

Def Jam Vendetta

Chris Webby

If you step to me, I'mma hold my ground, my words
Are wrapping spree, I'mma lay you down

You gon' see a rapper get smacked Def Jam Vendetta
No one better, word to my abuela
She's get a, sharp cheddar, mozzarella
Super-powered, supervillain, super shredder
Busta Rhymes and I flip modes
Tall stacks like big show
You want to look at me eye to eye then you best get on your tiptoes
Got sick flows, and I flex raps, come face off and I'll bet stacks
And then your favorite rapper rubbing that celebrity deathmatch
I'm triple A Charles in your face
Undertaker with a shovel out
Rashiki how my name carry weight
Hardy Boyz how I doubled down
The Rock before you with Dwayne Johnson
Raising up with that eyebrow
They'll vote leave them unconscious
Called a fight when they lie down
To high now to come back to earth
Feel like I'm living in Space Balls
They hit the ground like rainfall
Choke slamming, fuck out of Jake Paul
Got a mask on like mankind, Webby up in his damn prime
So facing off with me right now, you must be out of your damn mind
Got a belt on, tell me how that look
Take a Diamond Dallas Page out of my book
If you want to learn the rap recipe, then I can teach 'em how to cook, look
Weaponize with that raw sound
When I'm aiming, I'm knock 'em all down (shit)
Even if you ain't in my sights, my kids are straight like a dog pound
Going off now like, whoa
You think black robs are the dough?
Hit him, I hit him I, hit him low
I'm a monster with the flow (oh)
Rowdy rowdy give 'em an experience without a body
Right to the hospital lobby, yeah

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You gon' see a rapper get smacked Def Jam Vendetta (Detta)
You ain't gon' find nobody better (never)
Ever, ever
Send 'em all out on a stretcher

Ok, celebrity deathmatch, fuck around get your neck snap
Better go get your best grabs
You ain't leaving alive and that's facts
I'mma shit on a nigga like X lacks
Make it bitch, give me top like a head wrap
I was starving can even get rid of scratch
Had the bounce back, lift the breast that
You may catch a nigga down on fairfax
It's all Jim Duggan bitch, I'm on the edge don't pushing niggas buttons (please)
I had to grab a piece and put them in the oven, turn them into stopping than

king nigga
Bluffin' and pull up on me 'cause it's shits give his on this ain't dirty do
zen
30 in equipment nigga get the bus
And I can drop the gun and we can get the scuffin'
Yeah can you smell what The Rock cooking?
Body mean-mugging tell him stop looking
At my picture bullet that I'm not good in
Give me one reason I shouldn't, it just one thing I'm not doing it
We don't back down in the background 1, 2, 3 I'm pulling
Yeah, now fuck it let's just have a cage fighter
I jump off the road it's date night
Watches body dropping and shake light
Hitting hard can't even save his life
He lost a lot of blood like eight pints
This a Def Jam Vendetta, if you ain't in the bag leaving in a stretcher

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Send 'em all out on a stretcher