

# Mission Statement

Chris Webby

Yeah, Webster

See I've been quiet for a minute, now these bitches think that I lost my sound

Everybody chill, I've been getting my business off the ground

Finally successful, but to you that means I sold out?

Well fuck it so let's remind these people that there's really no doubt

Webby's still the beast that he's always been, and I rap hard

So check my wifi signal yo, I still got mad bars

Whippin' like it's NASCAR, still no one can touch me

All you pound puppies never stepping to a husky

Repping for Connecticut, stomping on you midgets

Smoking weed, taking pills, fuck it where the whipits?

No one can ever do it like I did it

Spit so big you gotta right click it, scroll down and zip it

I'm Santa Claus's misfit rolling with a thick bitch

Rappers out here ollieing, me I triple kick flip

Murder any beat and leave the listeners to witness

Jason Statham ever scared to put my name up on his hit list

I watch these record labels all assemble the full

Rise terrible rappers whose skill levels is questionable

They have a hit single or two and disappear into obscurity

Me? I paid my dues that's why these motherfuckers heard of me

Haters getting madder now, wishing I would beat it

All because I fucked they girl on the top of my Tempur-Pedic

Sprinkle sugar on the bible- sweet jesus

Punchline pros leaving rappers with they teeth chipped

Webby been a genius, like I told 'em previous

Usain Bolt on the track can't compete with this

The state of hip hop now is straight tragic

Turn the radio on, what do you know- some more wack shit

Except for a select few, because if your nice, then your nice

Salute, I respect you

Cause half of these cats rapping these days are from a test tube

A puppet to the label that they're soon to be in debt to

Me? I'm fucking meant for this

Downloaded and rendered it

Really in the game now, I'm through with my apprentice shit

Kids these days don't even listen to the sentences

They bumping Gucci but don't know who Jimi Hendrix is

Cranking Drake songs while they're cruising in their mom's jeep

But never heard of Big L, Rakim, or Mobb Deep (fuck that)

That's why I'm here to spit crack

Kids blowing up without paying homage to the legends, I ain't with that

This shit is crazy man, it's depressing really

The game is smoke & mirrors never let deception get me

I keep my guard up so if they come and step to Chris

These wannabe rappers about to get ate like it's 7:50

Nobodies diss me? Fuck so what?

They just want me to use their name so that their buzz goes up

So keep yapping it, pretending we got personal beef

Like I'm gonna lose sleep? Shit I never even heard of you B

We took some BIG and some Pac and mixed it up in a pot

And Eminem is what we got so is it really a shock

That another Caucasian rapper sticks out of the flock

That's got the lyrical capacity to level a block

I'm still chilling playing Nintendo

Faded off the Benzos

Fucking these hoes, you just stuck up in the friend- zone  
Your girl texting me, ending with an XO  
Fuck your Emojis, let me see them breasts yo  
I'm Lou Ferrigno, about to Hulk smash this  
Webby the pick of the letter like digging for cat shit  
Trying be a rapper now a days is on some fad shit  
Youngins' getting tatted hopin' they'll be in them mad kicks  
Thinking all you have to do is learn a couple rap tricks  
Buy some snapbacks and mad kicks to get your swag sick  
Make a Youtube account, vuala that's it  
The next big thing overnight like magic  
But Katniss only the strong survive here  
Listen dear, like the Hunger Games every single year  
People rise to the occasion or they fumble it's clear  
The only guarantee is that you'll see the death of a some careers  
Been on my underdog shit for awhile  
No more white kids popping up jocking my style  
Then I'm still unsigned  
Staying hungry on the grind  
Now I've been rapping along with the fans I gotta been alive now  
Lie down cuz I'll be coming for you if you steppin to me  
It's my time now  
You cannot interfere with this shit it was destined to be  
Reppin' the C.T. New England shit  
Tri- state too we bring it bitch  
Stuck within this game when most people would rather sing than spit  
Can you believe this shit? The game is fucked man  
Cause all these people only in it for the buck man  
Another mixtape, all are free  
Because when Webby's in the booth you know it's bars on me