

Aww Naww

Chris Webby

Yeeeeaaaah, Webby

I've been going hard, all these years been on the low
Used to show up to the spot and they would stop me at the door
Now my name is hot so they be acting like they know
And they leading my right through those velvet ropes
Now I got them saying, aww naww, who the hell let Webby in
Aww naww, who the hell let Webby in
Aww naww, so run and tell your friends
It's time to get it started mother fucker, let the games begin

Oh hello, hi there, back in the ring, never fight fair
I swear, shades on tint, never seeing through my eye-wear
No button down but I'm sleeved up, so many shows and I fly there
And my fans be getting them tickets quicker than pissing in public in Times Square
That nightmare on your street, stay with the hash like corned beef
And I light it up and I breathe it and my blunt be full of that four leaf
We killing this and I'm on my grind, running shit I got sore feet
24 deep on my tour bus, rolling right out to the floor seats
I'm blowing up what are you doing, sitting at home and YouTubing
Hating on me from a laptop, but these type of people I'm used to em
You ain't doing shit but smoking weed, watching porn, got no degree
You're a disappointment and blame everybody else that you never got where yo
u hoped to be
See I worked for it, you sat back, I grinded out while you relaxed
And now you like; "Fuck Webby man, yo, I should be where he's at, wait is th
at him, did he just cut the line, wait where's Denise at?"
But I ain't gotta say nothing back, cause I got your girlfriend on my lap

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Somebody turn my mic on, throw in that beat I could ride on
Shut up and listen cause fuck it I'm spitting so cold blooded, python
Connecticut over to Saigon, looking at me as if I am an icon
Getting that dough like I started with Tae-Kwon
Drinking this gin they be calling me Qui-Gon
Started out in that small time, mixtapes in the trunk of the car that I was
driving in
That Altima, with back bumper hanging off the side, people honking at me (ge
t off the road!)
Getting pulled over so often I'd have my registration at all times, hanging
out my window like
Sorry guy, I know I was speeding, I'm fucking high, but my plates are good a
nd I'm fucking dry
Smoked all my weed on my way down here, we ain't got no charges? Fuck you, b
ye
Peel off in that shit box, so kick rocks, I'm out of here
Then head back to my parents house and get drunk until I run out of beer
But that was then, now I'm living differently

The clubs that would always turn me away, now they all let me in for free
The girls that used to blow me off, now they all on their friggin' knees
Still blowing me off, only difference? Now it's literally

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