Captains

Thundamentals

Hello and welcome to Thunder Airflight TM420. Making a brief to stop over in the Pacific en route to our final destination: the land of the most vivid. Your captains for today's flight are J. Ferris and M. Jones and B. Tuckerman. Once the seat belt signs are turned off you may proceed to move about the cabin in a disorderly fashion. In case of an emergency, you'll be asked to disembark via the side or via doors adjacent to the flashing thunderbolts. I'd like to take this opportunity to wish you a safe and enjoyable journey, and thank you for traveling with Thunder Air - the highest and flyest in the sky.

The captains of this next flight be we
Flashing, mile high steeze on the beat
Pay attention, crews get ready for the take-off
Ain't no telling where this journey's gonna take us
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Ayo, promoters are keen to be hirin' the boys
'Cause we're nice with the noise, I've been stackin' up my Frequent
Flyer points, 'cause I'm fly and on point (Check)
Thirty-thousand feet up writin' this joint
Loungin' with my feet up, lightin' this joint
In economy class, rockin' Astronomy Class
We're hopscotchin' any obstacle that's blocking the path
Thinkin' how long will this odyssey last? (Who's to know?)
But f*ck cruise control and the autopilot
I'm in the cockpit heading towards an island
Of crystal clear waters and white sands
Pound a fist to my right hand man, I'm like, "Damn!"
Who would'a thunk it, a bunch of drunkards
Gettin' flown to drop by our shows with no drum kit (Let's go)
Grab your luggage, I'll take you on a visit
To the land of the most vivid, yeah, who is it?

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Crews talk shit 'cause we got a bit of airplay
I daresay, do you think I really care, mate?
It's fair to state haters get it pear-shaped
This music is my aeroplane
My wingspan embraces outward bound flights
Pirate airways no place for downtime
How high is a bird's-eye view?
The sky is fair game, so when it curves I cruise (You know it)
Surfin' the heavens, I ain't waitin' for the take-off
Top of the world with Hendrix and Nate Dogg
Tuk's on a hustle, homie, en route

To your house while my one and only love is lonely
So remind me, avoid all booby traps
I'ma get whacked off Scooby Snacks
I ain't robbin' banks, though, I'm here to rock a stage show
I make my safe way home (Let's go)

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Ayo, I'm in it for my lifetime, f*ck the limelight
Leave an outline of five giant mic's when I skywrite
Mile high star from a deadset captain
No need for the stressin', leave your excess baggage at the check-in
We got the jet engines revvin'
On the 747, now servin' refreshments
The freshmen smashin' letters, who here's rapping better?
Hijacked your flight and feel a rise in the cabin pressure

I got a 4 AM alarm ever ready by my bedside
Check into a red-eye with red eyes, let's fly
We get high amongst the clouds, sightseeing
Taking in the homeland till we be touchin' down
Run up on your town, saying "What up?" in each state
Bustin' out the cage, watch as scenes change
We meet peace face-to-face, try to connect the dots
And bless the spot before jettin' off

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