

# Get From Round

Chris Webby

Uh, yessir  
It's Chris Webby  
2-0-3, where you at?  
Ha-ha, yeah

Get from out of my vicinity, listen see  
This is the dude who be flyer than a Griffin, B  
Sippin' tea, gettin' my voice right to strike out willingly  
Ready for the game, already had my epiphany  
Now who could get rid of me, I show no sympathy  
When I hit the track I make 'em jump like Jiminy  
Cricket, and bitches be bewildered by my wizardry  
And opponents be gettin' Michael J Fox jittery  
Can't tell if I'm dreaming, somebody start pinching me  
How do I keep killing these critics with my similes  
Metaphors, I'm the Megazord, y'all feeling me  
I'll rap from now until you count to infinity  
Flower like Mozart, conducting my symphony  
Holding down on stage with my main man Timothy  
Simply a pot-head, I am the epitome  
But I am who I am and nobody could reconfigure me  
You think there was ten of me, the way I crush my enemies  
A guaranteed recipe for disaster, come step to me  
Generally, you don't even know how potent the venom be  
I'm handsome, young and in charge like John Kennedy  
There is no discrepancy, I'm illy with my weaponry  
I got the front goin' at the theater, no one's ahead of me  
I'm losin' it mentally, but flowing indelibly  
So, who here could measure me 'cause you know who Webby be  
Just know that Webby be readily rolling up that Heddy Tree  
Smoking 'til I'm 70, get at me  
And I'm spittin' it fatal  
On demand like digital cable, make heads spin like a Dreidel  
I am able and mad nice, so bitch you better act right  
'Cause steppin' to me is like seeing Clay Aiken and Shaq fight  
Hit 'em so hard that I knock 'em to their past life  
Even though I'm white enough to glow in front of black lights  
That's right, I am the best you can't mess bro  
Nike Kicks, wardrobe trashed from Mark Echo  
Let's go, blazing the shit, got haze in the spliff  
Bitch, I'm number one like I'm taking a piss  
But I spit out number two 'cause what I say is the shit  
Bitch, I'm hungry in the game I need a table for six  
There's no evasion from this, 'cause I'm a leave them on the floor dead  
'Cause y'all are about as hard as an infant's forehead  
I run this shit 'til I got sore legs, I need a stretch  
Hip Hop chia pet, living off of weed and sex  
Line 'em all up, I'll knock 'em down, I can beat the best  
Now I need a breath, I need a rest

Ha-ha, that's just how it is baby  
It's bars all day, I just drop bars  
Whatever hobby, we goin' to the top, baby  
Yessir

Get from round me (4x)

Ha