

Best Out

Chris Webby

I love the way they all doubt me
That's the energy that I need
'Cause let me tell you one thing about me
It only brings the best out in me, best out in me

Yeah
To me the hate is like gasoline
Or that charger cord to my battery
Shit I am what I am 'cause the kids that would laugh at me
And try to shit on all my rapper dreams
So by now it seems that that woke me up
And I told myself that I won't give up
Stepped focus up and got bold as fuck
So come hold my nuts, they like coconuts
'Til that rope is cut that I'm climbing on
I will hit the scene like a fire bomb
So come ride along or get riden on
Through the course of an entire song
Let me light the bong, get fucking blazed
Bitch, I'll be back in a couple days
Sit and relax, I ain't one to play
But when I do, high score all the fucking way
See I put on a show and attract the media
Master in academia
Human encyclopedia
Spitting up words like rap bulimia
UFO, pull up out back and beam me up
Now better better step back and see me get down
Batter batter swing I'm striking y'all out
And psyching them out
Y'all bring the best out of me
When left out of the conversation
Faced with the doubt and the constant hatin'
Try to keep me down but I found the basement
Down underground's where the crown was waiting
Stay calm and patient, use motivation
Never got complacent, kept concentration
Fuck these stars, I'm a constellation
Going in like operation
My occupation is dominating the population
My observation is I'm the greatest
No consolation, my obligation to the congregation
Is to what what?
Go all in, killing all them
Might take a breath but I don't know when
Fierce with a pen like a bull in a pen
Seeing red, yeah Web on that bullshit again

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'Cause let me tell you one thing about me
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Anytime your skepticism surround me
Go ahead and play your hand as you please
We both know the game is nothing without me
And you only bring out the best out in me, best out in me

If you could picture me back then
The record would back spin
It was actually baffling I wasn't asking
To get a kicked ass then
It came over me slowly
To get the tool and do the foolie
And if I pull it
I make him say "Holy Moly"
Get to shoot it through him
Then the Strangers would never knew me
Nobody would ever know me
Frequently get beaten
Everything I get cheated
That's how I'm supposed to get treated?
No, I should just have my feet in it
I should be so deep up in it
I can go repented then blamin' 'em
I put a dent in 'em
I can get gassed on like ten of 'em
Treat 'em like women that been livin'
With R Kelly I can't stop if they tell me to take off the shackles and back
off 'em (wooh)
That's where I needed to go
Deleted it and I wouldn't know
That I would be the sickest sickest
And Krizz ain't no victim and picked on 'em
Fucking your bitch with the dick on 'em
Rattle some cages
Been on a few stages
Couple of magazine pages
Hook a few fades
Play some engagement
For like regularly wages
I need a cake and an ice cream
People that pay me that might seem
Kinda crazy Kali Baby on my team
They fighting for the right price even though some of you pipe dream
Spit 16s to get things they get pissed when I get stiff when Krizz sing
They love me like a Christmas gift and kissing
Their lips some of them kiss, bet you're wishing
Okay
I just put a ring on the finger of the industry
Only do it for the energy
And I go all in, killing all them
Might take a breath but I don't know when
Fierce with a pen like a bull in the pen
Seeing red, Yeah Kali on the bullshit again

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