

Webster's Laboratory

Chris Webby

Welcome, welcome!
I'd like to welcome you all to Webster's Laboratory
I'll be your host for the evening
Chris Webby if you didn't already know
Step right in, let me show you around real quick
Let's cook some shit up
(Cough)
Yeah!

It's that verbal visionary, criminally literary
Spit it clever, bitch it's Webster
You could check me on the dictionary under author credits
I'm the author, get it?
Mind sharper than a cutless that I'll saw your head with
So authentic Donald Trump is my apprentice
Shaved his fucking combover off his head and made my exit
They can't see me, cause me see dyslexic
Cooking acid tablets on my omelet during breakfast
Three moves in Tetris? Nah but I got a triple stack
I'm talking E. pills until I can't remember jack, shit
Rolling with aliens like Men In Black
Repping for Connecticut, run and tell Kemba that
I'm a dirty dog down to fuck your lady raw
Roll a J of Sour D, get twisted like a crazy straw
I'm a motherfucking beast off the leash
Until the obituary say that Webby is deceased
Killer beats, call a priest, they can't censor me
Cause if they try, the whole fucking song will be a bleep
I'm a chief like Squanto, skin tone blanco
Rolling on these bitches with better stash than Rondo
Rolling up cilantro, rolling in a Bronco
Running people over like it's grand theft auto
CT to Cabo, I'm killing them with hot flow
Getting paid and spending more money than the lotto, easy

So you see, here in Webby's lab
I'm gonna be hitting you with a lot of samples
Some industry beats
All cooked together with a nice topping of Dope lyrics
Oh yeah and it's free, courtesy of Datpiff
And myself of course
The album is coming soon, so buy that
But until then, enjoy

Yeah! It's that wacky underrated rapping caucasian
I'm not in it for the fame and the money, but shit I'll take em
I've been waiting here patiently while others got big
Now I'm like "Pick me coach, I'll slaughter these kids!"
I'm so hungry you can hear my fucking stomach through my ribs
Calling dibs on a title, let me show them what it is
I'm wrecking tracks, doing shows, and getting cash, huh
I'm triple x, way too big for any freshman class
It's in my repertoire, every single bar is hard
Spitting fire like I'm the human version of Charizard
A Super Smash Brother make that money stack brother
Stick my dick in instrumentals 'til I'm on my last rubber
Motherfucker, what? Long as I can bust a nut

All over a track and then I'm bouncing with a couple sluts
Not to be derogatory, but you need to drop a shorty
Take them panties off, I'm in that ass like a suppository
Pop a '40 and chug until I'm puking all over the rug
Never sober, rolling the bud
Master with the multi-syllable raps
No one's iller in fact, with a precision Reggie Miller would back, huh
I'm just a Looney Toon, way more rude than you
And if you don't like what I'm doing, sue me dude
I haven't ever and I'll never give an f-word
Cooking shit up in the lab like Dexter

So boys and girls
6 mixtapes deep and I still haven't lost my touch as you can see
You know, I just really want to say thank you
To everyone who has supported me thus far
I feel like it's really time to take this shit over
Ninja Swag, bitches!
So again, welcome to Webster's Laboratory
And have a lovely fucking day