

Right From Wrong

Chris Webby

Yeah, yeah, yeah, ah, Webby
See I'm trying to get drunk as fuck tonight, man

You see I'm back here to rip another throwback jam
They're like damn, I don't know how Webby go that ham
Lift your shirt up, baby girl, show that tan
Skin covered in cartoons, but I'm a grown ass man
I don't care about your name, when I'm steppin' to you
All I'm thinkin' about is that we got some f'ing to do
Sippin' on a potion like Dr. Jekyll would do
Cause I got loose screws in my head and it's true
I need my medication I'm doing this shit
Start howlin' at the moon at a lunar eclipse
Bark, growl, scratch every human I bit
And choke the fuck out of a bee until I'm losing my grip
Maneuvering quick looking for at her tits
And beat it outside baby she'll be bruising a bit
Whip it out so you all could get a view of my dick
Because I never gave a fuck and now I'm proving it bitch

Hey, and this is my favorite song
Sing along when the DJ throws it on
We got a bag full of weed and a big ass bong
Or we can drink till we can't tell right from wrong
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Holy Moly, Webby's here
Hit a house party, drink every beer
I'm just tryna find a girl real sexy here
And if you're not DTF hit the exit dear, ha
I just say what I say, I'm drunk as hell, fuck it
I'll leave and take a grenade
Just give me a fat bitch and a bottle a day
As long as I'm drunk, you're never gonna hear me complain
Hey, hey, I'm the last Beastie Boy
With my dick in a girl's mouth like a squeaky toy
In a pitbull's grill, rip shit still
Holdin' my brain from all of the E pills
I'm a motherfucking crazy dude
Eatin' baby food, a turkey dinner with some gravy tool
First place in a race, I'm a cross that line
So lock me up doc, cause I've lost my mind

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See Webby comes back with a horse plate
A liability, at least that's what the courts say

In a bedroom, get too rough
Take a bite out of a bitch looking for True Blood
Ha, I do it like no other
Condom in my pocket, still do it with no rubber
Got the bed shake and you think that you heard thunder
And got 'em running back to me quicker than Road Runner
And I get 'em in the sack tonight
Beat it up, I don't care if they be black or white
A tan, a blue, a green, I still smash it right
Make it hot, I don't even need a match to strike
Ha, nobody could stop the bees
With a tongue as slick when I rock the beat
Sweepin' all your girlfriends off they feet
And I don't even give a fuck if they got stampede, ha

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Damn, I'm drunk man, fuck
Couple forties deep and shit
Webby's Lab, as always you know
Cooking up that crack pot
Ha, shouts to Obie
Aight man, I'm fuckin' outta here dude