

# 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  
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

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

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  
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

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

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  
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

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