

## Dj Khaled

# "Make It Rain"

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

Whoo!

Roxanne, (Its \*Kells\* 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 da best! 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 \*da best\*!)

I make it rain, I make it rain on them hoes

[R. Kelly:]

I be drilling these chicks like Major Payne

When I make it rain, they be like \*Kell do it again\*

From the club to the coupe, inside my gates

Up in my bedroom screaming \*each others name\*

They was perty perty, and I was flirty flirty  
Lil' dro, lil' \*buck\* now they getting' dirty dirty  
Don't ask 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 man  
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 ya  
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 an Crack in, 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, \*king\* 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]

Thanks to BryANT for these lyrics

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