

# #FeelTheBern

Chris Webby

Ya

Webby's lab.... 2!

CT, what up man, still got those mother fucking bars on deck

I'm a killer whale

My frigging tail could tip the scales

And my train of thought is so heavy that I could strip the rails

On dark knights, you ain't catching me with Christian Bale

I'm a Tom Hardy and ledger up in the city jail

Fuck bail I'm already down in hell and chilling

Raise hell and sinnin

Not counting on the day that I meet God and get to hang around in heaven with him

So when I'm Grammy winning giving acceptance speeches I ain't sharing the credit with the machete gripping

And ready whipping, up in my Chevy ripping

From Connecticut to your television, you better listen

Cuz the flows so vicious

I'm superhuman all they are are superstitious

So watch yourself bitches

Cuz I be so malicious, vicious

So stay the mother fuck up out my business

I roll up and hit this now I am so lit

It's clear I'm on grass like a picnic

And you know we blunt sparking

Eyes lower than Ben Carsons

Space jam ballin I am Marvin a martian

Pardon, I heat it up like methane and carbon

But I'm going green solar panels in my garden

I'm, committing arson when I drop my project

And I'mma burn your house down with the shit I drop next

Connecticut to the prime meridian listening

I'm up in every classroom, home and condominium and

I cause a racket bitch and I'm not talking wimbeldon

I get it in

That's why they seeing web like they looking between the toes of an amphibian, I'm brilliant

There's other rappers talk but we ain't buying it like they selling bottled tap water from Flint Michigan

Bitches I'm on my shit again

Thinking back on life but now its different

Always evolving, I'm so Darwinian

I'm no simpleton, Webby here to get it in

And I got my Michelin scraping the pavement

It's ride or die, bitches get an amen

My rap games godly, pull up with a posy

Rocking the ear flaps like Kyle Broflovski

Webby kamakazie, bonzie watch me

Detonator in my pocket like a Tomagatchi

Swerving like I'm Ozzi, I think it was the molly

I put it down for months but my brain still foggy

I be doing this until the day I go scenial

Forget how to write, perform and spit freestyles

I'mma kill shit 'til then with no retrial

Cuz I got my lawyer Saul Goodman on the speed-dial

Meanwhile, I'mma swerve like I'm flippin a bitch

And its simple as this, on these minimalists

Cannot hang with the bar heavy lyrical shit  
When I'm back up in that lab like kibble and bits  
Get it? like retriever? the dog, Labrador?  
No? What the fuck, all I'm asking is for you to understand me  
And some money for the packet store  
I need a dollar, can you loan me some Macklemore?  
I want them thriftshop checks  
So I don't care who I piss off next  
Clock in, not a shift off yet  
It ain't easy trying to live off debt  
Put in work but nobody getting rich off sweat  
You see I really love rapping bro  
But now its turned into a mother fucking fashion show  
They wearing skirts and flip flops, what the fuck he doing?  
With pants so tight, you see the dam butt cheeks through em  
I'm east coast cuz my sweats in timbos  
A scruffy ass face cigarette and brim low  
With a sexy bimbo big breasted nympho  
Giving head in a rented limo  
So check yo info  
The game looking real concerned  
Cuz when I'm on, I'ma steal your turn  
I'm like senator sanders mixed with a fucking charmander  
So, either way you gonna feel the burn