

Quarashi

"Thunderball"

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Rolling the dice on the wrong side and never caught.
[x4]

Well it's a microphone. I check the phone, my flavor behind. I'm the medieval kid so I'll be kind. To the musical nations, I will free tibet. Sell my flow then roll on with the rest. And then I'm going on with the microphone until dawn. I rock the party just like before and then I'm gone. I breathe the heat like fucking shit. I run like a six, like a west on the pulpit. And I could keep it saying that another couldn't stop and kick it there and die on the trial. The kick don't knock the way I'm tweaking. You better fuck off and let me do the freaking. Well I'm a chilly cold day with a gold and silver cake. I catch another with the motherfucking piece of bait. I'm with the future, meet the future what'cha gonna do to me. And I don't know what the fuck you see G.

Rock the microphone, until the dawn y'all. Rock the microphone, until the dawn. [x4]

I do the freak every day, every night, no fright. It's gonna happen to that you see the light. Our brothers the weak two well you should be understood. 'Cause you're under the board, and the ward is gonna frame you. But, even through then you will be way down under. Then you can't see you'll be A-1 blundered. My mind is going off like a thunderball. I set 'em straight like a motherfucking wonderwall.

Chillin' with my homie down in the place. There's a motherfucking FAS that tried to face me. Another day, watch out you'll pop that shit. Unless you're held then go back out again. Yeah. That's right. I'll catch you with the go with the microphone until the dawn and I'm on standing alone. But that shit cracks when I get high.

Rock the microphone, until the dawn y'all. Rock the microphone, until the dawn. [x8]

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