

# The Calm

## Pete Flux & Parental

[Verse 1:]

Mama said there'll be beats like this  
So ya boy knock em dead, then I'll rewrite his  
Tory, get the glory with the green light lit  
From Kalhex, flow break necks  
Of people that they've met  
Not feeble what we rep while killing instrumentals  
Vocals overseas to Paris and Parental  
Get the ball rolling, leaving em all open  
If the beat had a face, the shit would be all swollen  
My punches come in bunches and I'm eating niggas lunches  
With the bars made of tungsten cause the shit is just my function  
Didn't understand? I'll lower the speed  
Flowing with ease cause I know what you need  
Positive vibes that'll go with cha weed  
No need to hold it in, you've been told you can breathe  
So go and exhale while a nigga set sail  
Got my rhymes on lock and I haven't set bail

[Hook:]

Hip hop lives, I coulda sworn!  
I've been waiting for this since I was born  
Now my entity is formed  
And this is the calm before the storm (x2)

[Verse 2:]

Building from the bottom and no sight of the top  
But I think that I'm a problem and I might have a shot  
Of getting to that paper, own my forty acres  
Inhale the vapors, never feeling greater  
Sadly not my current situation  
Deterrents I am facing, watch the burning of my nation  
Mind blurs on occasion, what I'm burning is amazing  
I digress, I sigh less with this heart in my chest  
It's pumping, beat bumping, this shit is what I rep  
Watch me straighten out the joint just like a tricep  
Then I move along, another groovy song  
I'm rookie of the year until I'm proven wrong  
Careful with my crumbs, live with no regrets

My competition's all thumbs like they over text  
Keep smiling everyday cause I know I'm blessed  
Proving it's a must to add Flux to your rolodex

[Hook]

[Bridge:]

Make your luck, when times are tough  
We grind enough, we climbing up (x2)

[Verse 3:]

Was a jack of all trades, but a master of none  
In my basketball days I was rapping for fun  
Now I'm scheming always and I'm passive to some  
Cause I'm chilling all blazed tryna stack up the funds  
From the tracks getting made while I battle my lungs  
And this is not a phase, so I grapple the rungs  
On the ladder to success, isn't in my clutch yet  
Bars make you wobble like you listening to dub step  
Move, while I'm spitting to the rhythm  
Every time it's fresh when I bless, it's a given  
I gotta blow up and that's word to my mom  
For now, let's experience the calm

[Hook]

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Lyrics submitted by Pete Flux & Parental.

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