

Datpiff (Freeverse)

Chris Webby

Ye ye ye ye ye yeah

Webbys lab... 2

Na na na na nana

I'm Vladamir and Vitali combined in the body of Rowdy Roddy and Colossus usi
n' karate

So get to movin' your body, see for you it's a hobby

But I've been dropping shit ever since I could poop on the potty

And it's prolly cause I just spent my whole life gettin' stared at
Weirdo with the raw rap goin' bare back

Can I give a fuck? Hmm, maybe, but I swear that...

You'll never see it like Donald Trump on a prayer mat...

While rockin' a turban and swervin' in a Ford Explorer

Bumpin' some reggaeton and helpin' people cross the border

See I'm just tryna do it for my peoples and supporters

Roll so mother fuckin' deep you'd think I'm breathing underwater

Cause see I'm like the author of this autobiography

They call me an oddity, it ain't my fault cause they'll probably

Pick apart my every lyric like a frog in biology

But I'll keep my stock high enough to stall the economy

As I jog through your property, while they tryin' to run it

Take off flyin' and plummet while Webby climb to the summit

Droppin' fire they love it, it's just a drop in the bucket

Only dude still on the mic without a quality budget

I mean fuck it, I rock crowds and I'm makin' my block proud

Even thought I'm still residing at my mom's house

Wait, wait... Aren't I supposed to be on now?

Countin' my money from all the people that supported my songs now?

"Calm down Webby, I been bumpin' you on Spotify"

Well thanks for that, like, one thousandth of a dollar, guy

Maybe if you listen enough then I'll get like eighty cents

And be a step closer to gettin' me that Mercedes Benz

Fuck the latest trends, I'll do the opposite

I'm a do me, middle fingers to the politics

And EDM is all I'm hearin' from the college kids

Maybe I'm just gettin' older man, but it's obvious that...

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I'm in the laboratory cookin' up a classic

Go and tell em Webby's back bitch

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(Danger!) I run in screamin' like Mystikal, smoother criminal

Than Micheal mixed with Alien Ant Farm, the pivotal

Multi syllable killer my finger itchin' till triggers blow

Minions in the whip cause I'm mother fucking despicable

I'm sick of all these trivial rappers talkin' material possessions and financial status all up on my stereo

All I ever do is go hard, now it's gettin' physical

Until I'm breathin' hard as Seth Rogen doin' 27 miles on an elliptical

... I'm not ballin', I'm just lighting the bong till I'm coughin'

Jamo poured till I'm crawlin'...

If you steppin' to Chris? I'll leave your head on a stick

Like Ned Stark, I just gotta get a pencil and flip
See what I carry and wield? This shits Valerian steel
And any second I'm a blow, call me Derek Forreal
So it's hickory dickory dock, lick on the tip of my cock
In the conversation I'm the pick of the litter to watch
Don't need a mixer, I don't order my shit on the rocks
All I need's a chalice with some whiskey that's filled to the top
The fuck has happened? One minute people rappin'
The next all I'm hearin' is adlibbing over tracks and
The planet is collapsin', economies are crashin'
And Hillary Clinton is dabbin', so I guess that...

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