

# Full Steam Ahead

Chris Webby

Peddle down to that floor, till the wheels don't spin no more  
See me swervin' up, fast and furious, hear that engine go roar  
Speed is all that I know, buckle up and I go  
When the light's not red, full steam ahead, go and pass me the microphone, a  
nd we yellin' out  
Full steam ahead (full steam ahead)  
In a hurry goin' a hundred and thirty until everything outside of my window  
is blurry yellin' out out  
Full steam ahead (full steam ahead)

Yeah, got Chloe and Kendall grippin' the head of my member lickin'  
And suckin' until I'm bustin' all over they neck and dippin'  
Like andale andale, cause I'm speedy with my exit mission  
Gone before they even tell I'm missin', my Chevy whippin'  
So fuckin' quick your vision can't manage getting recognition  
And now your head is spinnin' like I'm practicing exorcism  
So when I'm on the mic there ain't no way you could censor Christian  
So many words would be cut you'd think your fuckin' antenna's missin'  
Like Em and Tech were spittin', so check the rhythm  
And bring it back just like the dead were risen with necromism  
Because I shock em like they opted for the chair instead of prison  
With my crew made up of closely assembled villains  
You just a kennel kitten, stepping into a bigger pet division  
I'm bred to sic em, so just let me off the leash and I'll effin' kill em  
I'm blowin' up like I apprenticed in demolition  
And now I'm all up on your television baby let's fuckin' get em  
So run run now, go and hit the road jack  
Hut one now, ready when I thrown that  
Blackin' out on a beat like I'm takin' Prozac  
Mixed with a bottle of cognac, call me Bojack  
Cause I'm an animal and I'm so animated  
Going green, so I'll get a Prius candy painted  
Drivin' through your campus waving as the fans awaitin'  
Followin' behind me from a cinematic angle till the camera's fadin', what  
Buzzin' like I fuckin' suck at operation  
Sorry sir I think there's been some minor complications  
Vital signs flat line while your body's shakin'  
That's when I lose my God damn patience (sir we've lost another one)  
On a God damn rampage, leave em with a bandaid, fuck what the man say  
Just a renegade getting handshakes, up and down the landscape  
Do what I do to the death, get up out my damn way

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Yeah, all gas, no breaks on the peddle  
This song sounds like rap mixed with heavy metal  
Never settle, flow hot, I been screamin' like a kettle  
In the city of the stars, pullin' strings like Geppetto  
I saw the path and I went the opposite way

Middle fingers in the air when I respond to a lame  
I was findin' my lane, and they defied what I claimed  
Anything is possible, I'm just reminding my state  
That anybody with a dream and work ethic can get it  
All it takes is confidence and persistence  
I calculated a plan I envisioned  
Became the man in my city, took shots with precision  
And now I can't stop with my writtens  
My pen bleeds the truth, I every single sentence  
Helped kids through addiction with the music I invented  
Made a style and a voice, let everybody rent it  
Windows tinted in that brand new Range  
So when I say you can't see boy I mean what I say  
Full steam like I'm cleanin' a tux  
Award shows in my Chucks, not givin' a fuck

Cause we, livin' it up, shit I'm fillin' my cup  
I started with the minimum and now I'm triplin' up  
I'm never quittin' till I'm sittin' on a million plus  
I'm colder than reptilian blood, with a brilliant touch  
Up on an instrumental, leave your noggin spinnin' like you Dizzy Devil  
Hit the peddle, since I was eleven playing Twisted Metal  
Cause the kid is friggin' mental, spittin' till I pop or rip a vessel in my  
neck while I whip a rental  
I'm runnin' up the mileage, so much if I returned it they'd make me buy it  
Auto pilot while riding the Iron Giant  
Burnin' so much gas that I'm worried about the climate  
Sorry for contributin' to the crisis, but I got my...

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