

RAININ' FELLAS

Todrick Hall

Get your umbrellas
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It's raining fellas
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Feel the thunder crashing like we crash the party
And the lightning flashing like the paparazzi
And the weatherman says we probably should take cover
Oh we're running outside to try to find a lover

You better find an ATM
Baby, fast fast
Tip some cash cash
It's raining dicks and ass ass
It's a fire (work) and it ain't even July
Muscles falling from the sky
If you wanna find a guy

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It's raining, everybody got boys on the brain
Mother Nature made a men hurricane
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Well, the forecast says it's gon' be raining all night
And I'm hoping it rains the kind of dudes that I like
Want 'em tall, dark, handsome, want 'em holding me tight
So, I'm sitting here waiting for the lightning to strike (Strike, strike)

You better run out to the street
Looking fab fab
Catch a cab cab
It's raining pecs and abs abs
It's a party (work) and the boys are coming out
Put your hands up in the crowd
Hotties falling from the clouds

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It's raining Billys, Bobs, Blakes and Brandons
It's raining Willys, Robs, Jakes and Landons
It's raining Garrys, Jerrys, Larrys
Raining twigs and berries
Toms, Dicks and Harrys
Bears, jocks and fairies
It's raining thighs, tries, briefs and boxers
It's raining fly, guys, flight attendants and doctors
It's raining feminine, gentlemen, dripping down like a faucet
Yeah, these boys are coming out
Like the sky was a closet
So

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