

Thunder Man

Xavier Wulf

Aw shit

Here we go again, here they go again
Talkin' shit about a real man, let me ask you this:
How many of you little niggas got your own shit
Bitch, me and all my niggas got our own damn crib
Bitch, me and all my folk record our own damn shit
In-house studio, flexed out for your bitch
When she walk through the door all she do is compliment
Bitch I'm finna smoke a blunt so I don't wanna say shit
Don't bother me I'll break your ass if you take my tip
Here's a tip: if you stuck get the fuck up out of here
I ain't playin' with no stupid nigga, I aim anywhere
Lock and load on his fuckin' soul, turn that bitch cold
Let it shatter like the ice do when it hits the floor
Bitch I'm trynna see wassup my whole squad on the boat
Bitch, say the wrong shit we make your stupid ass float
I ain't never been a bitch, ask all my old hoes
Nigga ask yours too, hah, he ain't even know
Yuh huh, she came through and dropped her panties on my floor
Yuh huh, she licked me up RIGHT before she LEFT with you
Yuh huh, this is bitch and I don't give no fuck fool
I let these hoes do what the fuck they want to
Cause these hoes gon' do what the fuck they want to
East memphis where I'm at, don't matter where I move
Tell a ho stay home cause the cash comin through
Niggas ask me where my lyrics at, who the fuck is you
Bitch, fuck that rapping shit I'm only here to tell the truth
And these niggas don't listen til I say it in the booth
All these rappers lookin spooked, bitch why you scared fool
Is it cause I'm off the chain I dominate my whole lane
Play with me I'll throw a bomb and destroy your whole game
Tundra boy, thunder man, just a few of my names
Bitch I claim a new one everytime I climb the rank
You bitch