

## Roger That (remix)

Chris Webby

Ha, yeah, it's Chris Webby  
Danimal Lector in the mo'fucking building  
You know, Connecticut, ha  
Webster's lab, bitch  
Let's go, yeah

You now have entered Webby's world, welcome to my habitat  
Living like a Jason Statham movie, always action packed  
Killin' competitors, cause seein' me lose a battle rap  
Just don't happen these days like seein' a Pterodactyl hatch  
So give me beats and I'll be runnin' to the lab with that  
Go in with a pen and a pencil, come out with a bag of crack  
Show up with a bunch of goons, you ain't never matchin' that  
Roll so fuckin' deep, we know where to get Krabby Patties at  
Deeper than the ocean floor, U-571  
Larry the cable guy, cause you know I'm 'bout to get her done  
Pushin' all your buttons, you would think I had an extra thumb  
Chug a fifth of moonshine, chase it with some ketel one  
Spit nice with raps to rip mics,  
Carry my whole state on my shoulders until my discs slip twice  
I'll keep strivin' for the title until I win right  
This is what happens when you feed Gizmo after midnight  
A fuckin' Gremlin, ain't nobody stoppin' that  
Cleats on my feet and I'm a play em like a soccer match  
Slaughter all these copycats, you could never follow that  
(Ground control to major com) I'm crazy do you roger that?

Eenie meenie miney mo, my winnie in your hiney hole  
Hidey hoe labor as I light the drow, psycho flow,  
I can go from high to low, low to high man I don't know,  
Too hot to touch too cold to hold and right now I'm at 5 below,  
On the surface my mind's berserk, and I'm like  
Give me a perc and a vibe with a verse to write  
Each word too precise, verbally nice, sharp as a surgical knife,  
And certain it's curtains I'm the best you've heard in your life  
Bourbon and Sprite, cause in the burbs we light the herb every night,  
Turnin' the mic just warmin' up, so quit your queefin', it's girly  
I making a 30 g's it's early walkin' all weekend like Berny,  
I used to be weak and nerdy but now I'm Diesel like the typer fuel  
Highway to hell but they didn't teach me this in driving school,  
You giant tool I'm hittin' the track like Ricky Bobby, listen mommy  
If, if you with a pretty body then shit I'll probably take brain,  
Cause the kid's a zombie, never did karate  
But it's Daniel-san, all I'm missing is Mr. Miyagi.  
I'm fucking crazy smelling like a skunk with rabies,  
Punching babies, humping ladies, blame my mother cause she made me,  
I'm a product of the 80's high as a kite, high on life,  
This rap shit is like ridin' a bike

I'm Mr. Starship Trooper puttin' weed up in the hooka  
Hittin' on my friends' moms tryna take me home a cougar  
In your dreams like Freddy Kruger with the lyrical maneuvers  
You Tube, Twitter, Facebook, all up in your computer  
I just live hakuna matata {Swahili phrase for 'no worries'}  
I'm kicking it with Puba lightin' Buddha, stayin' flyer than you losers  
Stella Luna I'm a dude who got some confidence, scratch that, cockiness  
Syllable after syllable out of my esophagus

You don't gotta roger that, but baby I'm a roger this  
Motherfuckin' party boy, call me Chris Panius  
Bitch I'm just a jackass, higher than a rocket-ship  
You chick reverse cowboy's the only one on top of this  
She like, let me pull it out so I can swallow it  
Well, bitch you're sippin greatness, you should spit it out and bottle it.  
The way you givin' brain you'll never get yourself a scholarship.  
In fact, at this point your fuckin head's probably hollow bitch.  
I'm fuckin' nice so all you haters should acknowledge it  
Either way, who gives a fuck? I'm makin' me a profit bitch  
I got that molten lava flow, nobody hot as that  
I'm the best in the burbs bitch, and you can roger that