

Temper, Temper

Chris Webby

Mother fuckers, I hate you and all you fucking assholes
So fucking pissed off right now

Yeah yeah temper, temper, calm down Webby

Some of these website gon' post me cause I rap for the burbs,
Without even spinning my record or inspecting my words.
But while these bloggers underestimate my level of skill,
I'm a shove this shit in their faces when I settle a deal
No fuck that, I'll shove it in their faces now
Cause I'm unsigned making a couple thous for rapping in front of crowds.
But because where I'm from these dudes don't take me serious
And make assessments and seconds before they here me spit.
Can you tell I'm pissed, well spectacular,
Webby's a cold blooded prick, a young Dracula.
To shatter your clavicle bone, tie you up and drag you
From the back of an Acura and then set you up in the passenger seat.
Belt buckle you in and then poor gas all over your squirming body,
Drop a Zippo on your lap, cock my head back laughing maniacally, take that b
itch.
Throw a match in the gas tank, blow you to fragments.
Come back with a dust pan and sweep up all your ashes
And sprinkle em on the toilet paper I wipe my ass with.
I got the craziest rap tactics, smoking crack till I black out
And wreak havoc on women and children are like elderly too.
Anybody who's not a subscriber to my YouTube go get it,
So if you don't like what I do, suck my mothafuckin' dick until your face tu
rns blue.

They like temper, temper calm down Webby
Take it down a notch, the world's not ready
Let em talk shit they ain't steppin to you
They just mad of what you're destined to do
They like temper, temper calm down Webby
Take a chill pill man, the world's not ready
They mad at you for doin' everything that you do
Piss me off and I will hate to be you.

I know my attitude can get pissy ever so often,
But there's so many dudes in this world that's pissing me off.
And I should shut my mouth, just smile back and keep on walking.
But I've kept my temper cool to the point it's causing exhaustion.
My dude Apathy told me to relax and just spit these bars
And ignore all these fuckin' faggots who diss me,
Who use my name in the hopes that I lose my cool and diss back
And they'll get buzzed by me putting the name in the track.
So I zip it and continue on my promising path, making cash
So while they're running their mouth, I just gotta laugh,
Sit back, cop some dope from a groupie and just relax.
Even though deep in my soul I wanna go get me a axe,
Run up on their doorstep lookin' like a lumberjack,
Swing and slash till you couldn't I.D. the dude I attacked.
But shit I've been to jail once and I'm not tryin' to go back,
So I let it simmer in my brain until my skull cracks.
Say to myself, temper temper Webby turn it down a notch,
Then the devil on my shoulder says to go walk down the block,
Find a shit talker, drag him to the highest mountain top,

Give him a parachute with a hole in it,
Throw him down and watch him hit the ground,
Splatter all over the fuckin' pavement,
Stand over what's left of him yelling "now say shit".
I know I'm a deranged headcase, but it's my temper,
I need anger management to help contain me like.

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Let em talk shit they ain't steppin to you
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They like temper, temper calm down Webby
Take a chill pill man, the world's not ready
They mad at you for doin' everything that you do
Piss me off and I will hate to be you.

You mother fuckers,
I'll fuckin, I'll kick you in the god damn shins and make you run a lap.
Fuckin' scrape your taste buds out and feed you the best meal you ever had,
You won't be even able to taste it.
I'll uhh, scrape your eyes out and put on the Shawshank Redemption,
It's a great movie and you're gonna miss it cause you're blind.
Assholes.