

# Stranger

Chris Webby

I'm a Super Villian where the fucks Kick ass?  
One kick to the chest will give em whiplash  
Crack a 6-pack, light a bogie up  
Twist a Bamboo, cause bein sober sucks  
I'm the dopest young buck with this rap shit  
Crazy motha fucker in need of a strait jacket  
Rap it, grab the track and face bash it  
Every instrument and the beat will lay in the casket  
Ha, cause you know I leave em hurt son  
On the Grassy Knoll. sniper rifle nerf gun  
You ain't ready for the crazy shit that Chris will pull  
Fuckin despicable, leavin every hater miserable  
Kicked back, so come on and distract  
I hit em so hard they can't help it but sit back  
I spit raps amazing  
They flip the fuck out like Liam Neeson  
When his daughter was kidnapped and taken

I'm mentally insane  
On more cocaine than Rick James  
Chuggin doober while I be drivin and switch lanes  
This kids brains suffer psychosis  
Runnin into oncoming traffic with a helmet and a roast clip  
The dope shit, that roll, and smoke shit  
Hotter then bein on the equator with a code zip  
Get your boat flipped  
I leave em capsized  
They smell the chronic in the air when I pass by  
I give em bad vibes  
But you know I flow butter  
DC, Boston the stone cold stoner  
I took a shovel out and I buried The Undertaker  
Drop the scissors and attack rocks with paper  
Lord Vader mixed with a little Darth Maul  
Pedal to the medal til the fuckin car stalls  
Adderall, Ritalin, LSD  
I'm meet you up in Webby's world  
Yo, Follow me!

I always got one eye open like a coked up Cyclops  
No time for sleep, not a day that the grind stops  
Kill a beat when I grab the mic, watch  
Connect more dots than a bag of dice got  
The Raps I drop get flipped like IHOP  
Throw more kicks the nukes I bought cause I rock  
Make time stop like the Prince of Persia  
Wanted in 47 states lyrical murder  
So believe the shit, I plead the fifth  
After a four speed of bulimic chicks Swedish fish  
I'm an evil prick  
With some diesel pits  
Slaughter any competition that I'm beefin' with  
Beatin Chris? Nah, not likely  
I whoop my own ass with a tire iron now come fight me  
Till God strikes me down, I'll keep goin  
Givin Satan himself this free promotion  
Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeahhh