

# What I Do

Chris Webby

Straight chuggin' on the 40 ounce, brain cells fry  
Like a clamb strip all day get high  
Never ending story felt course stay fly  
My mom's a math teacher so I gotta multiply  
Not a mathematician myself so I ride  
At my 98 Altima parked outside  
Hustle and mixtapes I'm tryna get by  
Double U E double B follow with a Y  
Mothaf\*cka that's me and I be so cool  
To be on my level you gonna need a step-stool  
Always been a troublemaker gotta break rules  
Breaking every law till they kick me out of school  
So amped up you'd think I'm chuggin' jet fuel  
Chasing a bottle of moon shine with an O'Doules  
No more rules let me call up Billy Madison  
And have em slippin' on banana peels if they challenge him  
I'm bafflin' any competitor with what I'm rappin' and  
The future's lookin' bright I think I'm staring at a halogen  
Born in '88 I got it tatted on my abdomen  
Product of the 90s, everyday practicin'  
Then it started happenin', turned into a beast  
Full bred pit with a little Maltise  
Woof, slaughter any track I see  
You've now been warned, you'd better hide your beats

I'ma never give a f\*ck about you  
I'm just doing what I do  
Murder any beat I put my mind too  
Thought you knew that's what I do  
Rappin' on the mike till my face turns blue  
Through and through that's what I do  
That's what I do

Stop sleeping over there man pass the blunt  
L ride around town and be back for lunch  
Got a full plate of beats and some Captain Crunch  
Me on the mike only lost a battle once  
Everybody else, murked em  
Cooked it up, served em  
Pen in hand I got the dexterity of a surgeon  
Freestyles burn em, written rhymes flawless  
Like the names of every Mutant Ninja Turtle, I'm an artist  
B\*tch, nobody stoppin' what I'm sayin'  
Lyrical display gon' shock em like Raiden  
Everyday ragin', show me where the party's at  
Where the b\*tches where the broads where the hotties at?  
Where the liquor, where the bud, where the Molly at?  
Where the stage I'm bouta give the crowd a heart attack  
Life's short so you know I gotta live it up  
Brim low dutch rolled I'ma never give a f\*ck

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All I got's my word and my balls just a nerve with a cause  
Livin' life like a video game so press pause  
Double tap X with a shot to the brain  
Back back square hit em with the scorpion chain  
So get over here b\*tch ill kick em like Liu Kang  
And fatality anybody who sh\*ts on my name  
Its that tatted up tyrant, heatin' up the climate  
Pissing on these haters like puppies on fire hydrants  
It's that motherf\*ckin' Optimus Rhyme full bottle of pills  
Blunted with a bottle of wine  
Fully transform bout to take over the game soon  
Ain't no mothaf\*cka I'm afraid to bring the flame to  
Got em rotisserie while I be smokin' piffery  
Making words connect like letters written in calligraphy  
Not a person here stepping in my shoes  
'Cause see Webby's back and this is what I do

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