

# Bluer Skies

Chris Webby

Yeah, y'know you think this is all there is to life sometimes  
You grind so hard, huh, you forget, but I guess I'm moving onto bluer  
skies  
Right

I'm moving on, I'm moving on  
I'm moving on to bluer skies

You see the life I used to live I don't know anymore  
I'm a step away from not being broke anymore  
I'mma grind so hard I don't even have a life  
Used to have fun every night now I just write  
In the booth, press record and I let my soul bleed  
For these listeners like you, to critique, so you see  
It's all I ever wanted, could've sworn that it was true  
But sometimes I wonder if I do  
Sessions in the studio goin' on till seven in the morning  
Got me wondering if it's blue skies or storming  
No time to kick it with the homies and all that  
I'm sorry, I'm so busy, yo, I meant to call back  
The people I grew up with, chilled and smoked blunts with  
Now I got it back to the end, trust it  
When I see you again, we'll roll up a dub  
And go back to the way we was, it's all love

I'm moving on, I'm moving on  
I'm moving on to bluer skies

Staying up 'til the sunrise with my mind racing  
Thinking to myself is this a dream worth chasing  
Lost contact with friends 'cos of the grind  
It's not that I don't got love, just no time  
Mom and Dad, yo, I can't thank you enough  
I know the past months have been rough, thanks for putting up  
But your renegade son conduct disorderly  
But no matter what I was doing you still supported me  
Sorry that I don't call you as much as I should  
But your boy is on the grind, non-stop, doing good  
(It grooves down to D-Block and Dame Dash felt me)?  
I know I'm doing something special, you ain't got to tell me  
Following that bright light to fortune and fame  
Sacrificing all I got to immortalize my name  
Every single day I gotta put up a fight  
But this the life that I asked for, right?

I'm moving on, I'm moving on  
I'm moving on to bluer skies

Keeping moving on  
Gotta keep on moving on