Blunt Ride Cypher (Interlude)

Chris Webby

It's Chris Webby, getting high as fuck right now
I'm hella sick, and no one knows what I'm infected with
So hi it's nice to meet you
I'm the guy your girl been texting with
Evil rap nemesis, lighting up that heady shit
That's potent as the poison in a fucking box jellyfish
In a box Chevy with the soldiers in my fellowship
Legolas and Aragorn cruising through Connecticut
Leave behind a trail of empty bottles and jealous chicks
Throw around bread, I'm on my Hansel and Gretel shit
A psychopath on a path of destruction
Popping Xanax til I'm seeing black
I better pass the Dutch Master I'm puffing
The first up the the mic but the last to the function
Stumbling drunk with a busty chick with a passion for sucking
East Coast, we don't borrow your swagger for nothing
We'd rather start a battle instead of having a discussion
So pass it back to me, cousin
Shit I'm so nice I could spit this shit right here backwards in Russian!

No sound like the one I got
They can hear it anytime I rock
Cause all I got's my balls and my word
And this baggie full of herb
And I'm coming for that #1 spot

I've always been a loose cannon
They say I rolled off of a pirate ship
High as shit, Bobby Costas, look how red my eyes'll get
I'm out in Sochi, 720 to a flying split
And land all up in that vagina bitch, huh
See I be showing them what I can do with this shit
Yo what you think I was new to this shit?
Got a beautiful chick in the passenger seat
Giving head to me while I maneuver the whip
Vroom, rhyme book staying fucking full
Chemically Imbalanced, and fully fucking disfunctional

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