

Defari, Thunder & Lightning

"Not havin it"
"My lightning my thunder"
IT DOES NOT END
"Not havin it" "My lightning my thunder"
"Not hav--"

Xzibit (lightning) Defari (come on) "not havin it"
"My lightning my thunder" "not havin it" "my lightning my thunder"

(Defari)

Look what the wind blew in, a Wild West storm
In the form of Thunder and Lightning
Xzibit be the Thunder, Defari be the Lightning
Crack a shark's teeth when he be bitin
These fakers can't stand it to sell they bandit
Wit silver-tipped lyrics I shoot across the holy planet
Your favorite's Janet, I'm bangin hits that's hard like granite
Surprising these critics cuz that's the way I planned it
Your brain I scanned it, and analyzed your weakness
You're not creative, niggas like you we call leeches (say what)
(That brother teaches, yep) don't make no big deal of it
I just knows I don't half-step
The after high noon Moonshine saloon
That's where you find a table reserved for X and Herut
>From Alaska to the Mellanys
Don't give a fuck where you look, they feelin Likwit emcees

Chorus (Tash)

"Not havin it"
Xzibit's da Thunder, Defari's da Lightning (4x)

(Xzibit)

Y'all niggas speakin out of anger and ignorance
But Xzibit got the diligence
Defari sparkin joints in the ligiments
Kill-aforia b-boys who search and destroy missions
Bring the heat to raise the temperature in Hell's Kitchen
Don't get too relaxed and find yourself missin, listen
Shot caller from a whole new position, relieve the tension
Break bread wit my brothers
All the bitches we fuck be hangin out wit one another
And associate my good times wit Hennessy straight
Can you relate, or is your heart filled wit hate?
We makin history, get your cameras and roll the tape
Document the moves y'all niggas refuse to make
How many fools do it take for me to shut down
To realize Likwit niggas ain't fuckin around
Feel the shakin underground sound will never provoke
We automatically swing hard and aim for the throat, mothafuckers

Chorus 4x

(Defari)

The Ice Age couldn't stop me from writin a page
Of lyrical rage to be taken out on stage
Then my frustrations slice emcess wit vocal blades
No dough, no show, no doubt gots to get paid
You listen to the horses *horse sounds*
It make these wack emcees wanna quit and go take college courses
And get a higher sense of learning
Clappin off ?vermin?, bust his spine and be the iodine that's burnin

(Xzibit)

Put your gun down boy, you get beat like your father did

Debo style, snap your limbs like a crocodile
Nasty, wicked, and wild and ready for the confrontation
You tryin to deliver but runnin into complications
Of course, the work horse, the main source
Either come in quietly or be taken by force
40 Dayz & 40 Nightz brought the Thunder & Lightning
Let's both burn sudden and have a Clash of the Titans

Chorus 4x