

Threat

"When It Rains"

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[radio dial being tuned]

".. we'll have a high of fifty-nine degrees
with the temperature dropping rapidly towards this
evening."

[sounds of thunder and rain]

[Threat]

When it rain it pours, it lightning and it thunders like a
storm
and that's when they start transformin
He sent a letter to your favorite Cinderella
Come to find out some fella done broke your umbrella
He brought your name up, to salt your game up
As evil as it seem it's like People's Magazine
The cold as water's homey don't know me
He got my name caught up in the middle of some shit
like Monie Love
He even got Cupid lookin stupid
His aarrow's too narrow so they break like a toothpick
The ho just told me, she heard it through the grapevine
When she ain't with me, I'm havin a great time
I feel sorry for those that doublecross me
Cause this he say she say got me hot like coffee
By the way snitches get found in ditches
Or Agent Salk might find your ass out
while they fishin offshore.. cause when it rain it pours
and I'm out in the rain..

"Motherfuckin bitches. I'll smoke that fool."

[Threat]

Players can't trust they neighbors
They all in the Kool-Aid and don't know the flavor
Well this is a A and B conversation
so C-ya, cause I'd rather see ya than be ya
Cause info travel like tumble around ears like Dumbo
and that's the way it go, Captain Save-a-Ho
Why you wanna dirty mack me?
You must need some C-A-P
Shake shake shake shake shake shake and now I'm
outside

in my socks, lookin like a bitch on the box
Just when you thought you owned her
You only had a common cold but now you got
pneumonia
Testicles freezin like a eskimo's dick
I ain't lyin y'all, Tylenol couldn't do shit
On my back with my hat in need of medicine
and the bitch still won't let us in, I'm out in the rain

"Ayyo don't worry bout NUTTIN 'til you get up in that
motherfucker
then you can SMOKE that bitch! Ayyo Threat, yo.
I think she's back there."

[Threat]

So beware of Sir Nose cause he lurks in your home
Even when your ass ain't there he got a chair so
if you come home and all your guests is on the steps
it's
better than wakin up with hot grits on your chest so
bone out, go to mom's house and get your NyQuil
Down this shit, it's startin to rain like hail
So dear Mr. Postman, I hope the post office got
half on your motherfuckin coffin when I catch you in the
rain.

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