

# Take Me Home

Chris Webby

I'm a walking bad habit, E tabs up in the cabinet  
Savage rap status: vocabulary extravagant  
A rock star poppin' rotches in bars  
Used to flip bud now just rappin' cop me a car  
No tellin', Connecticut felon, I GPS 'em  
And find my mark like Magellan with more lines than Corey Feldman  
I never cease to impress 'em  
I cardiac arrest 'em  
With every studio session I'm killin' 'em, no question  
Webb's back, better hold your breath when I'm rhyming homes  
I murder beats, I'm Jonah Hex on the microphone  
Fiends saying I'm the dopest yet  
And haters? I shrug 'em off until my f\*cking shoulders sweat  
I'm breaking bones, a modern version of Casey Jones  
Scored a hand, I'm the winner playing the Game of Thrones  
F\*ck beef, my rapping style's filet mignon  
Gettin' drunk, f\*ck yo' driver, somebody take me home

(Take me home)

Take me home now b\*tch

(Take me home)

Watch for the cops, hit the blinker when you switch

(Take me home)

Lanes 'cause you know that I'm famous and I'm rich

(Take me home)

Eyes on the road, take me home now b\*tch

(Take me home)

Take me home now b\*tch

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I know that I should change, but I don't really think I can  
It's just part of my nature - I never cracked, I never ran  
The world was falling on me when my back was in a jam  
I always kept on fighting, that's exactly who I am  
And this is who I am, no way that I can change it  
I'm buckwild, stupid, and dangerous  
My best friends are not strangers  
These are the motherf\*ckers I hang with  
We speak the same language  
And I ain't saying French, English, or Spanish, or Spanglish  
I mean pain and anguish, this cocaine slangin' bang-bang sh\*t  
MAC-11s that we aim with  
In other words, I'm rolling with the same clique I came with  
I'm the sameness and f\*ck being famous  
Fame dreams are for groupies  
I'm a real-life gangster that you ain't seen in the movies  
What I mean is I'm truly off the hook  
Like a phone in a nursing home, homie I'm that Boston crook

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I damage tracks, so listeners always ran it back  
Always with a half-ounce stuffed into a sandwich bag  
I kill it quickly and always keeping the realest with me  
Stealing all the f\*cking insulin from Wilford Brimley  
"Diabetes," rappers could never beat us  
I been spittin' sh\*t like this since I was just a f\*ckin' fetus  
Keep your chick with me as long as she give dome  
Rollin' up the Diesel, I'm burning like Jim Rome  
B\*tch!

Yeah, standin' here's a man with the past, the inspiration  
For the kids on the corner, but still got the laugh of a mental patient  
The infiltration of the game  
Born from a central hatred of fame  
A pencil shaking with pain  
An injured stake in the claim from the wrath I became  
My paragraph's insane, are futuristic pictures of the past from which I came  
And this is Slaine with a shotty in the hooptie son  
My whole career's a robbery that they could never scoop me from

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