

# **Fat Joe f/ Ace Mack, Birdman, Lil Wayne, Rick Ross, R. Kelly, T.I.**

## **"Make it Rain"**

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Whoo!!!!!!!

Roxanne, (Its 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, blat, hey Joe uh let me git '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 you  
He never make it rain, like Southern California  
Where's your umbrella? Now get your raincoat  
Baby I make it flood, now you gon' need a 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 girls  
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  
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, its 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, its 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]

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