

# Buddaflye

Chris Webby

Ye, ye, ye, ye, yea.  
Woo, let's go!

Come my lady,  
Come come my lady.  
I am the,  
You can't trade me.  
Hate me or love me I spit greatly.  
Fuckin up the track,  
My town is crazy.

I'll be back on the beat,  
Back like the red seat  
Reclined and now I'm puttin up my feet.  
Heat  
Is what I produce like rub and flint.  
Punches gottcha seeing two like double mint.

I'm just trying to cop a dub  
And split a dutch open.  
Fill it with that Mary Jane  
And start smokin'.  
Rollin' that shit up and get blasted,  
Smellin' so good in a bag  
It's orgasmic.

Drop rhythms,  
Pop pills till I'm trippin'  
So high that my feet are liften off the ground like a magician.  
Since I started flippin'  
I just never stopped spittin'.  
Now I am a brain surgeon on these pediatricians.

Stay whippin', 2 blunts down  
And stay twistin'.  
Keep my people closer than fingers in a mitten.  
Verbal ammunition and you know I'm never missin'.  
More fly than, Dancer, Cupid, Donnor and Blitzin.

I am Christian,  
Last name is Webster.  
Tear down the rap game  
Insane and clever.  
Buzzed off the cocaine,  
Untamed as ever.  
Come down harder than rain,  
Spit flames for pleasure.

The X I got won't find you treasure,  
It'll leave you rollin so hard  
You'll leave in a stretcher.  
Better than all these clowns,  
Shit I'm blastin off,  
I am the next, better Asher Roth.

With an unheard flow  
I'm original,

CT Criminal,  
Any opposition?  
Minimal.  
Get up in your face,  
Not a message is subliminal.  
Battle with me,  
Is simply not winnable.

I am the pinical of white raps  
Since I started to write tracks  
Blowing up knuckles  
And fight back.  
I like that.  
I might blast off to the moon,  
Smokin piff for a night,  
Capped off dogs, so light that.

Puff puff pass till you fall on your ass.  
Quicker than silver  
And more fast than the flash.  
I'm a go kill em with my flow  
While their ready to go.

So bro, you know you can't rap with me.  
Your about as hard as a virgin dackquory.  
Spit some shit,  
Swear to god I was black, yah see.  
But I'm a white boy outta the academy.

I master beats,  
Who could spit it after me.  
So if your looking for the best bitch  
Ask for me.  
I'm a youngster,  
The next rap from the rug like bow wow  
If he was white and on drugs.

And if his tracks didn't suck,  
But they does  
So I'm a be a whole lot better than he was.  
I'm buzzed,  
You'll now that hes bad,  
Like Amy Winehouse before the rehab.

Poppin' 3 tabs  
I'm made like (dog jeckle?).  
Bump up the base line  
And you know I rock treble.  
Number one hip hop rebel.  
You know what I meant,  
Illest MC of European decent.

Holla, I'm Nice, I'm Nice, oh, whoa whoa, let's go.