

# 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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Are wrapping spree, I'mma lay you down  
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 strecher

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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