

Brass Tacks

Chris Webby

Yeah, it's time to get down to brass tacks
Get it cooking baby show me where the lab's at
Here we go again, now see the cash stack
All these bills got my pockets saying Afflack
Yeah, it's time to get down to brass tacks
Bunch of women in my whip like I'm Mad Max
(Ass fat) tap it like I'm skipping through my Snapchats
You can't even do half that

You see I've always been a killer with raps, it's that villainous cat
Go and tell em Jack the Ripper is back
And I'm making every syllable snap, a gorilla with the silverest back
Strength levels hitting simian stats
Loud pack until my eyes are cloudy
And I'm a monster with the ink, when I'm writing they call me Mike Wazowski
Am I dead? Cause I see those vultures flying found me
Tryna get a piece of what I have proudly designed around me
And like Rhonda Rousey I'm smacking bitches, and act malicious
In the laboratory it's back to business...
I been the, best in the burbs since my third CD
Still I'm under rated like making The Purge PG
(They gone love me, trust me)
Started in the lab as a puppy now I'm a fully grown UCONN husky
Never rusty, so never rush me, they'll never touch me
Turned my skills into a job and now I'm getting money

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Bout to get down to brass tacks, nothing I'm doin' is half ass
In the booth, 100 proof, getting loose 'til the roofs goes poof... match tha
t
A literal lab rat, syllables abstract
Dozen notebooks, no hooks, in my timberland back pack
Killin' shit mad fast, doing some fat dabs
On a Dyno with black mags, no time for cat naps
Mother fuckers wake up, or climb a ladder with Jacob
Name your top 10 rappers, I'll eat 5 like some Steakums
The other 5, 50/50 whether I could take em
But I know I could hang with every name that they been sayin'
Amazing's an understatement, I'm underground, under rated
Under paid, and underappreciated
But I wouldn't mind bein' famous... hint, hint
Go buy my album bitches, fuck it get both of 'em
My flows opium, double dose, mind openin'
Feeling like I'm floatin' in, a boiling pool of molten gin
Engulfed in sin, tryna stay positive more or less
But I know, every shot can't touch the bottom of the net
So it's on to the next, never wanting to rest
Dominant as Indominus Rex, call me God in the flesh
Gotta confess, I really got a lot on my chest

Treasure buried in my heart, somewhere I forgot how to get
I guess, that's why I'm chewin' percs, cause see the truth can hurt
Music works, as my way to connect with the universe
It's not how hard you can hit, but get hit
All the scars and shit make you who you are, news alert
Be proud own it, third eye open I'm usin' words
And sound waves to time travel through space to Jupiter
Feelin' like its 4th down, game on the line
Hail Mary, Mary please, I'm just waitin' to shine
I'm the diamond in the rough that you've been waitin' to find
So, what the fucks up? Stop wastin' my time

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