

# 2001

Chris Webby

Nowadays, everybody wanna talk  
Like they got somethin' to say  
But nothin' comes out when they movin' their lips  
Just a bunch of gibberish  
These motherfuckers act like they forgot about Dre  
First rhyme that I memorized, played it 'bout 100 times  
Learned every fucking line, stuck up in my crazy mind  
Back when I was 8 or 9, had it in my motherfucking CD player every other day  
Bumped DMX with some blueprint Jay  
Outkast with a little UGK  
My dude Tech N9ne was killing the wordplay  
While Red and Meth taught me how to blaze  
I would run 'em up with Busta Bust  
Turned up in my fucking truck and spit like every line  
So baby, if you give it to me, I'ma give it to you  
Break Your Neck and press rewind, I'm  
Really missing them Nate Dogg hooks  
Really missing those Dipset beats  
Really missing Big L, Big Pun, Big Poppa, 2Pac, and ODB  
Prodigy and Shaun Deeb  
Got me pouring whiskey on the concrete  
Those the ones that I bump from the subs in the trunk 'cause I'm twisting up  
in CT  
I was in my Sean John hoodie with a taste of Sam Goody  
Back when shit was all goodie, in the game as a rookie  
I take mom's whip, get high and play hookie  
Off in the sunset like Bullseye and Woody  
With The Marshall Mathers blasting up in the car  
While rapping every word when I'm caught in traffic  
Getting stared at by the people next to me  
Played "Just Don't Give a Fuck" and I pressed repeat  
And I still don't give a fuck here and I'm almost 30  
Shit, I learned from the best so I show no mercy  
Learned from the best so my flow so wordy  
And every version says dirty  
I learned from the best so I gotta be  
Rocking beats, with a little rap god in me  
Fulfilling prophecies since I got the CD  
2001 with the chronic leaf

Speakers up until they rock the trunk  
They hear my style and they wonder where I got it from  
But you see that mumble rap, yeah, I don't fuck with that  
I'm still ridin' 'round to Dr. Dre, 2001  
2001 (Nah, nah, nah)  
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I'm still ridin' 'round to Dr. Dre, 2001

One, two, three and to the four  
It's Anoyd, Chris Web knocking at the door  
'Bout to make an entrance, back on up  
Cause that new shit sucks, who let 'em reconstruct?  
The rap game  
Give me the microphone, I can bust like a bubble

Connectikitty Devil, oh you know you in trouble  
And nothing but a g thing, baby  
Me and Web do the MC thing crazy  
Yeah [?]  
Yeah that's where the rhyme makes sense  
My set need the knowledge  
My [?] with the Dipset anthem  
And my pants to big and my shirt a 5X  
Ready or not and the ooh la, la  
Man I miss L-Boogie and for sure Wyclef  
Now we got a bunch of immature comics  
Make like four or five steps and they feel they for sure timeless  
With a child like thumbnail  
Fell in love with rap I was just 12  
To hip-hop's olds writing love mail  
Even though I'm black I'm the fucking white blood cell to the damn dust trai  
l  
Days I can make anybody call my phone so they can hear the song on my voicemail  
Wanna give good word to the young cause they know I'm pushing 25 strong like  
a dumbbell  
I don't wanna rap like this  
Cause everybody rap like this  
I hate it when y'all rap like this  
You just gotta leave a gap like this  
Yeah, it's placebo we know  
He know, alter ego  
Alternate my flow it's dios mio  
Incognito in a Kia, Rio  
Promising it's money I can see though  
Yeah, these raps is hard  
Now everybody went EVAC, bizarre  
If I don't have three stacks then know the paper I rolled raps on is trash b  
all

My own CD now is on cassetts-set  
Still feel like there's '01 in my headset  
2001 in my headset

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