

Dangerous

Chris Webby

Drinkin...smokin...poppin...rollin..
Fuckin till my condoms broken
Stackin chips and bangin chicks
We livin life so dangerous now lets go

Uh yeah
Webby back and I told you what
Get up on the stage and the show is nuts
Microphone in my cobra clutch, what
Jack frost on the beat cuz I be too cold to touch
Hit em with the rhythm that be dope as fuck
Baby girl hit your knees and open up
CT vandal, and I never gave a shit don't plan to
Cuz I'm here to make a splash like Shamoo
Damn you ran through any competition that I can do
Can you figure the flow and keep pace
Joints rolled up to the face
Turn up the bass till my windows break
Flow well done lemme reaise the stakes
Since '88 I been a mother fuckin monster man
Had headphones on in my sonogram
Came out so mean that the doctor ran
And had a full ass diaper of contraband
God damn, I'm killing the flow thats the plan
Fuckin every girl I can
Ball like jordan, space jam
Pass me the rock and I'll hit em with the slam
D-d-done bass line comin out the trunk
Always stay drunk with a full ass blunt
Money up front, chasing cheddar
Can't stop be bitch I'm way to clever
Gimme a beat, no one can blaze it better
Spit so cold I can change the weather
Bitch I'll be living this way forever
Wait till the game get a taste of Webster

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Uh yeah
Lemme go ahead and do it like this now
Sit down making the beat my bitch now
Hit it with that right hook, chris brown
Take down your chick around the hips
Lean back with a sticky ass pound of piff
This real hip hop no counterfit
So put some drank in your cup, bounce to this
And get loud as shit, t-rex raw
Imma tape in and I eject yours
Banging the fuck outta the girl next door
Too smart, and I might just check my test scores
Rock with the flow and a round of bets
Always on the grind no time to rest
Your girlfriend asked me if I could sign her chest
And then I worked her out like a P90X

I just sign the cheque, and then I make them bills
Shit, and I don't even got no deal
I know who I am and I keeps it real
So damn fresh haven't cracked the seal
King of the kill, wreck with the words
Proved I'm the mother fucking best in the burbs
Step to me, then you bound to get served
No entree dish, I'm a full dessert
I just put in that work, nine to five
Jet pack flow, time to fly
No such thing as kinda high
Burnt down all day thats what I decide
Yee, its C.W.
And we rollin in the whip when I'm coming through
We're drinking pop another pill or two
And I'll be lovin, my life, bitch how about you