

# Bars On Me

Chris Webby

Yeah, I'm back up in this bitch, just like a uterus,  
And I don't need no lubricated condom when I'm doing this.  
Always got a doobie lit, swerve behind the wheel and maneuver it,  
20-20 with it they use my eyes and see the future with 'em.  
Moving shit, I'm just trying to be what I'm supposed to be,  
Supposedly I'm dope, Saint Nicholas ain't as cold as me.  
Thing we got in common is I'm always with a hoe or three.  
Make it drop it like someone with Parkinson's carrying groceries.  
'Cause I'm here and I rap that shit, doing shows and stacking chips,  
Take my shirt off when I spit, that's why your girl is on my dick.  
Got these tats all on my body and a pocket full of piff,  
Fill the bong up with some ice cubes, baby, take a hit.  
See, I'm running for the title, everybody voting Webster.  
Drinking straight tequila out a motherfucking blender  
Middle finger stay up, nobody can censor  
I'm a dog, always sniffing for the female gender.  
Friend her up on Facebook and from there it's a wrap,  
Send her poke and then tomorrow she'll be sitting on my lap.  
Even back, when I was broke, my girlies always had a rack  
Love them big titty bitches with bodies covered in tats.  
It's that marijuana twister, a twist and grabbing ladies from the mixer  
Then I bring 'em to the telly and crack a bottle of liquor.  
'Cause I never gave a fuck, I'm the type to bang your sister,  
Then go back to your crib and fuck your moms like Stiffler.  
I hope you get the picture, take it on your Kodak,  
Up in Webby's World you cannot reach me with a road map  
To find that you need Adderall, Ambien and some Prozac.  
Always cooking fire, someone show me where the stoves at.  
Keep on dropping heat, all you players grab your cleats,  
'Cause I'm all in this game for winning, I don't settle for defeat.  
From the suburbs to the streets I will stand by what I speak  
And I don't even know what this bitch is saying up on the beat.

But I got a hundred bars on me,  
Everything that we throw on, the credit card's on me.  
Every drink that we get, the titty bar's on me  
And I'll be living just like this until my heart don't beat.  
Bitches it's Chris Webby, that whitey who spit deadly,  
With my foot up on the pedal like I'm Mario Andretti.  
Fucker, I rap flames and murder the rap game  
Spittin' 'til I'm number one with a bullet like Max Payne.  
Got that Nerf gun tucked and I'll aim it at your gut,  
Better duck is the track that cracker and slapper of big but.  
Getting drunk, always looking for some double D cups,  
But in the lab I'll cook it up like I'm Wolfgang Puck.

Get in the game and I go straight H.A.M.,  
When I get the rock up in my hand,  
'Cause I'm here to get it popping, just exactly how I planned.  
Take a stand right here for this rapping shit and keep my lyrics accurate  
Test me while beating Webby, just simply will never happen.  
Bitch, salute me, 'cause truly, I be the dopest on the chords,  
Master Yoda with the bars, I'm a Jedi with the Force.  
That's 'cause Webby done got that flow, they get act like they don't know,  
But they ain't fucking with me, period, yo, fanito.