

Stop Me Shinin'

Chris Webby

Ea, it's Chris Webby. Yup, CT where you at?
Check, y'all mother fuckers can hate all the fuck you want.
You can't stop me from shinin'. Ha. Yea.

You can't stop my shinin', drop fly rhymin'
And all day for love of hip hop I'm grindin'
Grindin' grindin', make sparks and blind em
Now throw that beat in like it was said so by Simon
I'm in, tougher than a double black diamond
Hofstra's Mufasa, watch out for the lion
I'm just a dog like Bryan, Griffin
Try and, listen I am, Christian
Graduated out of a prepped out academy
Leapt out, instead of a step out done gradually
That'll be the day I always used to think
Back having braces and only juice to drink
My mom's a math teacher my dad plays guitar
My dog's a Bichon, so I can't act hard
Only child in the bunch, I been told I'll go mad far
Fifth grade I said, "Mom I wanna be a rap star! "
And the whole family was taken aback
Embracing rap? Is he seriously taking the path
After a few years of practice I just played em a track
And now their all dead convinced I'll be famous in fact, cause

Cause you could try to stop me shinin'
Or try to hold me down
But I'm a have to keep on grindin'
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Every single day I shine bitch, rhyme sick
I spit, till I can't breathe some one give me the Heimlich
My waves are seismic, got fly chicks on my dick
As time ticks, I spit it so hot I change climates
Cause I'm just a crazy white boy with mad talent
A Libra believe dog I'm a stay balanced
With a gallon of liquor within my bladder
Get higher than six ladders, and rock shows like Mic Jagger
Badder than anybody that you've ever seen
Rollin' up that ever green, since way before seventeen
Got a clever scheme, and I hit em with track power
Writin' lyrics stayin' up all night like Jack Bauer
I act louder, and way more belligerent
Got that keg on tap till I'm killin' it
Layin' down the rules like a syllabus
Speaking in gibberish
Tearing shit down more than a little bit
Cause I, have the flow and have the rhythm
That's why shit is coming together like magnetism
This cat is spittin', separating fact from fiction
Murdering the crowd with every single rap I've written (I'm nice!)

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I ain't a thug from the hood but can't stop my shinin'
So shoot me nine times gettin' rich, I'll die tryin'
And then I'll know that you hearin' it
Cause I won't stop till I'm on top like dessert in the food pyramid
Period, I'm clever with with
Cause if Winnie's the Pooh, then Webby's the shit
White boy murders tracks, leave em restin' in peace
So I'm a let Sam kill it for the rest of the beat, peace (I'm out)