

# 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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