

Wont Be Today

Chris Webby

I've been here for a minute
While they've judged I lived it
And I've proved I'm here to stay
Now they all gather in and listen till there's nothing left to give 'em
But I still got more to say
I had a struggle on my ride here
Caught up in the grind and I almost lost my way
But if I ever call it quits, all I know is this
It won't be today (it won't be today)

I'm a survivor, I've waited my turn, now it's my time sir
Had to dig deep, pick ax, coal miner
I'm like Ghost Rider, blazing a trail and flow fire
Shit my razor sharp lyrics turn your fitted to a visor
That mix-tape supplier, pulsing through your speaker wires
With a dutchie and a lighter, stay higher than frequent fliers
My word game demolishing these halfway decent writers
They rubbing sticks together I'm your local heat provider
Swerving through the street dividers like it's Large Marge whipping it
Music juiced up, get a car charged with this shit
Now they asking questions like they "Nardwuar" in this bitch
Still I keep it dirty like a barn yard when I spit
Bars hard ripping shit, murder and I bury beats
Always come to play at the studio with a pair of cleats
A pterodactyl to these mother fucking parakeets
Take it to the top, even higher than my hand can reach

Look... for some of y'all to relate
Ya I trap you in a box for a season
Bullets bobbing and weaving still ain't popping and squeezing
No Lord to abide by, still you watching for deeds and
What's worse, you can't think of any logical reason
Been learned, when the past comes it might be a no look
In the trap they keep you, that's why I stayed in my notebook
The tougher you try to be the lesser I was impressed
And I wish the nigga would like I had his best interest
Arms like tree trunks, weight is relentless
Fuck the world I'm going ape on this bench press
Careful with my foot and though they trimmed off half the ledge
I'm along for your sake dawg, me and the fags don't mesh
'Bout that, you'll see how I react to threats
Hear the gun sing or meet the knife with the jagged edge
But shit ain't how it used to be
So let my foes know they gotta get used to me

Me giving up? It won't happen today
Rap to the day that they fucking bury me, put me in a casket to lay
So while I'm here just listen up to what I happen to say
I'll show you history being made in elaborate ways
I'm still a fully independent juggernaut up in this shit B
Tryin' to make that capital, holding down my shift key
The undisputed Best in the Burbs is what I still be, so feel me
'Cause fucking with the flow is more than risky
A dog built like a doberman-pit mix breed
You pussy cats coughing up hairballs like Stimpy
Me? I spit venom, now I'm reppin in the big leagues
A grizzly, laughing while you teddy bears diss me

Hehhh, so if they ain't digging the flow fuck 'em
Go Mighty Joe Young in the building with Joe Budden
Show I'm something with this music shit, out here doing it
We ain't going nowhere bitch so get used to it