

# Get Loose

Chris Webby

Yeah, haha. It's Chris Webby. Yeah.  
Static on the beat.  
Baby I get loose,  
I get loose.  
You know what I mean?  
I'm feelin' good,  
Real good.  
Uh huh, yeah. Yeah.

It's that human dictionary,  
Webby's always rapping A to Z.  
Never smart to play with me  
The flow is never A to G.  
My style is indescribable  
So nobody can label me.  
Get loose with a bottle of goose,  
Rollin' an eighth of weed.

Step to me,  
Then I'm prepared for war.  
'Cause I'm a ninja  
So you know I'm down to carry a sword.  
In the lead,  
So my competitors stare at the score.  
While I'll be gettin' high like Chewbacca  
And Harrison Ford.

Immature,  
Yeah, sure  
But I spit that heat.  
Molten lava off the top,  
Baby, Dante's peak.  
I just tighten up my sneaks,  
And I stomp that beat.  
Build a butcher  
Don't even know if you want that beef.

I get loose like the crotch of my jeans.  
So complex when I rap.  
Can't even tell what a lot of it means.  
But I be gettin' to the top  
By any possible means.  
With that audio crack rock  
I got for the fiend.

I get loose,  
In the booth  
And I'm at it again.  
So get ready for the show  
Baby gather your friends.  
It's that foul mouth white boy  
Back to offend  
Everybody that I can.  
Where's my pad and a pen?  
I get loose  
With the flow  
Never air to my words.

CT on my back,  
And I'm reppin' for sure.  
Anybody and everybody can tell  
It's my turn.  
So I'm a show these people why Webby's  
The best in the burbs.

I roll the dice like Jumanji,  
No Robin Williams,  
But I'll have a pack of animals  
Stampeding through your lobby.  
I'm the son of Zeus,  
Webby spit it godly.  
I'm a good fella,  
Play the roll of Tommy.

With a couple of zannies  
In my system  
And a Callanie I'll be wallin' out of control.  
I fuckin' dare you to stop me.

I'm edgier  
Than complicated origami.  
Throwin' fists,  
I'm the opposite of Gandhi.  
Never be wack,  
I'm head of the pack,  
I'm leveling tracks.  
Etc, you step in the ring,  
I'm sending you back.

You'll be lucky if you leave  
And then your head is attached.  
When I attack the nervous system  
With these venemous tracks.  
Stay loose with the laces on my boots,  
Living proof,  
That hip-hop ain't dead,  
It evolved to something new.  
So call the army  
And bring out the damn tanks.  
'Cause that's all she wrote  
Diary of Anne Frank.

I get loose,  
In the booth  
And I'm at it again.  
So get ready for the show  
Baby gather your friends.  
It's that foul mouth white boy  
Back to offend  
Everybody that I can.  
Where's my pad and a pen?  
I get loose  
With the flow  
Never air to my words.  
CT on my back,  
And I'm reppin' for sure.  
Anybody and everybody can tell  
It's my turn.  
So I'm a show these people why Webby's  
The best in the burbs.  
Yeah.