

Ready to Go

Chris Webby

Yeah, ha ha

Got the weed in my dutch, liquor in my cup
But I never gave a fuck
So you know I'm ready to go
You know I'm ready to go
Got my speakers turned up, rattle in my trunk
But I never gave a fuck
So you know I'm ready to go
You know I'm ready to go

I've been ready to go, full sprint, I'm ahead of the flow
Strap seat forward to my chest, know that Webby will blow
I've had this mean demeanor in me since forever ago
Nothing but green lights ahead, I push the pedal and go
A veteran pro, veins pump seven below
And will cruise until he got it, never settling so
I'm ready to go, moving quickly in my pole position
No one holding Christian, more venomous than a Cobra spitting
Crush you, no position, with the illest and dopest rhythm
'Cos they soft, weak-hearted and wack with no ambition
I'm Obi Wan Kanobi with the flow you can't control me
I'm a mixture of Paulie, Christopher, Sylvio and Tony
An honorary Soprano, with mono y mono
With castallano, and hit 'em with a Luke Hang combo
Skin tone blanco
Though when I get up on the beat I spit 'til I'm blue in the face looking like Ganzo

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Okay, what's good, Chris, thanks for letting me on this song
They'll catch a buzz for lightyears, to infinity and beyond
My affinity falls, the liquor has been bitter sweet all along
Though to the best of my abilities, then breeze homie, I'm gone
Let's get it Webby, son, I'm ready to go
Just drop me off at the liquor store to get some Henny to po'
I hope in CT they got that good Heavy to smoke
(Shitstain) Well I'm dope, thanks for letting me know
I'm a cocky young wordsmith, sticking to the cursing
And tryna make my word fit in one of these bird's lips
I see you hawkin', pigeon for the squawking
But when I give her the rooster she digging them eagle claws in
I'm leaving with back scratches, bruises and open gashes
Jesus, I'm looking like Christ from the Passion
Rock new clothes but a nigga old-fashioned
Hit it, then she running back, yeah, Bo Jackson

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Yeah, yeah, I'm not like these punks that lack hustle
I'm big, they weaker than Steven Hawking's calf muscles
Nothing but trouble with a dub up in my bubbler
Hotter than summer under a Goosedown comforter
Hennessy up in my cup still I never stutter words
THC running through my jugular, fuckin' serve
Anybody who thinks I'm just a gimmick, I spit it how I live it
That's why everyone on Twitter had to click it
I'm the raider of the lost ark
Make the DJ bring it back like a false start
This ain't a fallacy, my dude, 'cos I can truly flow
And play the hand I was dealt, something like Yu-Gi-Oh
Since a long time ago, spitting freestyle or flow
Drunk with a pen in my hand like Edgar Allen Poe
And I won't stop 'til I'm a millionaire
Put the pieces together, bitch, build-a-bear

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2010, Chris Webby, Googie GoHard