

# Roll

Chris Webby

Yeah

Webby

It's that shit you just roll to, you know what I'm sayin'?  
Hop in a whip and roll

Cause you know I got my whole life ahead of me  
I ain't lookin' back  
Still a kid at heart, ain't nobody changin' that  
Got my mind on my money, but I still don't have a stack  
I roll, I roll  
Can't wait to be the king, yo Simba where you at?  
One day I'mma make it, so I wait until it's that  
And when I get my turn, swear to god that it's a wrap  
I roll, I roll

Still like a kid but I'm newly 22 though  
They know me as the chew from CT to Pluto  
Walk around town, everybody givin' kudos  
Michael Cera didn't hit it, I'm the one who banged Juno  
I live life mucho bueno smash culo  
Shows every week since I linked up with New York  
Now I'm on that new flow  
Doin' what I do bro  
Buzz gettin' bigger than an uncut jewfro  
Who knows I would achieve on this level  
And prove my teachers wrong cause they said I was a rebel  
Who never would amount to nothin' doin' what I want  
Always showin' up to class smellin' like a fresh blunt  
But I always had it in me, I just needed to apply myself  
And rap's all I've ever loved, besides myself, huh  
Maybe I'm a little cocky dude  
But if you spit this type then you'd be cocky too

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I roll, roll like a Michelin  
Everyday I get it in  
Pop another ritalin, listenin'  
I was a goofball, never the sober guy  
Gettin' high, rollin' up J's playin' Golden Eye  
Star Fox in a ship facin' Andross  
Zelda, Ganondorf in a standoff  
Battlin' with Bowser, fireball flower  
Sittin' in front of my TV for hours  
And though you grow up you still hang on to the past  
Being young was a blast and you clean up your act  
And try to make somethin' of it, don't listen to the haters  
And if you got a passion, then you follow it if you love it  
That's what I did and shit I'm alright

Still livin' with my parents but I'm livin' the life  
I be wakin' up late, and I party all night  
Cause I'm doin' what I love and the future looks bright

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You can find me eatin' bacon grilled cheese with my grape juice  
Donkey Kong in the flesh like the ape loose  
Yeah that's fuckin' right, I could snuff a mic  
Since I rode my dirty black and white rusted Huffy bike  
Soon enough I'm in a two door drop  
With a stack of money greener than a newport box  
So I dare you to go and find a dude more hot  
Buzzin' CT so big I made New York watch  
Now everybody be recitin' all my raspy quotes  
Of the skinny white boy with a scratchy throat  
Now my mixtapes, everybody has it  
Cuz in your iTunes got more Web than your attic does  
Get it? Just nod if you follow me  
You don't gotta like it, but if not just acknowledge me  
I got an army of ninjas across the US  
And I'm just doin' what I do best  
Haha

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