

Lightning

Yelawolf

Man look at this shit
I know, right? It's crazy
I wish the storm would just blow this motherfucker away
Why you say that?
Serious, man, I hate this fuckin' town
You know Bobby needs you at the job, right?
Man, fuck him
Fuck Bobby? I thought you liked Bobby
I'm gettin' the fuck out of here, man
Okay
Watch

Yeah, Tommy just got out of jail (Got out of jail? Got out of jail)
Two months he couldn't make bail (Couldn't make bail? Couldn't make bail)
Here we sit, whiskey bent, freestylin' over cricket chirps
He would spit, then I went, loaded gun, death we flirt
Leave it up to the Baptist church, me and him are scum of the Earth
Feelin' like two millionaires with a hundred dollar net worth
Topic of discussion is that they know nothin'
They didn't find the other twenty pounds hid in the oven
What happened to me and you? We used to go to Sunday School
And we worked Monday 'til Friday, and sometimes Sunday, too
Five-hundred dollar check and that's no disrespect
But I'm a talent, God damn it, you watch, I'm tellin' you
We had it all mapped out, hip-hop 'til we crashed out
I drank 'til I couldn't walk straight, on the front porch where we passed out
Nothin' but trouble, dealin' with troubles over our sorrow
And the clouds followed, we was just like

Just like lightning in a bottle
Burnin' electric blue
Just like gunshots in the hollow
Echoin' all night through
This is how we shed our problems
Under the southern moon
Just like lightning in a bottle
Burnin' electric blue (Yeah)

It's three o'clock in the morning, I got two packs of Parliament Lights and
A dime bag of that 'Bama brick, I just lay in the dark of the night on
The bed of my buddy's truck who got it from his papa back when
He died in a fire rescue and I never asked what happened
We listened to Charlie Daniels, Too Short and Bob Seger
Sing along to "Night Moves", sippin' on gas station margaritas
Gotta get a good buzz out here, man, nothin' else to do but get high
Put bullet holes in beer cans and talk about how we gonna get by
Some say that dreaming's useless, full of pride and selfishness
Escapin' that mental prison's like climbin' the electric fence
And that's a risk, but a risk I'll take to better with
'Cause through Hell I've been, so success would be just self-defense
I took another swallow, can't share my dream with everybody
And besides, to the factory, I clock in tomorrow
And to my room, I wobble, but the vision I follow
A storm was brewin', we was just like

Just like lightning in a bottle

Burnin' electric blue
Just like gunshots in the hollow
Echoin' all night through
This is how we shed our problems
Under the southern moon
Just like lightning in a bottle
Burnin' electric blue
Just like lightning in a bottle
Burnin' electric blue
Just like gunshots in the hollow
Echoin' all night through
This is how we shed our problems
Under the southern moon
Just like lightning in a bottle
Burnin' electric blue

Lightning in a bottle
Burnin' electric blue
Lightning in a bottle
Burnin' electric blue
Lightning in a bottle
Burnin' electric blue