

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 trail
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 ball

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

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