

Blunt Ride Cypher

Chris Webby

It's Chris Webby, getting high as f**k right now
I'm hella sick, and no one knows what I'm infected with
So hi it's nice to meet you
I'm the guy your girl been texting with
Evil rap nemesis, lighting up that heady s**t
That's potent as the poison in a f*****g box jellyfish
In a box Chevy with the soldiers in my fellowship
Legolas and Aragorn cruising through Connecticut
Leave behind a trail of empty bottles and jealous chicks
Throw around bread, I'm on my Hansel and Gretel s**t
A psychopath on a path of destruction
Popping Xanax til I'm seeing black
I better pass the Dutch Master I'm puffing
The first up the the mic but the last to the function
Stumbling drunk with a busty chick with a passion for sucking
East Coast, we don't borrow your swagger for nothing
We'd rather start a battle instead of start a discussion
So pass it back to me, cousin
S**t I'm so nice I could spit this s**t right here backwards in
Russian

No sound like the one I got
They can hear it anytime I rock
Cause all I got's my balls and my word
And this baggie full of herb
And I'm coming for that #1 spot

I've always been a loose cannon
They say I rolled off of a pirate ship
High as s**t, Bobby Costas, look how red my eyes'll get
I'm out in Sochi, 720 to a flying split
And land all up in that v*****a b***h, huh
See I be showing them what I can do with this s**t
Yo what you think I was new to this s**t?
Got a beautiful chick in the passenger seat
Giving head to me while I maneuver the whip
Vroom, rhyme book staying f*****g full
Chemically Imbalanced, and fully f*****g dysfunctional