

# 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?

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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.

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