

Elephant

Chris Webby

We finna see what they do
We're the elephant in the room
We're the local legends come true
That's not the way to come out of it

A-Noyd! Yeah!
Since when you did it that's it, yeah!
Since [?] servin' up your entree
I'm a giant like the brother Andre
Big man, grandé, hombré
Fill a room with a elephanté
Get in tune, I was in the womb writin' double entendres
Hooked to a machine like I'm Conway
Serve me a plate, thing go [?]
ANoyd is the boom shacka-lacka boomer
Put a socker bopper to ya
'Bout to hop inside a Uber
Got me erotis with a lot of cougars
The heavy drip on mine sooner
The bright side of dark humor
The situation could be tumor
Tell you to suck it up like a Roomba
V-v-v-vooma
There you go
The real Champagne Popeye
You're an [?] perrio
Send the mentions through boombox
Did I really type on your stereo?
Bus' a bus' the scenario
From Connecticut to Ontario
See me rock out like Jelly Roll
What's goodie
To the west side I boogie
You equipped, I'm fully
Under the ANoyd hoodie
My lyrical side is not a surprise
I see why they call me a bully
I put all these rappers inside a headlock and I'm probably gon' give 'em a n
oogie
The elephants in the room are not givin' no space to move
Drive at a slow pace to fuel
You wanna relocate? It's cool
Its gonna feel like it's April Fool's
I'm here now, nothin' else to prove
I pick me 'cause I'm safe to choose
I walk out, I'm scathed and bruised
And what we doin'?, what we doin'?

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Not losing sleep for you
When the elephants in the room
They better clear a metropolis

Yeah we the champs
I'll take the shot if I see the chance
I'll spike the ball and then TD dance
That final boss, you gon' see I am
That super shredder
My feet are planted
That grave's dug and you'll feed the plants
I chop the lyrics and [?]
Like choppin' down on those [?] grams
OG I am, I know
Been at war like G.I. Joe
Yeah I been through this shit
You can't even imagine
And still I get up and I go
Never before
Keepin' that fire burnin' in my soul
Out on the road
Earnin' my stripes at a personal price
But murderin' mics is all I know
Woah, woah
Do not mis-measure my net worth
Go and Chris Jenner
That kid clever
My skin tougher than thick leather
I'll quit never
So dear haters
I promise y'all that I'll keep givin' y'all displeasure
Your's truly, Chris Webster
An elephant in big letters
Yeah this shit isn't dumb luck
You must have me fucked up
Yeah I'll make 'em bounce with me
Can I get a "What, What!"
Uh, hang my trunk low
I'm wooly mammoth, y'all Dumbo
Never givin' a singular fuck so
Somebody go and hit that drum roll

Because I don't give a shit what you think
Been a man on the brink and I'm still that way
I was built that way
So until that day that I'm laid in the dirt and they fill that grave
Imma give my all 'til they get that praise
While I drip my balls and I spit that flame
Give a shit 'bout fame
Make 'em feel my pain
That's why they get chills when they hear my name
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