

One Song

Chris Webby

Yeaaaaah! Webby.

All I need is one song, one line
All I need is one break, to survive
All I get is one chance, to promote
Five more hours to come up with a song

All I need is one mic, one pen, one piece of paper
One top single and it's game over for the haters
One shot, one chance, one opportunity
One motherfucking animal is what I grew to be
One man army, throwing on one finger up
Always the middle one cause you know I never give a fuck
One dream is the reason that I'm here
Went to college cause they told me that I needed a career
But on one here now look, all over your facebook
Where the jokes now?! all you motherfucking Dane Cooks
Making fun of me, walking down the hallway
Just at middleschool, and headphones on all day
Little punk but my eyes were on the prize
It took a lot of tries but I knew I get it right
Now I got the last laugh, think life funny?
Y'all around job hunting, while I'm sitting on money.

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All I need is one break, to survive
All I get is one chance, to promote
Five more hours to come up with a song (2x)

All I need is one beat and one hour to get it written down
One style? Nah everyday I got a different sound
Kid around with the flow so serious
When it's my turn, I'm a kill shit, period.
I'm doing good dude, they getting mad now
Yelling "Fuck Webby" while they tear em in the crowd
Huh... I just laugh and roll with it
They came in here to hate, but I made money off their tickets, bitches!
Shit I been out here for a while, your best written rap is my worst freestyle!
At first they ignored me, now they in denial
I'm like a Thom Barry on the mic, yeah wild
On an animal flow, now everywhere I go, the camera would go
So they can watch me get my hands on the dolls
Why you mouthing off to me, you're just an amateur bro
And this UCONN husky's about to go pro.

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All I got is one life so the devil better stop rushing me
Gave it all I got, now I'm sitting here with 23
Looking back at this life I've lived, used to pay to get a gig, now I sell
em out kids
And just recently, my wallet was empty
Had a script to get a penny to get some chickens at Wendy's

Couldn't even take my girly on a date
Now we cop on potatoes and a fourty ounce steak
Sold em out to real estate so I gotta tell em this
You don't need a medical degree to tell em sick
Bitch, let me live my life, stop trying to hold me back or I'm a miss my flight
First class posted, sipping on Jack
Headphones on, as I write these tracks
Where I'm headed, I don't even know that
All I know is when I get there, I'm a never look back

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Five more hours to come up with a song (2x)

The pressure is rising, no more mistake (nah)
Don't try to deny it, don't you hesitate (no hesitation man)
The voices are calling, calling out your name (they're calling for you man)
But don't look so sad cause it's a long way back (and I ain't never looking back (6x))

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All I get is one chance, to promote
Five more hours to come up with a song (3x)