

Webster Morgan

Chris Webby

You know, I just be fucking killing beats, ya know?
Killing beats, man
That's what I do, yessir

Giving your adrenaline a rush
Yo, it's Webby, listen up
Italiano on the mic, eating spaghetti in a cup
When I bust, can't label it
Crazy sick and I'm dangerous
Pesci up in a scorsese flip
I'm never taking shit
Take a rip from the Dutchie and pass it to the left
Chiropractor on the beat, I get it cracking like your neck
Swagger of a vet, keep these characters in check
Like Japan's nuclear reactors, I'm a threat
To the entire Northern Hemisphere
Let Ennim know that Webby's here
Chugging Belvedere, then I follow it with Everclear
Got them like "My God" them beating me
That shit don't make sense like Helen Keller with an iPod
Top my fioso, drinking a Four Loko
Hit them with that dope flow, bullet time, slow mo
Born in ochenta y ocho, Han Solo
Always chasing pussy like a dog, call me Todo
Fuckers better feel the flow, ain't no big pussies in my team
Just a poly and a Silvio, kill it though
Here we go, flowing it sick, boning your chick
I'm the 23 year-old Al Capone in this shit
Holding the chips, rolling up over a sip
Even people on the needles aren't doper than this
They formerly know me as Chris, now I'm transforming

Beat serial killer, Webster Morgan
Not a blood spatter analysis, just the type to strike fear
Giving all these punk rappers paralysis
And they mad at this because I'm finally getting big
And I no longer need a dollar like I did
Since I was a kid, I knew I had a purpose on this planet
So I always played the hand I was dealt, somethin' like Gambit
'Til I ran shit, all in with my damn chips
Got 'em scared to ante up, they folding like a pamphlet

Slicker than a Slip 'n Slide, leaving crowds mystified
Janitor at a rodeo, push that bullshit aside
This is why Webby be colossal with the flow
The next generation of Sopranos with the flow
Run shit, Lucky Luciano with the flow
Not taking a math test but I'm a problem and you know
I'm a pro, with the rhythm and I'm always gonna rock it, man
Labels fighting over me like Elieen Gonzalez, fam
This is what I do, spit raps and blow trees
In the 203 with your girl on both knees
So who you think you're trying, kid?
Got the heart of a lion beneath some iron ribs
Rolling deeper than a Giant squid
Do it big, shootouts at high noon
Beat killer, the fucking Ted Bundy of iTunes

When an instrumental's looking right, I go and get the butcher knife
And cut it up until I need a hook to write
Went from a '98 Altima and got a tinted black Camaro
Always sipping bottles of rum like Jack Sparrow
Young Rob DeNiro who charges like a pharaoh
More deadly than a Lego wasp with a loaded quiver of arrows
Bowser's back up in this bitch, the bad guy
So when I steal your princess, you don't gotta ask why
I'm a beast and I show it through everything I'm recording

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Yeah!

And that's it, ya know?
I just be, uhh, fucking killing beats
It's what I do, it's my M.O
Ya know, it's-
I don't know how to do anything else so fuck it
Heh! Webster! Yeahh