Fine Wine

Chris Webby

I wrote this shit for Flex to drop a bomb on it
It's over when I'm on it
Static bring it back with a scratch, and throw fire on it
I got five on it
Unless it's that chronic, I got a dime on it
Everything the light touches is sayin mine on it
Slide on it like a water park, ride on it
Acid in my headband, kiss the sky on it
Treating beats like John Belushi
Countertops with all these lines on it
Aim for the top and I keep my eyes on it

I'm an animal on everything like echo shirts
Try to follow my every rhyme, and your head'll hurt
The way I write, I consider it academic work
An extra terrestrial being that was sent to earth

Just a kick in the doors
Deliver you more rhymes than you could ever write
Plus they're slicker than yours
Don't wanna co-sign me? cool
Someone give me the torch and imma sit up on my throne like the king of the north

Rockin Tim's with the tongue out
Smoke till I bug out
Night crawlin on em, never see me when the sun out
Rookie of the year, lighting bogies in the dugout
So try to find your balance, I'm about to pull the rug out, yeah
So you better get the fuck out here
Words hazey in my mind but they come out clear
All these metaphors I got, I'll never run out
I'm bout to pitch a shut out
I'll come at anyone out here

So bitch you better keep your head low
Do it side I said so, retro
Reppin for New England like I'm Bledsoe
Can't afford a Benz, so I'm riding on the metro
Arm out the window, flipping birdies like a pet-co

Yo
See Web the one your lady look for
Jesse Pinkman of the game but I cook more
Yank a cop up out his drivers seat full force
(I need back up here, get the fuck off me!)
Call it pulled pork

Was just a myspace rapper, till I broke through
Made a little money, and I blew it with my whole crew
Used to pop molly every week, I was so loose
Brain full of holes, just like Sunny at the toll booth
Left that bullshit in the past, and went Goku
Super Sayan till I got a mansion with a dope view
Shit this beat is cold, juice
Got that fresh produce
Turn the studio into a wholefoods

So shit you better get a medical check
I'm so sick, when I spit
Every syllable I said will infect your whole body
Immune system sensing a threat
It's imminent, yes
My excellence ahead of the rest
Untouchable, like Elliot Nest
See Webby fines
I'm benching, negative press
While I'm flexing my chest
A super human mutant, go give my genetics a test
My life's a never ending segment of that Edelman catch

I'm Tesla with some Edison meshed together, and bet
There ain't no mother fuckin way that I'll be second to best
Cause imma settle every settlement, won't settle for less
The top soil and the sediments, the scent of my breath

Been underground
But imma dig the fuck up now
Bout to show em what the fucks up now, yeah
I've been underground
But imma dig the fuck up now
Bout to show em what the fucks up
Fine Wine baby

Time keeps on ticking
We can't worry bout those minutes leaving
I'm grown up and I'm living decent
But I'm gonna touch the sky

Time goes by
Keeps on ticking away

But I'm only getting better, said I'm getting better with age

Fine wine baby

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