

Get Down

Chris Webby

Let me get my fresh on,
Next on deck.
I just breeze through easy,
I haven't stopped yet.
People give me damages
Of sign of respect for me.
Doin' my damn thing
Without breaking a sweat.

Look at me now,
I'm doing it,
That's word on my life.
Even this bummy ass white boy
Can clean up nice.
Button up on
Hat crooked to the right.
Don't gotta look in the mirror
'Cause I know that I'm tight.
Right?

I'm just here to have a hell of a night
And I'm ready to get twisted
Grab the L and a light.
I know this hip hop game's
Just a roll of the dice.
But I know that I'm nice,
That's why I'm holding the mic.

Flowin' precise,
Whoever knew this stoner could write?
And spit venom,
Get ready for the cobra to strike.
The end of the night,
Shit,
It ain't nowhere in sight.
So stay rockin' with your boy
'Cause the future look bright.

So we get down,
Bottles in the air,
Dutch full of the kush
And my people everywhere.
And we get down,
Swag on high,
Windows low,
Base bumpin' in the ride.
So we get down,
Ladies lookin' sexy as hell.
You want a good time?
The Webby as well.
So we get down,
Fill another cup.
'Cause we goin' from now
Till the sun come up.
What?

I get down

Like I never wanna get up.
I'll never let up,
But keep my head up,
Dead up,
Fed up,
But not having my bread up.
But still I'm going all in
Bitch
Put your bed up.

Shred up
Any track given to me.
It ain't hard for all my dogs
And my women to see
That I can't wait to be king
Simba's living in me.
So I'm a roll with it.
Kill 'em all subliminally.

Don't even try gettin' at me
It just ain't worth it.
'Cause I ain't never seen a mother fucker
Beat perfect.
Got my own title
And I damn sure heard
That ain't nothing I got now
I didn't deserve bitch.

My feet left the surface of Earth
'Cause I'm too fly
And I don't ever have to come down,
Do I?
Who I be,
W-E-double B-Y
Now who's fucking with me?

So we get down,
Bottles in the air,
Dutch full of the kush
And my people everywhere.
And we get down,
Swag on high,
Windows low,
Base bumpin' in the ride.
So we get down,
Ladies lookin' sexy as hell.
You want a good time?
The Webby as well.
So we get down,
Fill another cup.
'Cause we goin' from now
Till the sun come up.
What?

Get down,
Like your girl on her knees
And I got it in my car
When we shootin' a breeze
And I wish I can leave
The snow and the leaves
And see the palm trees,
Get blown by mommies.

And if y'all don't say
My dick's bigger than Tom Lee,
And I'm tryin' to get a piece
Like my name's Ghandi.
Got my own shake,
Ridin' behind me
My back seat's big enough
So get inside me.

I murder this rap shit,
Murder this rap shit.
Rollin' out the club like
Stuck in the trap bitch.
Tell all these dudes
Don't jack my tactics.
Bubby, I got you.
You don't got to ask it.

Just wipe 'em off
Like a god damn napkin.
Whatever
These dudes
Shouldn't even be rapping,
See,
Me and you gotta purpose.
They should be at Mickeys (McDonalds)
Flippin' up burgers.

So we get down,
Bottles in the air,
Dutch full of the kush
And my people everywhere.
And we get down,
Swag on high,
Windows low,
Base bumpin' in the ride.
So we get down,
Ladies lookin' sexy as hell.
You want a good time?
The Webby as well.
So we get down,
Fill another cup.
'Cause we goin' from now
Till the sun come up.
What?