

## Go Back

Chris Webby

Yeah, Chris Webby, Oncue  
Sometimes I just wanna go back  
Be a kid again ya know, yeah yeah

I wanna go back to bein' a kid  
Everything was easier, ya had to just live  
I was a little dude, chillin' with my nose runny  
Eatin' grilled cheese and watchin' Doug Funny  
Havin' play dates, buildin' Legos with my boys  
And buyin' kids meals just so I could get the toys  
Way before Twitter, Wii and PS3  
We used to play capture the flag and hide and seek  
Freeze tag with them Velcro kicks on my feet  
Or them light-up sneaks, on the bus rollin' deep  
Back before I ever smoked weed yet  
Used to run a 7-minute mile during recess  
Now it takes like 9 just to jog like half of that  
Wanna go back to that, kick it in the Cabbage Patch  
And that's where you can find me  
It's Chris Webby dog and I'm a product of the 90's

I'm a go back, I'm a I'm a go back to the very first time  
I'm a go back, I'm a I'm a go back when I wrote my first rhyme  
I'm a go back, I'm a I'm a go back when I learned this crime  
I'm a go back, I'm a I'm a go back and move forward and shine

Bein' a kid was just plain illa  
Chillin' havin battles my action figures  
I had every Ninja Turtle and every one of the X-Men  
Teddy Ruxpin was my muthafuckin' best friend  
Mighty Max and G.I. Joes  
Goin' home with grass stains, Mama clean my clothes  
Roll with Tamagotchis in my pocket  
A holographic Charizard card, I got it  
The Megazord dope, kill it with the weapons  
The Pink Ranger gave me my very first erection  
Lion King was the shit yo, enough said  
When Rafiki drew Simba got it tatted on my leg  
Way before I knew what an e pill was  
I used to eat mad candy just to catch a little buzz  
Now who could rock like I could  
Time goes on but I'll always love childhood (uh)

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Hey big guy, you already said it  
No rewindin' tape, no need to edit  
Ever since 7 I've been grindin for my lettuce  
'Cause my mom and poppa told me no one gon' let us  
Get it, so sick I need a medic  
At age 8 imagined a Marsialago  
Comin in with Donatello and Leonardo  
Rocked a mask like Zoro, wanted money like lotto  
Summers by the beach house, murdered that gelato

Homerun derby had the hoes screamin' "Bravo! "  
Now I grew up I'm the man with the hot flow  
Don't know no gangstas, bloods, vatos  
You can't see me 'cause it's hazy from the pot smoke  
I'm goin' way way back, hey Dad press this record on the 8-track  
If you don't let me get 'em I'm a paint my face black  
Runnin' in that bitch strapped like "Take that! "

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