

Through The Roof

Chris Webby

Yea

We goin' through the motherfuckin' roof
You know what I mean?

I'm through the roof
I'm through the roof
So through the roof that I can't get no higher than I am (4x)

I'm through the roof like St. Nicholas
But I don't got no Christmas gifts I'm only here to spit this shit
Beam me up Scotty, My feet are liftin' quick
Speed over infinite, leavin' the solar system bitch
I'm out in the mysterious beyond
With a fat booty blonde and a jar of marijuana
Sauna, flow so hot, so hot my whole life is like a slow-mo shot
Passin' mars craters, and waivin' at Darth Vader
The sky is not the limit, bitch I'm building starscrapers
Got the cigar paper, put the weed in it
Hittin warp drive, and passin' the speed limits
Reppin' 203 they know these digits
Tatted on my ribs so CT with it
Skinny as a motherfucker still I rep the Huskies
I'm through the roof now bitch no one's above me

I'm through the roof
I'm through the roof
So through the roof that I can't get no higher than I am

I've been through the roof, Now I'm through the Stratosphere
Millennium falcon, hyper drive and I'm outta here
Got my light saber in hand
Been on the grind since before Diddy decided he was making a band
Now I'm here shakin' hands with fans, and it's about time
Defying gravity smokin' bogies on cloud nine, high
That's how I've always gotta be
Fuckin' human oddity, always burning it down properly
So bring the pot to me, and Webby's gonna roll a dutch
Piss tag shit, take a week for me to sober up
Ain't no need for spellin' it out
I'm through the roof like a fuckin tree fell in your house, bitch

I'm through the roof
I'm through the roof
So through the roof that I can't get no higher than I am

And I can't get no higher than I am (4x)

I can't get no higher than I am
Captain Fire up, always got a lighter in my hand
Carry so much tree that my pockets turn green
On some Tom Hanks shit, Apollo 13
Cleaner than the cut on school picture day
They tryna to step to C-Webb, cool pick a day
I'll be there to show you up, keep my jaw loaded up
Roll it up, blow a dutch
Spit it hella dope, putty always smell of smoke
They can't even see me with a telescope

Think your umbrella broke, I make it rain bitch
Ask El Roca he'll tell you the same shit
It's that crazy motherfucker from YouTube
Tryna see how many cells in my brain I could lose dude
My minds out to sea, on a booze cruise
I'm through the floor boards, I'm through the roof too

I'm through the roof
I'm through the roof
So through the roof that I can't get no higher than I am

And I can't get no higher than I am (4x)