

Breaking News

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.