

# Church

Chris Webby

Welcome, welcome! All you ninjas!  
Come on in and make some room  
Move on over, now!  
Go - watch out for the baby head!  
The baby... You about to head the baby in the head..  
Why you gotta take up both seats?  
Just move on over!  
Lets start the show  
We have a special guest tonight... He goes by the name of Chris Webby  
Now, this you man, hails from Connecticut  
After six mixtapes  
After half a million dollars  
After 20 million YouTube views  
Countless sold out shows  
And many a satisfied fan!  
All you ninjas, give a warm welcome to your... Chris Webby

You see I'm buzzin' now  
Shovel in hand I dug from the underground  
Lyrical artillery loaded with forty-dozen rounds  
They used to run they mouth  
Shit, they Daffy Duckin' now!  
Came out spittin'  
First photo shoot was my ultrasound  
Throwin' up my middle fingers in my Mother's uterus  
Spittin' fire off of the top  
Mount Vesuvius  
Always caught disturbing the peace  
They said I was Ludacris  
Crazy, unpredictable, nutty, but never stupid, bitch  
Smart guy like Taj Mauer eatin' pot brownies  
On the run for killing beats 'till the fuckin' cops found me  
On the loose again  
Apple juice and gin  
Out manouverin' my enemies  
Leave 'em with sutures in  
Cut 'em up  
Cause my flow is sharper than Excalibur  
Maximus, Decimus, Maridius to these challengers  
Gladiator in the flesh  
Swinging for your fucking neck  
Slicing up these beats  
While you bitches can even cut a check  
Up next, final stop, success, like...

Now hold on, now hold up, hold on now, hold on...  
You gots to teach these boys how to rap..  
Cause what these boys out here is doing, is not rap. It's wack  
You got to show them the multi-syllable schemes  
You got to show them the air-tight flow  
You got to show them, them punchlines  
Now get on in there and do your thing, son!

Everything I do, I do it with heart  
Werewolf with a full moon in the dark  
Tear a fucking human apart  
I'm stupidly smart

Started on the east  
But my music made a westward expansion something like Lewis and Clark  
Climbing up the musical charts  
And me falling off?  
That's like Bullseye from Daredevil losing at darts  
I'm just a crazy motherfucker  
Who was bred to be a monster, since the eighties motherfucker  
I'm lyrically inclined  
Put my spirit in my rhymes  
Veins pumpin' hip-hop  
You can hear it in my lines  
Rollin' with a bunch of goons  
Everyday we grindin' on  
And we All Spark  
You can catch me up on Cybertron  
I am on everything  
Bad Meets Evil-er  
That's just how the cookie crumbles  
Motherfucking Keebler!  
Mark my teachers words  
They told me that I should be mature  
But now that my pockets beefed up  
I'm never going vegan, sir  
Grindin' 'till the fuckin' day I stop breathing  
Word