

## colt 45 (2018)

Chris Webby

Yeah, I'm feelin' good  
I'm feelin' real fuckin' good

Aye, I've been on time-out since kindergarten  
Doc tested me for crazy, I was in the margin  
Couple marijuana plants growin' in my garden  
Throw some kratom in my waters when I'm sippin' on 'em  
And I be killin' everything up on my John Wick  
Trust me motherfucker, you don't really want this  
Got a little blonde chick  
Whose Nicki Minaj thick  
To my side like I'm starrin' in a Bond flick  
Cut through the conflict like a hot knife through some Land O'Lakes  
So you could dissect my words and annotate  
But you could never find a weak spot  
I got that Heat Rock and we pullin' up  
Better slam those brakes  
Until the fat lady sing on Broadway  
Don't know how much that broad weigh  
But she hit them acapellas all day  
A renegade, part Shady and part Jay  
And part Tasmanian Devil, raisin' hell in the hallways  
I'm takin' it over  
I heat 'em up just like the brave little toaster  
Until the fuckin' day that I'm sober  
Mary Jane in my bowl loaded  
With a whole 'nother O'  
With this dope that I'm rollin'  
'Cause baby, thats the way of the stoner  
I got a hundred proof in my cup with some juice  
And I get fuckin' loose  
Shit, it runs in my roots  
I go hard, poppin' Cialis's up in the booth  
Killin' shit because it's somethin' to do

I got my Colt .45 and my Zig Zag rolled  
And my speakers turned high 'til my twitty's are blown  
I'll be losin' my mind in my smoked out zone  
Grind it, roll it, light it, smoke it  
Hold it in now, get stoned

Webby goin' sick a lot  
Someone get a Penicillin shot  
Encephalitis that's mixed with a little Chicken Pox  
They can't keep up with the massive amount of shit I drop  
I'ma need a bigger litter box  
And I'll crash the Porsche  
Right up into the packin' store  
Take everything, dip, come back and ask for more  
A mother fucker  
Why you think your mom and dad divorced?  
Snoop Dogg and baby boy I'ma smash your fork  
I'm kickin' over the cushion  
So with the flow I've been cookin'  
They've been bumpin' this shit from fuckin' Poland to Brooklyn  
But I'll be up on a beach in Connecticut  
On a stroll with your woman

She be bendin' over in front of me when she know that I'm lookin'  
I know that I shouldn't but I just got an appetite  
For that ass in tight pants  
It just grabs my sight  
And when she told me I'm talented and my tracks are tight  
I'm like, yeah, no shit, bitch  
I know my rappings nice  
Shit, I've been doin' this shit half my life  
You shitty rappers need to pass the mic  
Yeah, you could say somethin' back but like  
That'd be bad advice  
You really don't want me to snap, alright?  
The top spots what I'm coming for  
Got that magic with the flow  
Call me Dumbledore  
I got the munchies and all you rappers are lookin' like Aqua Teen Hunger For  
ce  
You don't want no motherfuckin' war

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