

# 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