

Thunderstorm

Ralo

My hood they callin' me El Chapo
It raining bricks in my hood nigga
I keep that dog food like I'm Ralo
Young Ralo, Young Ralo, Young Ralo
Thunderstorm, brick thunderstorm
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They keep that dog food like they [?], me
They wasn't talkin' 'bout the dog until they knew me
They gonna make them an album 'bout me
Niggas'll probably go platinum 'bout me
You can go tell them to ask about me
I got some niggas that blast about me
I get them bricks off the boat
I get them bricks for the low
My niggas never [?]
We just buck down the P.O
My favorite weather is snow
My favorite drink is a Coke
I got that thing in my coat
I got my thing in her throat
I hope that baby don't choke
Tell 'em I'm never gon' change
I got them bricks in the rain
Hundred thousand dollar chain
Nigga I paid for the fame
I do my thing, I do my thing, I do my thing, yeah
All them bitches tried to play me but I still remain a player

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Aw shit, pass me my umbrella
It's raining bricks in this bitch, they done freed Hector
I got blocks like Mutumbo, no basketball
Real shooters on my team bitch, Chris Paul
I scratched the dog food with the [?]
One hit of this shit, I had the fiends jumping off the walls
I'm the definition of a trapper
You gon' walk in the spot, you still stepping over brick wrappers

Residue off in my grandma pot
Shoot a 500, that's a concussion [?]
Everything white on this end, just like Ralo's whip
Country boy said they wanted hard, so that's what food slip

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