

# And The Beat Goes On

Chris Webby

And the beat goes on

Got my life on repeat, man the beat goes on  
Nike's flat up on the street and I keep those on  
Recharged and rebuilt, I can speak no wrong  
Don't like me? Then f\*ck you like that Cee-Lo song  
Two middle fingers up, ambidextrous  
Fightin' for my freedom of speech but then they censor it  
Killin' any microphone in sight just for the heck of it  
It's Chris Webby b\*tch, still reppin' for Connecticut  
Let's get this sh\*t, uh  
I've been back on the road and going hard  
Venue after venue showin em that I flow with no regard  
Now I'm making money, got more green than Oprah's yard  
Got these people like, "Are you really thinkin' up these bars?"  
How would you feel if you were on top?  
With a couple thousand motherf\*ckers aiming for your spot  
But I am where I am, I'ma keep it on lock  
Baby so let's rock and the beat goes on

Oh, baby don't you see I'm falling  
Looking down and I feel like I'm alone  
Burn it down again you keep talking  
And the beat goes on.

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See, the beat still going on  
Webby rock it so terrific  
With a flow that be colder than the Nagano Olympics  
Made a little dough, put some lobster on my dishes  
Pickin' up the flow and then I drop it on you b\*tches  
I'm a motherf\*cking guillotine  
You won't have your head attached when I step up on the stage  
And people say that Webby's back  
Can't stand the whack sh\*t so I wreck a track  
And spend my Friday murdering Rebecca Black  
Uh, and I'll still be the one you f\*ckers feel  
And I won't stop until I got myself a couple mill  
In the building and I'll show you how it's done for real  
Revolutionary sh\*t, battle of Bunker Hill  
But instead of Redcoats I'm killin' MC's  
Anybody dumb enough to go against me  
Heavyweight champ like Jack Dempsey  
Sh\*t you better step B  
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