

Paparazzi

Chris Webby

Ha, 2010, Chris Webby
DJ Whoo Kidd
Yo, it's that real shit
Uh, Uh

You couldn't touch me with a ten-foot pole
Nobody near to this, I'm serious, ripping the mic 'til I'm delirious
And I don't do it for the glamour and the glitz
I do it because I love it and I'm handling my shit
But there's some dudes doing it for all the wrong reasons
Spit nonsense, think there the hottest thing breathing
Ignoring all the real MC's who don't even
Have enough pocket change to break even
I'm steaming, tearing it down 'til I'm leaving
Music running in my veins, even in my semen
Webby straight hungry, somebody should feed him
Before I got nuts, cause a motherfuckin' scene and
End up locked up again and fuckin' spend
My last penny on bail so fuck it then
Lyrically, your everyday rapper can't touch me
But rap's full of dudes with no talent it disgusts me
Trust me, I can drop names, make it get ugly
But that's just how it is, some people get lucky
Souljia Boy's fifth grade vocal gets played
On the radio so much you think it was dope as
Jigga, Nas, Eminem, Busta, Fab
Jadakiss, Ludacris, maybe Lupe Fias-
Co, rap mode, clever and intelligent
The hottest in New England and ain't nobody forgetting it
I'm showing y'all that hip hop exists in Connecticut
I'm picture perfect I just somebody to develop it
Right now I can't even afford a gym membership
Even though I rap with undeniable eloquence
I stay true to my roots and I know where I'm from
I don't front on no one, don't talk about having funds
Don't talk about slinging crack, don't talk about shooting guns
Don't talk about being hard, I talk about having fun
I'm second to none, something the world has never seen
Making music is in my genes, like a pocket and seams
Rocking the screen of any fucking camera that's in front of me
So deep, underground that my tunnel be
Down with the dinosaur bones, grimy
I need a paleontologist just to find me
So complex every listener rewinds me
But it's my extensive vocab that defines me
I be pumping hip hop through an IV
Nobody else unsigned could out-grind me
No Ash Roth clone drop rhymes off dome
Just a rapscaillon rocking the skull and crossbones
I'm a young cat coming out 21
Won't stop 'til I decide that I am fucking done
And that'll be never
The future of hip hop, bitch, it's Chris Webster

Well, it is bitch
What it is bitch
It's real hip hop

Get your bars up, bitches
And we out
J-Cash, what up
Timmy, what up
Yeah, yeah