

The Blues Brothers

"Rain it Pours"

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(*talking*)

'Tis the season to be jolly
(Jolly, for what) hell if I know
I just don't get it, tell it like it is
It's on, truth hurts

[Chorus - 2x]

It's like the sun in the summer
It's like the cold in the winter
And when it rains it pours
Y'all keep sweating these hoes
And doing this one for the poor ones

[Trick Daddy]

This one here is dedicated for them hatas, I wrote it for
my niggas
Who ain't here they couldn't make it, let's face it
The dope game is getting shaky
When shit get flaky, see most niggas can't take it
I done seen the biggest dope dealas turn squealas
And yesterday's killas, today's fucked niggas
?That's defined? on behalf of the state
Your main key witness, and won't involve me with em
You could set me up to crush time
It ain't selling the vines so nigga, lay down and do your
time
Cause, back when you was kingpinning
I was sitting off in prison, and you ain't send me a
penny
And closing arguments can't get me
I had it deep for the state, caught his first witness

That's right, that's right
From one heat to another, you a sucka

[Chorus - 2x]

[Trick Daddy]

As an American, I think the whole world's against us
It took 9-11 just to convince us
That we got wars going on

And it's way bigger than thugs, this shit's deeper than
drugs
Suicide bombings, and air attacks
All the planes that were hijacked, and all of our politics
So I guess that makes me a democrat
The Republican party problems are worrying about
crack
If I could speak another language, I'd say it in
French, Spanish damn it, so everybody understand it
Want everybody on the planet, that if you anti-thug
I guess you gets no love, from us

[Chorus - 2x]

[Trick Daddy]

Where are the police at when you really need em
How can you chastise a child, if you ain't allowed to
beat him
Want to screaming for no reason
Why you keep reproducing if you know you can't feed
em
If he leave you, don't blame him
He the father of two mugs so regardless, you ought to
raise em
And it might seem outrageous
This unsafe sex these days quite dangerous
And stop killing these babies, I mean it, I love em
If you don't want em give em to me I'll raise em
Truth is, that the future is our kids, and every playa
with skills
Should be in the NFL, for real

[Chorus - 2x]

(*talking*)

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