

Hard Road

Chris Webby

You see I'm going down a hard road
Light speed activate
Moving at a rapid pace
Down whatever path it takes
To the top, the tippy tipidy top
Cause I'm spittin it hot
With a vicious rhythm to watch
Block to the suburbs
I'm known as a dope rhyme buster
Full of drug references and cuss words
Parents, I'm what you do not want your kids to be
Crazy little bastard on more drugs than Lindsey B
(Snnnifffff) shit
Back to rehab I suppose that's it
Pneumonia with the flowin cause I spit it that sick
I'm just gettin where I'm going yo I'll be there in a bit
I'm the shit, pound sign just sayin
So tweet that while my cd's in your Ipod playin
Always got the bar raisin
Gettin pussy like a young Hank Moody at a californiacation, easy!

Goin down a hard road
Don't know where I've been (2x)

I've been goin down a hard road
Where the fucks easy street
Rappin since salute your shorts, rutgrats, and Pete and Pete
Product of the 90's
Taught me how to rhyme
Grew up listening to Eminem, Jigga and Sublime
My mind absorbed everything
I'm sure that you can tell
Even if along the way I lost alot of brain cells
Oh please, you know I blow trees
And stay slick with the tongue like Yoshi
Rappin and I'm undefeated
Not to sound conceited
But I'm nice
Say it once, there's no need for me to repeat it
Put me on Ripley's I'll make everybody believe it
Hop-Hop I eat, sleep, piss, shit, and breath it
I'm a dragon on the mic
They call me Mushu
Killin any beat ten times better than you do
The days of my competitors are numbered like Suduko
Do it for the burbs baby holla at the Youtube (bitch!)

Goin down a hard road
Don't know where I've been (2x)

I'm rappin better
Rip up any track forever
Raising anarchy like Jackson Taylor
Call me captain clever
Cause Webster is just a genius
Spit it so seamless
Creatine flowin never comin with the weak shit

(Urrrrrr)

Stay fucked up, chuggin a bottle
Comin from the underground like dinosaur fossils
Sharp tooth in the flesh
Where the fucks Little Foot
Writin lyrics twenty four seven I need a bigger book
And I got me some haters in CT
But they mad for one reason, Cause they ain't me
Spell it out W-E and a double B
Don't ask Y cause I'm too damn high to even speak

Goin down a hard road (ye ye ye ye ye ye yeah)
Don't know where I've been (I don't know man, I don't know man)
Goin down a hard road (ye ye ye ye ye ye yeah)