyfriend is lame I make it rain on him
He neva make it rain like southern california
Wheres ya umbrella? now grab ya rain coat
Baby I make it flood u gon' need boat

[Birdman:]

Fresh to death on 'em
We throwin' money on 'em
Stay fly, 25s when we ride on 'em
Alligator suede, custom with the shades
Make it snow in the club, bitches know we paid
Stay shy rockin' Gucci in the Bentley (Super fly)
White rose for my broad on them 23s
Goin' to the club, nigga in a new fleet
All red doors up, doin' it like a real G

[Hook]

[T.I.:]

Come see me a crackin', in the club flossin'
40 thou' in my stacks, 20 stacks in my jeans
No real boss niggaz do real boss things
We bout that shit, you just talkin'
You'nna slang rocks? Then how with my goons
In the 430 down the strip I zoom?
Gonna drop it day real but I feel like Joe
Big glock I carry make a real big BOOM
Make moves like a young tycoon
I come through like a young typhoon
Category 3, don't be category me (Ay)
Like you can get a better salary to me
El capitan, game Numero Uno
I flood pussy clubs, ask any stripper you know

[Ace Mack:]

Ace mizzy get all the hoes
Gonna teach them shit they want to know
Like fuck that pussy ass 9-4 girl
Make that bucket a pot of gold
It ain't no money like custom money
It ain't no bitch like a hustle bunny
Ain't no bitch gettin' none of my money
That why the money gotta clear to protect it from me
She gotta ride for the A, hop for the A
Live for the minute or be out for the day
Hop the metal while lookin hot in stilettos
Gotta rock with a bezzle on the trigger finger
Boss bitch of the ghetto, my Spanish Trina
Talk shit to a nigga with the 'blama beamed up
When I see her gotta handle my bui-nah
I gotta give her one of these in the back of the team truck

[Hook]

[Rick Ross:]

305 in my yayo
Hey Khal, call Joe up
Let him know I'm bout to roll up
I just ran outta money
I need to borrow 50 thousand cash
Come through baby, make it rain
E class on the way to you
Gotta a hundred grand for you
Triple Cs
Oh yeah it's the remix
I be reppin my city
Blowin hundreds and fiftys
If the head, right Ricky there every night
Joey I was listenin'
Uh, dubs, spinnin' rims
Time to spend some dividends
My money they swimmin' in
Ross, I'm a boss (I'm a boss) I'm the mayor (I'm the mayor)
Make it rain (Make it rain!), on these haters (on these haters!)
Get your umbrella fella, cause we blowin'
Hella chedda, I'm the nigga that you scared of
Cause no one can do it better

[Fat Joe:]

Your crack girly
80s crack baby's momma paid me
Maybach, fly Mercedes
Birth that, drop a baby

Them perty ladies, they drive me crazy
Them skies is hazy, I'll pop like 80
Someone tell Mr. Bentley to bring his umbrella
Katrina not, it's just a one fella
Who got dumb chedda, and need a brain surgeon
Got me a designated thower, cause my hand's hurtin'
I make it rain, it's cock-eyed bitch
It's not a game, I'm 'bout those locos rich
Ain't nothing wrong with wanting a happy ending
And we don't need a hotel, we park in lot pimpin'
Bitch!

[Hook]