

Starry Eyed

Chris Webby

Some of these people think I'm famous, well shit I guess I am
It's like every time I go out in CT I see a fan
They're like "Webby your the man", and I'm like god damn
This shit is gettin' crazy even though it's been the plan
Since I sat in 6th grade writin' lyrics on my hand
Dreamin' of the fame and fortune every second that I can
Or I could half the time now I'm finally achievin' it
So if you really got yourself a dream and you believe in it
Then follow it and if they hate don't worry bout the beef and shit
Keep it moving everyday and not for any reason quit
Your friends will say your changin', a lot will turn their backs
Even though its just a job nobody looks at it like that
This my way of makin' money, my fuckin' career choice
And they mad I get a paycheck strictly off my voice
But the bad comes with the good when you chillin' in the game
Because now these chicks are DTF from the moment they hear my name
Like
It's Chris Webby by the way

Oh, oh, starry eyed

This game is fuckin' crazy it'll turn homies to enemies
But you gotta rise above it I don't let it get to me
The past is the past though you got some good memories
People turn they back and all you gotta do is let it be
I tried to help a dude once
Help him get a little shine did a track, smoked some blunts
Even kicked it with him as a friend, blazed and spit flows
Got drunk, talked shit, even brought him to my shows
And he was still young so I showed him the ropes
Brought him to some college parties and introduced him to hoes
Then he turned around and dissed me, no doubt I got played
But while he's sittin' up in Brooklyn I be up on stage
Karma is a bitch and I'm makin' it clear
If you want me to get back first get a career
I'll be livin' Hip-Hop 'till the day that I die
And with all this buzz I'm gettin' everybody's starry eyed

So you wanna be a rap superstar and live large?
You gotta work for it everyday, grind hard
Takin' days off isn't in my repertoire
I got a mean work ethic and endless amounts of bars
They try to say I'm fake, it didn't work for the spot
That's why I've got every east side burb on lock
And it doesn't stop there I get bumped on the block
They all spinnin' "La La La" when they be twistin' up pot
And now they recognize me and haters always try me
Its like because I'm finally successful they despise me
Why can't you all be happy I'm a kid like you
Who's just tryin' to make me some money off these shows I do
If you could do it wouldn't you?
That's what every kid is dreamin' of
Who couldn't shoot hoops or excel in academia
This is for the kids with A.D.D
Who were told they won't amount to nothin', baby just look at me