

Burn

Chris Webby

Yeah
You can spot a fire by watching the Spotifiers
They just press play on my shit and they start a fire
Ride till I die, till there's no groove left on the tires
Chilling at home like umpires
While I write my next shit, lay it down and flex it
From the booth to the marketplace let the cheques hit
Treating every song like an individual investment
Underground king of my coast, eatin' shellfish
With a bad bitch cause we all gon' die
So this life I got I live right
You can all try
But can't outsmart me cause my
Intellectuals on the level of AI
I learn by defeat, check the battling scars
Bitch most of you can't even step to half of my bars
Fucking pussy run your mouth while you actin' all hard
You probably wear your rubber gloves and face mask in the car
With your windows rolled up trying not to get sick
But shit I been sick for years, my therapist
Told me if we wrote down all my problems it'd be a list
So long even Santa Claus couldn't check this
Let alone check it twice, fuck naughty and nice
I'm so bad; having coal in my stocking's a way of life
Kerosene in one hand while the other got a light
Hear a (ksht) then I'm calling it ignite
Webby

Uhh, yeah we all gon' die
Live like the roof's on fire
And we yelling out:
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Yeah, fuck em, let em conspire
See I can spot a liar by watching his spot expire
I can spit a verse and kill rappers with rapid fire
Rap deniers won't acknowledge my prowess, don't try to [?]
[?] that I'm [?] on songs, now who's the loudest
Allow me to explain my versatility origins
I came up with pimps and rebels fighting the war we in
Normally I'm ignoring the silly rappers with corny [?]
I can smell the smoke cause my hood was a crematorium
This is like a memoriam for what I used to be
So when I light the match you pussies better use your feet
All that's left is charred up bodies as far as you can see
If you can see, then I might show mercy, don't try to divert me
Fuck your politics and opinions, you just a minion
Everything you ever mention you heard on a cable network

A carefully crafted timeline and algorithm
That's only feeding you bias
You don't believe me just try it
Cause everything I built, see I built from the ground up
Come around us, like you been sippin' that Roundup
Killin' off the weeds as I weave in-between the sound
I'm astounded how you suckas keep bitching like: how come?
[?] accelerant, what you think is irrelevant
Beating around the bush cause you scared to address the elephant
Sittin' in the room while I'm shittin' inside your tomb
Somebody pass me a match, click boom

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Pass me the flamethrower, match in the gas and it's game over
Molotov cocktails out of the Range Rover
Half of my brain smoulder, with rap I'm a chain smoker
A dragon who takeover, make crack from the baking soda
Gas stove veteran, cheffin' up the medicine
But never get the credit, I'm more Tesla than Eddison
All about the benjamins and what I can invest it in
After the dough (doe) turning big bucks into venison
Replicate it devastating, place you on the ventilator
Diss you on the record and write your name in the metadata
Meditative state of an out of body experience
Light your body on fire, get buried in Siberian
Cemeteries get eerie when spirits started appearing
In spots I spit lyrics in raps you'll never hear again
Better give love or get sent to heaven above
Or get shredded, fed to the furnace like Freddy's sweater and glove

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