

# I Got 'Em

Chris Webby

You know that I got em baby  
You know that I got em baby  
And anybody try to block my shine  
Take a number and get to the back of the line hey  
You know that I got em baby  
You know that I got em baby  
And anybody that try to step to me  
Is gonna quickly get sent away

You see a lot of um are hatin' now  
Cuz I got my name around  
Around me, people sayin' that I'm famous now  
Don't be mad, I worked hard for a kid  
Wrote a million verses and a multitude of choruses  
To get to where I'm sittin', now look at where I'm sittin' at  
Kick my J's up with a drink now I'm sittin' back  
Lovin' life, feelin' good, tryna keep my head straight  
Keep the trunk roarin' that tyrannosaurus rex bass  
Been a minute now, now it's do or die  
Fuck High school, I went to school high  
Graduated with a rap degree, so me reachin' to the top is how it has to be  
I'm OE to these poptart daiquiris  
Nunchucks in my hand and attack a beat (ha)  
I'm on a God damn rampage, money's goin' up and so's the number on the fan page

I got some very big shoes to fill  
Cuz I'm aimin' for the title and I shoot to kill  
Got the iTunes in your whole computer filled  
Kids be like "Yo dude, Webby's super ill"  
Is it frat rap? Or is it backpack?  
But all I really care about is where the cash at  
I got a dutchie rolled up like a snack wrap  
I got a biddie by my side and I'mma wax that  
I'll make my competition sweat with no elliptical  
The school of new age rap and I'm the principal  
Chicken with some waffle fries, flow is unforgivable  
Kill it every time I be droppin' a single syllable  
Gettin a beat and I'm rappin' it ill and I'm back with a skill you've never seen  
Knew that I was meant for this when I was only 17  
But I'm livin' good now, movin' onto better dreams  
Rapin' every beat I got and making instrumentals scream

You see I'm hoppin' in the driver seat  
Pedal to the floor mat  
Ain't no catchin' up to me  
VROOOM betta fall back  
Raw track after raw track is my résumé  
Make my own music while they spittin' over lemonade  
Stay messed up with a style to step up  
Over the competition while they tryin' to catch up  
Haters suck my left nut, cuz if the good die young  
I'll be in a body bag by next month  
Cuz you know that I Got um baby  
Ain't no mother fucker that could stop um baby  
So listen to this, I'm killin' the shit

Rippin it sick, I should be sellin' tickets to this  
You must've had the game twisted like a licorice stick  
If you ain't thinkin I was steppin' in here and killin' the shit  
So remember the name maybe take a picture of Chris  
Before I burn the house down and leave you sizzlin' BITCH (yeah)

[Hook]