

Hide N Seek

Chris Webby

So keep on running
Yeah bitches better keep on running
Muh' fuckers out there are scared so keep on running
But you know I'm gonna find you like it's hide n seek

Baby I'm a hook like where your house phone at
And I'm bouncing back
Double click and get your mouse attached
High with a pound of grass it's that
CT dude back to spit word game so accurate
Last quit, first start got soldier's heart
Back to spark with a bag of piff
So choke a hoe or smack a bitch
I don't give a mother fuck be mad at this
I'll still be right her rapping shit
Sag my pants and I grab my dick
Scandalous, cancerous because the flow to sick can't handle that
Man of myth I can't answer this, but everybody hearing this ran it back
Tracks on tracks on tracks like you pro two sessions stacked
Spittin' it I'll with a vision to kill any mother fucker that will step in my path, yea
That's just how webby be flowing, dooper than ever
Hoping to sever the heads of my enemies leaving their face on the ground then I tell 'em to hold it together
Sober? never rarely at most hittin that blunt till it's barely a roach
But I'm MVP in the whole north-east pass me the rock and I'll carry it coach
Brag and boast yeah I'm nice but shit you mother fuckers all knew that right?
See was good when I grab that mic
Polar flow, cold as ice

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Bitch I'm gonna find you like it's hide N seek
Grindin y'all just grind your teeth
Listen to and follow my directions like when Simon speaks
Simon says go fuck yourself
Webb spit a flow that'll be tough as hell in a gun fight with a knife out du ckin' shell's like Mario cart so tell
Everybody know that I'm back bitch straight jacket
With a xanax tablet and wash it down with the draino that's in the back of my cabinet
This is maddness no this is sparta who rippin it harder
Pick it apart with my butcher knife herd these pigs to the slaughter
Oh my God let's go retarded politically incorrect with it
So sick that I got 'em puking and spitting up like the exorcist
I'm maximus mixed in with a little sparticus too
And the mic is like my sword that I use for carvin 'em through
So what that means is when I'm in the booth I'm harder than you
So keep on running mother fucker 'cause I'm charging for you
You see my time is now, your time is not
All I do is grind a lot, lemme count to ten
Now you should go and find a hiding spot.

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