

Bluer Skies

Chris Webby

Yeah, y'know you think this is all there is to life sometimes
You grind so hard, huh, you forget, but I guess I'm moving onto bluer
skies
Right

I'm moving on, I'm moving on
I'm moving on to bluer skies

You see the life I used to live I don't know anymore
I'm a step away from not being broke anymore
I'mma grind so hard I don't even have a life
Used to have fun every night now I just write
In the booth, press record and I let my soul bleed
For these listeners like you, to critique, so you see
It's all I ever wanted, could've sworn that it was true
But sometimes I wonder if I do
Sessions in the studio goin' on till seven in the morning
Got me wondering if it's blue skies or storming
No time to kick it with the homies and all that
I'm sorry, I'm so busy, yo, I meant to call back
The people I grew up with, chilled and smoked blunts with
Now I got it back to the end, trust it
When I see you again, we'll roll up a dub
And go back to the way we was, it's all love

I'm moving on, I'm moving on
I'm moving on to bluer skies

Staying up 'til the sunrise with my mind racing
Thinking to myself is this a dream worth chasing
Lost contact with friends 'cos of the grind
It's not that I don't got love, just no time
Mom and Dad, yo, I can't thank you enough
I know the past months have been rough, thanks for putting up
But your renegade son conduct disorderly
But no matter what I was doing you still supported me
Sorry that I don't call you as much as I should
But your boy is on the grind, non-stop, doing good
(It grooves down to D-Block and Dame Dash felt me)?
I know I'm doing something special, you ain't got to tell me
Following that bright light to fortune and fame
Sacrificing all I got to immortalize my name
Every single day I gotta put up a fight
But this the life that I asked for, right?

I'm moving on, I'm moving on
I'm moving on to bluer skies

Keeping moving on
Gotta keep on moving on