

## Left Lane

Chris Webby

I be living in the left lane  
Passing y'all by  
Sun roof rolling back, speakers up high  
I be living in the left lane  
Closing my eyes, watch the world from the third person inside  
I be living in the left lane  
Never looking back with my foot up on the gas, ain't got no time to react  
I be living in the left lane  
Moving too fast, I'm just trying not to crash, it could all end in a flash  
When you be living in the left lane

Fast money, fast women, fast cars, doing donuts in the back-yard  
Middle fingers up like a rap star, telling me I go too hard  
Shots all lined up on the God damn bar, with a chick so bad she dropping jaws  
And I'm dropping trou and I hit that raw, yeah  
Live this way till I lose my mind, me I'm doing fine  
Fucking monster call me Frankenstein and Dracula combined  
On my grind, in my verbal prime, still Optimus Rhyme  
Got Griselda Blanco coke and no one fucking with these lines  
Cause uh, all this shit is apart of my job, the parties the woman  
The liquor the music, living a life you could only imagine  
Put it in words and I give it to you, kids  
But I told them, please don't try this at home, you really will lose it  
So don't blame me if my listeners do it (let's go)

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Let me carefully win, they callin' me Jeremy Lin, never stare at the rim  
If you going to give me the rock I'm gonna dribble and carry it in, no comparing to him  
Up on the road everyday, chugging a bottle of gin, contacts lens, 20/20  
But you can't see them from under my brim, do it again ('gain)  
Beast mode, Kung-fu, trees rolled, shit I'm here to rap  
And if you're not I'd check that ego, try to keep it peaceful  
But if they be coming at me bro  
I'm rolling up in a tank, like I got Grand Theft Auto cheat codes  
A mix of Mick Jagger and Morrison on tour again, pushing the fucking limits  
till I'm in the crematorium  
Cause when a star goes out it does so in a blaze of glory, then Mr. Harry Fraud will just bring the chorus in

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