

Sierra Palmer**"Rain"**

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[Wyshmaster]

(Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay)

(Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay)

I be like hold up

You see that shorty in the black

Can drop Seven jeans that'll make that booty pop

I be like whoa ma

Time to approach her

I'ma spit that game

And it is talkin' 'bout

How I wanna get to know her

I got somethin' for her

It's just the way you started movin'

Got me thirsty 'bout to lose it

I hope I got this under control

(Under control)

'Cause it ain't nothin' if you wit it

You could just give me a minute

I bet that you be callin' me back

Chorus:

Boy be my water

Ain't nobody hotter

I'm gonna make it rain

(I-I-I'm gonna make it rain, rain)

You do it better

I'm gon' make you wetter

I'm gon' make it rain

(I-I-I'm gonna make it rain, rain)

Boy be my water

Ain't nobody hotter

I'm gonna make it rain

(I-I-I'm gonna make it rain, rain)

You do it better

I'm gon' make you wetter

I'm gon' make it rain

(I-I-I'm gonna make it rain, rain)

Hold up

These platinum chains

These diamonds rings
I want some more of
Got me so froze up
If you were my love
You better do me like you never did before
Make it rain down until it pours
If you want me, give, give me more
You better stop the teasin'
You're kissin' and some pleasin'
Sweat me out so deep I could drown
And see baby I'm hot
And if you want it,
Then just make that rain drop,
Don't stop oh no

Chorus:

Boy be my water
Ain't nobody hotter
I'm gonna make it rain
(I-I-I'm gonna make it rain, rain)
You do it better
I'm gon' make you wetter
I'm gon' make it rain
(I-I-I'm gonna make it rain, rain)
Boy be my water
Ain't nobody hotter
I'm gonna make it rain
(I-I-I'm gonna make it rain, rain)
You do it better
I'm gon' make you wetter
I'm gon' make it rain
(I-I-I'm gonna make it rain, rain)

B-O-S-S baby
I make it rain
Drizzle, splash
Somebody call FEMA, I'm Katrina with the cash
Little mama (grind slow), but I make my paper fast
When I let it out the rubber band it yell free at last
So soft but her body got me far from soft
Way that putty drippin' like somebody left the faucet on
Party like it's Mardi Gras
Club packed from wall to wall
Grab the waiter tell her bring me back all the bar
Laughin' at you haters like hardy har this how I ball
Head so sick that I call that shit some Tylenol
Hand full of lettuce, neck full of carrots
Little mama felt embarrassed
'Cause she thought I had a salad on
You can be my water
I can be your fireman

Who you know that's hotter, on fire like a fireman
Bossman, came to make them panties rain,
Grab your umbrella, -ella, ay

Chorus:

Boy be my water
Ain't nobody hotter
I'm gonna make it rain
(I-I-I'm gonna make it rain, rain)
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