

Imma Star

Chris Webby

Yeah

Oh shit, I'm high now

I'm hurt

I thought I told you I'm a star

Whether with a free or written down bars

No jewelry, piece of shit car but that's just Webby

Bitchin' I'm a star

I'm a star bitch

No five points

Just a high white kid rolling up a joint

I run the fucking beat until I pull my groin

Eating competition like some stakes sirloin

All about my coins like a damn pirate

Fuck with my doubloons bitch, you should never try it

If you don't like it, you're probably just bias

'Cause I'll stay flyer than a helicopter pilot

Phone on silent nobody could reach me

Smoking on that piece pipe we're the fucking TP

Cause I come from CT, hold on 203 C

Hold my nothing special but I know where all the weed be

Beep beep rolling up knee deep, king of all the suburbs and they need me

No need for a receipt, you gon' keep me

Caveman flow I've been rapping since the BC

All about my green like the center of the kiwi

Up and outerspace R2D2 C3P

Your girl's facebook creeps me 'cause she wanna meet me

Flow so magic Veni Vidi Vici

No GED kicked out of Hofstra but I still lay it down on that beat proper

Private school hustler weed up in my dockers

'Cause I always stay high on trees like koalas

Give me twenty dollars put it in my wallet

Rowdy on a beat like a motherfucking mosh pit

Oh my gosh it's Webby baby watch it

No holding back when roll a phat

L up I only bomb shit

I'm the bomb bitch, ecstasy pop it

And then I'm rollin' like Otto Rocket

I got it, no hold up I got it

I'm at the summit bitch, you'll never top it

I'm up in here, Webby's always gonna start something

Always coming with the flame like a carved pumpkin

Got your heart thumping and your car bumping

With this music that I'm making, I don't charge nothing

These are all freebies, so don't start man

'Cause I'm all the way more animals than Tarzan

I live in the Bronx zoo so what you gon' do

I'm a mongrel and I will chomp you

Varsity rapper never on the side lines

Rhyme fine 'cause my mind is Einstein times nine

So start understanding my rhymes cause I've been kicking flow

Since the land before time

I'm back up on a beat, did I stutter bitch

Always gonna come with something sick

Anything you did Webby done that shit

I'm the come back kid, you better stand up
That's why the DEA in Nassau wants me handcuffed
You see ya get down and then I land up
Me and my mic are soldiers, the beat commands us
So roll the gram up 'til we're getting superhigh
Y'all are just fake sick like that Ferris Bueller guy
Me I'm the bird flu, do not make me hurt you
'Cause I spit it raw bitch uncooked perdu
I'm a jerk dude and I will burn you
When the moon is up a werewolf is what I turn to
I'm the rapper you should call, look, always chasing after tail like a dog
Woof, paws, hook-line, hit 'em with the sinker
Then skate away bitch, call me Andy brinck-brincker

I'm a star bitch
Well at least in CT
Feeling right
You know, he's droppin' bars
It's what I do
Holla