

# Breaking News (Intro)

Chris Webby

I'm a beast on the mic  
When I speak, when I write  
Speak to the sight, OZ and a pike  
I don't give a fuck that my jeans so tight,  
Don't worry bout me go live your life  
Just too nice, rock it I'll  
No auto tune, just lots of skill  
Crazy so says dr. phil  
Rollin up and pop a pill  
Do what I do  
And I rep for the 2 to the 0 to the 3  
I got it dude  
Never hold back with the words I spew  
Through my mouth aimed right at you  
Through and through I'm that  
You don't wanna try that  
Can't see me like ya own eyelash  
Snap on em like a venus fly trap  
I'm back, best in the burbs  
Kill the track with the excellent words  
That I got in my brain, when I drop it insane  
Top of the game, live and learn  
Always drop the hottest  
Cause you know that webby got it  
Bein dope isn't a question  
It's a fuckin pinky promise  
I'm crazy, nothin but straight jackets in my closet  
Roofy in myself with Zachary galifinakis  
Higher than a rocket orbiting the rings of Jupiter  
I'm the psychopathic illegitimate son of Lucifer

Kill anything that I go and do  
Come at me once and your dead  
In the afterlife you'll be 0 and 2  
It's fantasy to imagine me in a sober mood  
Winnings what I chose to do  
And I did and now it's game over dude  
I'm the next white boy just to let you know  
I grab a hold of the beat and I never let it go  
That's why they buyin a ticket to come to webby's show  
So grab a tampax, I got a heavy flow  
Do what I does, always buzzed  
Then say that I don't do drugs  
Never been a day that I gave a fuck  
So shut your mouth and tape it up  
Rollin in with vitamins, vicadin, liquid nitrogen  
So much fuckin weed that I'll prolly forget my lines again  
Uhh, fuck, what was I getting at  
I've lost my mind I'm surprised I still have my head attached  
I get my razor in hand and you know I shred a track  
So spread the mother fuckin word bitch webbys back.