

Storm Warning

Thundamentals

I feel a storm is comin' on
It's comin' on, it's comin' on, comin' on
When it is it's gonna do whatever it wants
It's comin' on, it's comin' on, comin' on

I haven't got something to prove
But I got nothing to lose
(It's true) I'm puffing a doob
Up in the booth, not stuck in a suit
Or givin' a stuff, living it up
Bussing a groove and bringing the funk
While Morgs is ripping the I'm snatching a [?], fill up my cup
Chill it with ice, ill on the mic
Last thing I need's someone killing the vibe
Willing to fight, kickin' a fuss
Just 'cause I drunken a million pints
Wait! You think you're playing it cool
But mate you're playing a fool too!
I'll take you to school if you're breaking the rules
I'll leave you washed up like an ape in a pool
Never said I was better than you
That's not what I endeavor to do
It's not your fault, you're bred in a zoo
Or you stink more than Pepé Le Pew
Step to the crew, the incredible few
Thundamentals will fry your electrical fuse
I'm blending the groove, dissembling foes
Each sentence I use helps set it in stone
Wherever I roam, start second to none
So suave and obese, I'm impressing your mum
Hot sex in the sun, enjoy the summertime
If the boss is stressing let him employ some other guy
Sing a lullaby about the birds and the bees
So we can get down more personally (Fuck)
Right now I'm bursting the seams
Where the word is born, the storm's bursting the scene

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While most folks are sitting at home
Picking their nose I'll be flipping the flow
Deliver a show, just leaving you go-ing
Oh shit, kid, didn't you know?
I'm drinking my coke then I mix it with rum
You're listening into the skills of the one
While Fiasko's hitting the drum
It's packing a punch like a kick in the gut
Stuck in a rut? I'm upping the ante
Running amuck like a bum in a pantry
Ain't for kids who's chucking a tancy
Or chickens who's fucking and clutching their panties
And chucking them at me, that's not what the plan be, uh
I can't help it if you're randy
Don't get angry just 'cause I'm taken

Check out my mates, you could probably date them
Thundamentals'll pave the way
It's safe to say that we're making waves
While haters are sipping their hatorade
I'll blaze the phrase in my database
Straight spitting razor blades at a crazy rate
Until my hair is a shade of grey
That can't be changed breaks for days and days
And weeks and months, ayo my speech is crunk
Pump this in your crib while you're eating lunch
Or up in your whip, let the speakers bump
No need to ask who the leaders are
It's clear to us my team is rough
Please don't front, this beat is nuts
So dope that the CD reach the buds
Got my sneakers scuffed 'cause I run the map
So come back when the sound of a thunderclap

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