

## Strong

Chris Webby

Yeah

Uh, I'm rollin' up, steady blazin' good  
With more bars than an Irish neighborhood  
You wanna step, I wouldn't say you should  
So homie, step aside, I got 'em petrified  
I run circles around rappers for exercise  
I got the best supplies, puff puff passin' it  
Rappin' it immaculate, on point, accurate  
Passionate, every last technique I mastered it  
So I'm ready for war, Montagues and Capulets  
But this ain't Shakespeare, I've been rappin' for more than eight years  
Eleven in fact, homie so stay clear  
These new rappers think they can see me with a sentence  
So I call 'em out, like a teacher doin' attendance  
I'm nobody's apprentice, I learned it all from practice  
I knew in sixth grade that I be following this rap shit  
And back then Webby killed it with rhyme  
Givin' listeners goosebumps like I'm R. L. Stein  
Grind!

So strong on the mic  
Armed for a fight  
Never seen somebody go this fuckin' hard in ya life

You see I used to bag O's like General Mills  
Now I'm on a paper chase for those federal bills  
Cop kush in large quantity, never seen me buy a gram  
Hard body like Downey Jr. in Iron Man  
I'm a war machine, smoother than Aquaform  
Killin' 'em like Aries, I'm the God of war  
Got some Gabogool Macaroni meatball  
Italiano's on the mic until the beat stalls  
I make 'em freefall, don't need a parachute  
I'm goin' in with a suit of armor and a pair of boots  
I'm no Bear Jew but Webby will scare you  
Every ligament I'm gonna tear you, there you  
Go, try to outdo me, how dare yo  
I blow 'em out like a Jersey Shore hairdo  
I spit it dope of course, let me hold the torch  
Enough power inside me to battle Voldemort

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I'm high up in the clouds and I'm hidin' in the NASA spacecraft  
With a pint of gin, product of my environment  
Writin' with the eye of the tiger and I've been rhyming since  
Well, before my first Flintstone vitamin  
Leave you lying in a bloody mess like Tiny Tim  
Legs dangling like snapped strings on a violin  
Tatted like Iverson, Klonopin's collidin' in  
My stomach full of JD, Vicodin and Heineken  
King of pop, I caught his rifle, MJ is frightening  
So beat it, or get jacked son, don't make me bring Michael in  
Fucked up, I might have been, shut up, you're lighter than a lighter

I sound like a muscle car idling  
Fucking nasty, raspy as Ras Kass combined with Cannabis  
Mixed with white trash and hasheesh  
A dog like Lassie, the type to fuck Mary Kate  
Raw in the ass and pass the camera to Ashley

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