Do Like Me

Chris Webby

Let's go! See it's Webby The dude who fucked your girl last Summer And I ain't even asked for her number, bummer And I ain't even smash with a rubber So if your kid look like me Don't even ask motherfucker Huh, you could be just like Web' With a bottle in your hand And a blunt to the head Adderall (check!), shit I got my meds But I think the doctor gave me something else instead See I'm back again What's happenin' Real life Billy Madison And you know that I be rollin' Life of a rockstar Until I see those fucking lights on the cop car When I hit it (Woop Woop!) we out Time to dip, bring a chick to my parent's house Hit it on the tempurpedic from the back, right there 'Till I hear (Chris) Mom stay the fuck downstairs! So put your hands up, and do like me Fill your cups up, and roll that weed Sloppy drunk in that VIP Ever since I had a fake ID So put your hands up, and do like me Wash those pills down, and feel that beat Tat your skin up, and sag those jeans You could be just like me See it's Webby

The dude who.. ah shit, that was last verse I'm so high that I'm reading shit backwards Jedi Master, life of a bachelor Your girl's like salt (Why?) all up on this cracker Walk around dizzy, with a cup full of whiskey The next shot of Jack in front of me looking risky Think about it quick, then I drink it more quickly Cause fuck, everybody in the club getting tipsy! From the booth to the track, I am here At your frat with a beer, unlatching brassieres (uh) And I'm feeling like I'll never go to sleep With all this shit that's in my system I'll be up for a week So it's time to party like I do (I do) Because it's all I know, I don't even try to (try to) 'Till I'm forty-five thinkin how the time flew (time flew) With a cup of vodka and some ice cubes Telling them to

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We smoking And we be drinking And we be fucking All like its nothing That's all I know Party, until we black out And then we pass out Then wake up like Fucking let's do it again! So everybody just

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