

Here Again

Chris Webby

Ayo, I'm here again like Jesus on Easter
Coming full circle like eight pieces of pizza
Only seek to defeat ya, repeatedly beat ya
One two step, and introduce your teeth to my sneakers
And my kick game's strong, you know that of course
Your boy stays fresh, something like an orange in Florida
Or a peach from Georgia, with mad weed
My backpack got more shit in it than Dora the Explorer's
Spit flames and torch ya, get fucking destroyed
I've been spitting since I was a little bundle of joy
But then I spit on a bib now I spit on a beat
When I evolve from a kid to a motherfucking beast
I don't re-invent the wheel, bitch, you know I'm unique
Break a motherfucker's confidence easy as antiques
Better try plan B, cause I'm 'bout my cream
And got your crew flippin' like a fuckin' bob-sled team

I've been here for a minute but I'm back for more
More skill, more power than I had before
That's right, motherfuckers, and I'm here again
That's right, said I'm here again
And you know it's the same Vindictive riding on the beat
Call me the fucking furnace, I'm providing you with heat
That's right, motherfuckers, and I'm here again
That's right, said I'm here again
And it go like that

Bitch there's no hurtin' me, call me Hercules
I spit flame, leave you burned in the third degree
This ain't a homeless shelter, but you could get served for free
And after that, guaranteed these bitches heard of me
Pockets fat like they chowing down on burger meat
But ain't cholesterol, they full of that currency
And fucking with my paper, that brings out the worst in me
Fuck a fight, I cause a state of emergency
Ha, cause I'm like Donald and you're just the apprentice
So I got no need for y'all like a fucking appendix
Written rhymes master, freestyle menace
Whether off the top or not, I'll still kill 'em with every sentence
So battling is senseless, my punchlines are endless
The whole East Coast on my MySpace friend list
Something like you've never seen, you'll never forget this
Even after I O.D., word to Jimi Hendrix

That-dat, rat-a-tat-tat
I'm just a hitman fulfilling my contract
And I wouldn't dare, bro, you's a peasant, I'm a Pharaoh
Fucked up, walking around drunker than Jack Sparrow
Cruising in a Black Pearl, step to this monster
And I'll rock ya, send you down to Davey Jones Locker
Deep down with lobsters, ha-ha
Officially the illest college rapper and I'm repping for Hofstra
But this straight PG got your moms and your pops worried
While you're bobbing your head, like Night at the Roxbury
Drop furious rhythms directly out your system
Bass booming so loud that it's vibrating your vision
But I'm saying, so listen, my turn taking for spitting

Is the sole reason I'm living, along with weed and women
Sub-Zero couldn't finish me
I'm here again and spilling my blunt guts on the whole industry
Bitch!

[Hook]