

Until I Die

Chris Webby

I started in the game on the grind and I still am
All of it off the sweat on my back without a deal man
Spit it real, and treat em like protected areas in Alaska
Cause they about to know the drill man
So fuckin' illy that I got to pop a pill again Adderall,
X all 20 or 30 milligrams
Gotta stay focused in the land of opportunity
Prepared for any twist and turn that anybody threw at me
Grew to be a beast learned it all up in the cypher
All off the top slaughtered 90% of you writers
Regardless of my fuckin' heritage and nationality
I grew up decapitating anybody who battled me
Rapping rapidly ain't nobody be lapping me
Jackie joiner curses 26 paces in back of me
An alcoholic but fuck it homie I'd rather be
Liquored up not giving a fuck and living lavishly
On the go hard diet I burn calories
Setting fire to mics til the melted plastic and ash you see
I've lost my marbles somebody should straight jacket me
Latch it and throw the key in the deepest part of the blackest sea
Toss me on an island like fuckin' Survivor casted me
And still I'll make it back and make every hater a casualty
Running Connecticut shouts to my homie Apathy
And shouts to everyone who supported me on my path to be
Successful in one way or an other cus grammatically
They know no one could fuck with my metaphorical masterpiece
Got the fuckin' Grim Reaper coming after me
The good die young someone show me where the casket be

I keep on moving forward
With my head held high
I do this shit forever or at least until I die
Ain't no use in stopping
I got nothing left to hide
I do this shit forever
You couldn't stop me if you tried

Nobody fuckin' with my flow man
Modern day Comanche swords swinging in both hands
Hip hop is all I know man dank
Bitches to Chronic 2001 motherfuckin' Slow Jam
Keep grinding til the day that Webby holds the belt
Make my haters sit the fuck down Franky Roosevelt
With that polio flow homie I'm dope as hell
Captain of my movement and I'm treating all of my soldiers well
My fans know I won't give rhyming a rest
And I mean that, from the left side of my chest
I got heart, so all you motherfuckers step your game up
Me with a microphone is like Bob Ross with a paint brush
All you lame fucks getting pummeled from the waist up
I don't need a cheap shot to leave your raps laid up
Shane Mosley with punches fuckin' your face up
Eating at roofs Chris now let me raise the stakes up

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