

Thunder

Chris Webby

I'm a soldier raised by the thunder clouds
And the floods when the rain came dumpin' down
Suck it up or drown
Buckle up 'cause life can get tough enough
Ain't no fuckin' love around here (Nah)
Let me make one thing clear (Clear)
I'ma be the one they fear
Comin' from the bottom of the bucket to the man of the year
Only threat to my career is the man in the mirror
So hut one, hut two, light the endzone (Yeah)
Play as if it's what life depends on (Yeah)
I came in the game with a mic and headphones
And now I got chains with the righteous gemstones
I rome to the throne on the path in front of me
When I survive past all that they're gonna see
Why I'm one of the greats
I play straight and they should vacate the place
Or at last they're gonna be
All laid down flat where the carpet at
The champ is here
The goddamn bars are back (Yeah)
Big brain like a martian, a mars attack
And if they smart they don't want no parts of that
I start the track like I'm already ready to go
Yeah, I shoot for the stars if I settle below
I'll still hit the moon and light up the room
And trust it gon' be a hell of a show
As I ride through the

Through the rain and thunder
Could've broken down
Through the pain and hunger
Had to hold my ground
Say it can't be done?
Shit, somebody hold my crown
'Cause if they ain't know when they got to the show
Well, they know me now

Yeah
I was born in a bed of flames
To the lightning crash of heavy rains
Now Webby claims the steady aim
At your head and bang like Jesse James
I got kevlar plates that'll line my vest
Hood up on my head, how a shy guy dress
But as I digress, I'm defined as the best
East coast to the (wicky-wicky) wild-wild west (Yeah)
I am the one that they know to be
The coldest with the flow and the poetry
From locally to sold out globally
My first CD dropped in the ovaries
And from my ultrasound to the crowd in front of me
Been a ride that you can't break down in summary
I'll be runnin' 'til they pull the fuckin' ground from under me
When the rain come down and sound of thunder be goin' boom
Step out the way and give me some room
Ride through the flames, the rains and monsoons

Under the full moon
In that black lagoon
The monster in me been tuned and well groomed
Here to raise hell, I'm built for this shit
I live for this game, I kill for this shit
Too real for this shit
In a foxhole with a gun cocked
I'ma die on a hill for this shit

'Cause I am a fighter, my head to the sky
And livin' this life been a hell of a ride
And know in the back of my head when I die
That I'm leavin' a mark they'll remember me by
The reason I do it, it never was fame
The cars and the clout
Or the checks and the chains
I'm in it to carve out my legacy claims
So put some respect on my name
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