

## **Thunderclap Newman**

### **"Maintaining"**

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Intro:

Gotta watch out for them critters

I get the party live, Common Sense will get the party  
live huh (x4)

Verse 1:

I was born in Chicago raised on Planet Rock talking zsa  
zsa zsa zsa,  
Catch knock my tape like beats (uh), I'm fresh as fruits,  
You pussy MC, it's you I rebuke, repent  
You burn up you got me bit, I'm coming as ebit  
Got on big hoes at Freaknit, frequently your telling me  
Won and worn your rockets, so, he ain't put no scratch  
in my pocket  
Yo heard, with my head I cock it, and rock it like that  
brother in Colors  
Cause I want y'all to live, my crew is 2 Live, we sneakin'  
to the rear  
But I can't get us all in free (what?) it's just another  
case of that 2  
dollar MC  
I rock the same clothes 3 days straight to you they  
wrinkled but to my they  
straight  
Now I'm straight are you straight? I'm straight as long  
as I got beer  
I thought about it jack, and now I'm out of here

Hook:

"Maintain the rock"

I get the party live, Common Sense will get the party  
live, huh "Don't stop  
the rock" (X4)

Verse 2:

I need me some new socks, I need me some new  
drawers  
I draws attention, like a letter to a sargent  
Theres A Few Good MC's the wack I'm giving code red  
Slim say I got nobody but when they see me at the

party they be like  
"Go head, go head", cause I gots the cuts like Bobby,  
rappers are dickheads  
Choppin' they demo, I do it like Big Red  
My office hours are from 9 to 5, while you avoid the  
party I make it live  
The fellas nod and the chicks dance  
While I'm coolin' in my jumpers and my big pants  
I'm as dope as PCP, MC's see me and start having  
flashbacks  
I don't flash scratch, I gotta watch my back  
Now a days blacks don't know how to act, besides Larry  
Fishburn  
Charles Jug and Wesly Snipes, marks wanna test me  
because I test the mics  
I check 'em like sound, and like loose I'm down  
Plus I done got better since Soul By the Pound, I  
maintain

Hook (X4)

Verse 3:

I fall fresh upon the spirit, with the lyric that's  
overwhelming  
And house more hoes than Spellman, worse  
unwelcome like James Johnston  
My brains sponcering speech on the mic, I'm like a  
Jackson  
Rappers I'm fondaling, they try to settle out of court  
But I, could never be bought, what type of rebel eats  
pork?  
I'll take the cat and never get caught, you wack  
together we fought  
Cause I can't see my melons boxing if he's not boxin'  
with 'em  
I don't care who started it, I'm gonna be apart of it  
Regardless of the odds of how hard  
It's been many times we was outnumbered and we still  
got with them  
I got rhythm from some boogers and some foxes  
But if I becomes a 10 then some brothers all some gin  
And I got juice, and this niggas scared  
I'll F your head up, like the L.A. 4, when I flow for cash I  
got for broke  
like Mel for Moore  
Why should a male with a B8 get more than me?  
When Rashid got an MC degree, and a doctorine in  
rockin' shit I go to docs  
to get  
A fishwish with cheese, I don't mix with MCs, cause I  
just don't like the

mother\_\_\_\_  
But I'm still maintaining

Hook

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