

Mad Bars

Chris Webby

Yeah. This shit right here is for all the haters (haters). Alright?
Everybody sayin', "Yo dude, you can't spit."
And I'm like, I'm like, "Yo fuck that I can spit!".
Ha. So uh, let me just lay down mad bars.
(Mad bars) Yeah.

I'll spit a whole bunch of bars
Re-roll up cigars.
I am greater than the rest,
Super nova, the stars.
You're just the common cold
I am sors,
I do not spar,
Every single blow will hit hard.
And I know what you are,
And hm, you're not me.
Outdo you in anything,
Bitch just watch me.

I drop shit on any topic,
Hottnes,
Then swap spit with hot chicks
And get my cock licked.
I'm a rot pit
Mixed with a little bijon.
Hugh Heff in a flesh
Stay rollin' with three blondes.
So don't hate this,
I can't help that I'm great bitch.
I spit a rhyme and I'm oudie (Audi),
Like an A6.

I make hits
And I hit the marijuana.
Then beat the shit out of Rihanna
Just because I wanna.
Haha. Nah, I ain't Chris Brown.
I am Chris Web.
CT is listenin' to everything this kid says.
The only time I get bread's
At a meal
Before my main course,
God damn I need a deal.

I'm broke out on bail
And I'm livin' with my parents.
But I spit,
And got these high school girls starin'.
Darin' to be different,
Apparently it's rhythm
That's keeping me goin'
Every moment
That Webby be spittin'.
Spittin' like I got a loogie
Stuck in my throat.
But fuck it
I'm dope.

The ring leader's runnin' the show.

So ring around the rosie,
With a pocket full of OC's.
Pop 'em all at once
And OD,
Oh me!
Oh my!
So high!
I don't even want to land
Contraband in my waistband
Rip it 'cause I can.
Half man,
Half ninja turtle,
Half a fuckin' head case.
If I don't make it on the mic,
I'll make a sex tape.
Me, Kim Kardashian, and Paris
In a three way.
Earn a right to disk
And make a million off of ebay.

I got true blood
Runnin' in my veins.
Sharper than a vampire's fangs,
Bang!
Sneeze a lightning bolt
'Cause I'm always spitting thunder.
Runnin' shit like Ari
Cause drama like Vince's brother.

Smoother than butter
With a pocket full of rubbers
And skills that'll make your girl
S-s-s-s-stutter.
Back up in this mother fucker
With avengence.
Make 'em pause
Like they got a comma in their sentence.
You can tell them this shit
As soon as I hit the entrance.
Fuck the shampoo
We rollin' that Herbal Essense.

'Cause I'm great like Alexander.
Two pokie balls,
Hanging,
Spit flames like charmander.
And I got your chick
Wetter than a blastoise
She said I'm sexy
And she love my raspy ass voice.
I'll turn the stage into a slaughter house
Ask Roise
Fucking with Webby is just a bad choice!

I'm a mother fucking goblin man.
Get the Cablevision,
Rhythm, rippin' on demand.
You can see me with the mic on my sonogram
And the doc was like,
"Hm, I think we've got a problem ma'am".
Had a rattle in my right hand

Dutchie in the other, kid,
Diaper on my ass
Thirty rac up in the fucking crib.

Had 'em sayin,
"What the fuck is up?".
'Cause all I do is fill up cups
And puff a dutch.
Rollin' with a crew of giants
Like Justin Tucks
So if you really wanna step
Better muscle up
'Cause I really got to show 'em
When enough's enough.

'Cause now these rappers trying to bite me
Like scruff mcgruff.
Gotta get these damn dogs youthinized.
I am back,
I'll as can be,
And super-sized
Like Star Fox
I am truly fly.
Can't do what I do,
Excuse you...

I be runnin' shit with my manager
Younger than me.
When I'm young as fuck,
And still nobody fucking with me.
I am in A&R's wet dream
Ready for the shit
'Cause the games a fucking rap
When they let Webby in this bitch.

Because the game's a fucking rap
When they let Webby in this bitch. (2x)

Yeah, you know.
Mad bars.
Maaaad bars.
Spit straight on any mixtape.
I'm I'll.
Yeah, what.