

Outdo You

Chris Webby

Yea. 203 where you at baby, Hempstead holla! I'm nice.

Yo, I'm a out do you, don't know what I'd do to
You... Bitch I'm cookoo
Only white boy at private school rockin' Fubu
Spitting flames like a dragon homie call me Mushou
Like Yogi leave you with a Boo Boo, from punches and kicks
You'll catch a pummelin' now tell me who fucking with this
I'm runnin' this shit with my troublesome clique
Won't stop till I'm drowning in a puddle of spit
Pussy tends to come my way, call me cat nip
A fuckin' bull mastiff, hit em with a kick make em backflip
This is madness, drunk and chuggin' a forty
Writing in my Notebook but this isn't a love story
Grimier than N.O.R.E. but I stay with cream
Leaving you lost like Oceanic Flight 815
Real mean, when I get up on the mic and shred it
No copy, paste, or edit, I'm nice so don't sweat it

And you know that I'm a rider boy
So try the boy
I'll spit flames and fry ya boy
So ayyy
I'm a out do you bitches (2x)
And ya know I'm spittin' fire boy
Retire boy
Cause I'm a level higher boy
So ayyy
I'm a out do you bitches (2x)

I make a point like Uncle Sam, stay puffin' grams
Drunk as fuck with my red solo cup in hand
You better fuckin' scram, cause I am back bitch
Bout to be blowing up like an inflatable mattress
Not one to mess with, cleaner than antiseptic
Check it, before this verbal tek makes your chest split
I'm blessed, A plus, five stars with a check bitch
Something like Borat, cause "You will never get this! "
Yes it's Vindictive stay blazin' the herb
Pockets full of more trees than a nature reserve
Oh word? The illest in the two-oh-third
So fuck what you heard, I'm kicking em to the curb
With words illy cause everything I write you felt
Until I'm rocking a gold medal like Michael Phelps
I'm a keep swimming laps around you, raps surround you
Out do you in things that I don't even know how to

And you know that I'm a rider boy
So try the boy
I'll spit flames and fry ya boy
So ayyy
I'm a out do you bitches (2x)
And ya know I'm spittin' fire boy
Retire boy
Cause I'm a level higher boy
So ayyy
I'm a out do you bitches (2x)

And I'm doing my thang, doing my thang (Yea, holla)
Coming back around like a boomerang (Like a boomerang bitch)
And you know, you know (You already know)
That I'm the one y'all can't touch (Can't touch)
Never stop rapping till I'm rockin' handcuffs (Till I'm locked up)
I'm dope, I'm dope (I'm dope as a muh fucker)
And I hold it down, holdin' it down (Hold it down)
First rapper reppin' a suburban town (Suburbs!)
I flow, it shows (God damn right)
Don't got a gun, but you gotta run (Yea)
Cause stepping to me, your gunna get out done
You know
(Webby) Cause I'm nice and you mother fuckers know, baby