

50 Barz

Chris Webby

Yea, this is where I show you how nice I am. 50 bars.

I rip up the mic dirty, battle anybody who's worthy
The only player out with a CT jersey
You see me, heard me, felt me, purely
The sickest on the earth, ain't no shit to cure me
I am surely, a rhyme busta, fuck ya
If you go against the kid then I'll have to crush ya
Knock you down like a gust of wind if fists touch ya
Cause I always stay on my grind like Chad Muska
Take that suckas, hit em with brass knucks
And kick em with Tims on and fuck that ass up
I eat em like Pac Man, the score just adds up
Should be in a trash can, shit I'm grouchy as fuck, yup
I'll wrap my hands around your neck and choke ya
Shock ten thousand volts, Zues lightnin bolt ya
So keep your courage close if I go and approach ya
Cause I'm here to "Face Off" like Nick Cage and Travolta
Spit molten flows that shatter your chest
Leave you with a broken nose for a lack of respect
So please son, if you really wanna battle the best
I'll put your fuckin life in "Jeopardy" like Alex Trebek, yes
I'm not your average vet, blastin a tek
I'll ravage your set, beat you up like masochist sex
I never met another rapper of my caliber yet
But them beatin me is like me passin an Algebra test
I be flippin like a calender, lyrics be scorchin em
Rap valedictorian, swingin, stingin like scorpions
Skin whiter than porcelain, but bringin them dark forces in
Sick like the shit they caught on the Trail to Oregon
I'm talkin Cholera, Scarlet Fever, and Dysentery
It's scary, you'd swear to god I memorized the dictionary
I'm buyin if the "Price is Right" with Drew Carey
Fairly out of my mind got you runnin like Tom and Jerry
I am very mentally nuts, spit with quickness
Step to a bitch like baseball, designated to hit this
Got your head spinnin like kickflips, when I rip this
Hardbody like my flows lift weights at Planet Fitness
You can't get with this shit Chris spit I'm this sick hit piff
Till I'm flyin through the air quick as a discus
You simply can't dismiss this, ready to go the distance
In the booth feelin like a fuckin kid on Christmas
This is, me back and fresh as can be
Hell I got more kicks than the UFC
More kicks than Jet Li, or Tekken 3
I'm nice, anybody I've ever met could agree
Could it be? The dude who's droppin analogies
Hustlin to make a salary, and burnin opponents quick as a calorie
I will glad-a-ly, charge up the battery
And swing with a bat and see if I can knock your ass straight out the galaxy
Fact not fallacy, I rapidly drop shit
Pilot in the cock pit and sure as a clock ticks
I'll be here throwin more fists than a mosh pit
50 bars later and I'm still spittin hot shit

Yea bitch, I'm nice!
Tisťeno z www.txp.cz

Sponzor: www.srovnovac.cz - řetříme na pojiřtění!