

## Nice 2 Be Back

Chris Webby

Hello, in a muscle car murdered out  
With a purple ounce, that motherfucker that you heard about  
Spread around the internet because of word of mouth  
Cannonballed off the deep end and swam further out  
Tryna stack absurd amounts with a purdy spouse  
Put one in the air like Super Smash pulling Kirby out  
Jury's out? Fuck it, I don't care I'ma vent  
And get fucking intense like Native American sex  
Fuck the money, when I started I was there for respect  
That's why I'm still in Connecticut where my chariot rest  
I'm on the edge, do y'all dare me to step?  
Will y'all just find another rapper to rep and even care if I left?  
Watched too many people run with my formula and get famous  
Now all of em fucking famous and boy I'm just fucking waiting  
Put my life up on the line for the glory that I've been chasing  
Recording down in my basement, money poor but I was patient  
Now I'm hustling and moving up, kid's super tough  
I ain't popping? I tell em soon enough  
I kept my circle tight, it never loosened up  
And cut the snakes out like Medusa up at Super Cuts  
It's my job to get up on mics and say wild shit  
Never once did I suggest that you should try it  
Shut your trap, I'ma need a little silence  
Let me do my job, is that alright bitch?

Hello, it's so good to see you, it's so nice to be back  
Gather up ladies and gentlemen, just vibe to the track  
Grab a seat, dim the lights while I'm reciting this rap  
Best in the burbs, let's remind 'em why my title is that  
It's good to see you, it's so nice to be back!

I remember being lost and hopeless in my parent's attic  
Feeling claustrophobic, but I never lost my focus  
I'm back, hurting from a mix of mild scoliosis  
And the weight of carrying the fucking state up on my shoulders  
I'm on a marathon ahead of you, dude  
They sucking wind, turning bluer than a jeopardy clue  
The jealous ones developing resentment for the crew  
Without knowing what I've been through  
So come and step in these shoes  
So what I didn't sell crack and had a stabler home life?  
Middle class white, they been hating my whole life  
But they saw me grow up just like Raven Symone, right?  
Scrawny little punk, to the Razor Ramon type  
Independent and continually making fans  
Turned down a lot of deals, and chose to make a stand  
Fuck selling out, homie that ain't the plan  
Why push the envelope? I'm tackling the mail man  
So here I am as I'm rambling, pants sagging  
And ransacking the game, no receipt for the transaction  
And they hopping right on to the band wagon  
With this puff the magic dragon stuffed into a gram bag and  
Attacking these beats thoroughly, in my prime currently  
Only way to get me to shut my mouth is to murder me  
Sure to be a legend, impressing with every story told  
Go balls to the wall like I'm fucking y'all through a glory hole  
My destiny is still an open book, just haven't had my moment

I'm still underrated and overlooked  
But fuck it yo I feel terrific  
We've already made it further than anybody predicted  
Tapes on tapes with a handful of crazy tours  
Led here, this the moment we been waiting for  
To my fans, I'm extending my gratitude  
Chemically Imbalanced, enjoy the fucking album dude