

Warm Up

Chris Webby

Yeah, time for my warm-up
Cause it's about time I got my throne back
Up out the underground like a domesticated mole rat
I'm dope but shit, you know that
So watch your fucking tone, Jack
Before I run up in your crib rocking a Casey Jones mask
Toss your fucking furniture out of the second floor glass
And ransack your Advil, Penicillin, and Prozac
Follow it with a fatty and a 40 full of Cognac
Dropping shit so dirty they're asking me where the soap's at
Lost without a road map, way too far to go back
So slick I don't even leave fingerprints using a phone app
Intricate when spitting it, no one knows how I wrote that
Always making hits, yo, for real you're watching a pro bat
The way I be scaring them make them wanna start carrying
A bar bearing barbarian, the bars bury them
Holding up the weight of the world in my arms carrying
Coming with the flame like Daenerys Targaryen
I'm stacking like the Lannisters and tougher than Baratheons
I'm coming out of Winterfell and fuckin' body bagging them
Pop a couple Addies, then I zone out with a pad and pen
And scribble down my thoughts, and then I'm back up in the lab again

So baby if you're getting at me, I'll be getting at you
I know you don't want it
So listen up to Webby as I'm killing the beat, like they know me to do
So you better back of it

You know that I'm a, boss bitch, and the booth is like my office
Competition sweating like I got 'em doing Crossfit
Drop shit since '09 and still I haven't lost it
Stepping to me's about as safe as swimming laps with Jaws, bitch
Got 'em feeling car sick, moving at a fast clip
Crash into the median and wake up with a cracked hip
Forty feet in front of my Chevy covered in glass chips
Brush my fuckin' shoulders and walk it off into traffic
It's mandatory that I wear a fucking strait-jacket
My dark passenger is riding with me into madness
A mother fucker, yeah I do it like your dad, bitch
Well connected, pulling more strings than Lenny Kravitz
Boxes full of mixtapes next to the subs
And I gave it out for free so everyone knew who I was
Began my journey locally and built myself a buzz
Shit I started from Connecticut and now we here, what?
Been on it for a minute and never gonna stop
And I'ma keep my sound dope whether you're getting it or not
Fuck selling out, I'm still getting high on the same blocks
Shit, I'm the reason that the suburbs got a Neighborhood Watch
I'll be climbing in your windows and I'm snatching all your people up
Intruding on the beds of any lady that's a decent fuck
Dolly Parton tits, with a slim waist and a Trina butt
Who doesn't mind cooking and gets down with all the freaky stuff
Bust a nut and then it's right back to rappin'
Cause it's homegrown music, we about to get it crackin'
Tasmanian Devil with a bottle full of Absinthe
Doing things that these other rappers can't even imagine
EP on the way and then an album after that

Making sure your iTunes is supplied with some new tracks
With no time to react cause we going too fast
All I can promise you is the best in the burbs is back

The best in the burbs is back
The best in the burbs is back
You got my word on that
The best in the burbs is back

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(2x)