

# 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 \$hort 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 dreamin' is 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

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