

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, that's 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 Force
You don't want no motherfuckin' war

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