

## **Future the Artist "Rainin' Money"**

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### Intro

Future. Beats by the FANS. It's alotta gold and pink  
bottles being popped right now. Lazenby you called this  
one, another get money anthem

### Chorus

Its raining money, hallelujah, its raining money. Amen  
I'm gonna go out, I'm gonna let myself get absolutely  
soaking wet  
Its raining money

### Verse 1

Money is the root of all money trees  
drop a stack and plant a seed, spout and fall like  
autumn leaves  
or winter green, it keeps me super clean  
shower down, I am on my Irish Springs  
Generous, I done made everyone around me rich  
It fall from the sky, can't catch all this  
The money keep coming just like my hits  
I don't give no hints, she already knew the deal when  
she hopped in the whip  
Wood grain, leather, pimp, while the moon reflect my  
wrist  
My God I'm blessed, but this don't make no sense  
On a Vegas trip, tossing up my chips  
This track it go so G tho, so I aint gotta say no homo  
Got money let me hear you go loco

### Chorus

### Verse 2

"Weatherman, weatherman, tell me what the weather  
is"  
"Fy~¼tch, its looking sunny with a chance of dead  
presidents"  
I say how that is? He say he don't know  
So I'll just go with it, just go with the flow  
My cup it overfloweth, I'm reaping that I'm sowing  
The irony of my luxury is that money wasn't my motive  
Just take care of my folks', be humble and stay focused  
Love what I do for a living and tell the doubters get off

my scrotum  
Money for the Lotus, money for these Jordans  
Money for this ounce that I just bought cuz I'ma smoke  
it  
This track it go so G tho, so I aint gotta say no homo  
Got money let me hear you go loco

Chorus

Verse 3

Forget a stage, me and Lazenby we touring banks  
Out in Europe blowing Euros and Swiss Francs  
Louis duffle bag where I keep the hustle stash  
So much money coming in I need a Louis dam  
I can't complain, some folk don't like the rain  
But I love the sound of falling money hitting my window  
pain  
I swear I must've died broke and woke up Born Again  
Fly as hell, living well, stacking Benjamins  
And I aint have to sell my soul or make no deal with  
Satan  
If I can do it then you can to, look at how much money  
I'm making  
This track it go so G tho, so I aint gotta say no homo  
Got money let me hear you go loco

Chorus x2

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