

# Goin' Down

Chris Webby

Yeah, Webby (haha)

Uh uh

(All the right friends in all the wrong places)

Yeah yeah yeah yeah

(Everybody knows, everybody knows where we're goin')

We goin' we goin' we goin' (yeah, we're goin' down)

We goin' down, town to town the whole court

East to west side, got fan support

I serve 'em with the music like a delicatessen

What will I do next, got Connecticut guessin'

Leave a hell of an impression, my words are my weapons

Now that my name's stretchin' they startin' to feel threatened

I'm rowdy, I'm rough around the edges and I'm reckless

Rock mics from New York, Philly to Texas

Eat rappers for breakfast, murder a beat

Got peoples from Florida to Old Orchard Beach

Up north, but of course I show up with a team

Roll deep like e-pills on submarines

Blow up scene, half and half I need cream (or C.R.E.A.M.?)

So I can add some thickness to the pockets of my jeans

One day I'll be on that TV screen

But until then I'm chillin', just livin' the dream like

(All the right friends in all the wrong places)

Yeah yeah yeah yeah

(Everybody knows, everybody knows where we're goin')

We goin' we goin' we goin' (yeah, we're goin' down)

We goin' down like a light switch, we on that hype shit

Middle fingers aren't concerned about politeness

Rip mics righteous, who could not like this

Eagle in the sky while you birds still flightless

Do nothin' but travel, flowin' 'n' such

Got girls across the east side blowin' me up (bling bling)

They all got Chris Webby in the tape deck

Jersey Shore to my mama cita in (Great Neck?)

Sorority girls from Hofstra to Adelphi

Down in L.I. they bumpin' that Webb Y

And I'll make sure that they all are pretty

Got a Barbie bitty down in (Gardner City?)

I guess I got hoes in different area codes

CT two-oh-three to eight-six-oh

And how could I complain about gettin' laid off of mixtapes

Even though I probably got kids in like six states

(All the right friends in all the wrong places)

Yeah yeah yeah yeah

(Everybody knows, everybody knows where we're goin')

We goin' we goin' we goin' (yeah, we're goin' down)

We goin' down like the temperature in winter

A skinny white boy inked up, no printer

CT Simba, knock 'em down yellin' out "Timber! "

For those who support all of my ninja

That's what it is, I'm here to make it pop off

Lyrical hot sauce too dirty to wash off

I'm a boss with suburban swag  
Spittin' since I had a fuckin' pet hermit crab  
I'm burnin' bags, turn in a swervin' cab  
To the school of hard knocks (capitalize that?) where I learned to brag  
And when we roll up to show our face  
Bitch I'm walkin' in the door like I own the place  
Just gimme one mic, I'm the dopest look  
How to Be a White Rapper - I wrote the book  
And that's just how it is, and that's just how it be  
So keep doin' you, everybody lovin' me

Yeah  
(All the right friends in all the wrong places)  
Yeah yeah yeah yeah  
(Everybody knows, everybody knows where we're goin')  
We goin' we goin' we goin' (yeah, we're goin' down)  
(All the right friends in all the wrong places)  
Eh eh eh ehm, yeah, Webby  
(Everybody knows, everybody knows where we're goin')  
We goin' we goin' we goin' (yeah, we're goin' down)  
We goin' down  
Underclassman, Chris Webby, CT, holla