

# Gladiator Pit

Chris Webby

Mah, fuck your life, stupid  
You know the vibe (You know the vibe)  
Haha, third time's the charm (Yup)  
Roll a dong (Bing bong)  
Yo, yo, yo

Right nows not the time to hate  
I'm everywhere, it's pure torture  
Thinkin' you could fuck with my squad  
Now that's a tall order  
Ten deep, hoppin' on planes  
My crews'll cross borders  
I don't go to beaches no more  
My pool got salt water  
You got to learn that I'm not gonna lose  
I told her, "Let me go raw, who wears condoms in pools?"  
Really baby, think about it, fucks the matter with you?  
Hit me on the 'Gram, I fucked her, same night out of the blue  
My personality done got me out of the red  
This blicky will put your fuckin' thoughts out of your head  
You a loser, get them fuckin' thoughts out of your head  
And if it ain't about money, I don't get out of the bed, ah (Ching-ching)  
These satin sheets is too comfortable  
I don't do sleepovers, wake up, you're too comfortable (Your Uber's here)  
You're fuckin' weird, that's why bitches don't fuck with you  
They puttin' pills all in they drink like Cliff Huxtable  
Rah, yo, take these last four bars and rub 'em on your chest  
Yo, Webby, tell 'em don't ever disrespect me  
Yeah, we outside, stupid  
Fuck your life

Y'all done got passed the Mason and step outside of the pool pit  
It is what it is, know this killer came with a full clip  
I ain't come for play-play  
So, understand there ain't no skippin' this ass whoopin'  
Pen sharper than Club Shay-Shay, huh  
These dudes are stuck in a clear state of delirium  
They ain't good fellas, lil Joeys think that we're scared of him  
Aww, them niggas have got it backwards  
God, I'm a dog, the Lord my Shepard but the interiors terrier  
Been a pitbull since that fool was screamin culo, puto  
Go on [?] without the prosciutto  
Young bucket that nigga with 50 Cent on my school clothes  
Just [?] them caught bodies on corners 'til school close  
See, loyalty forcify when met with a few hoes  
Fallin' out like all them retail the way I seen crews fold  
Me and my [?] ass, number twos with excessive vibrants

God flow, how light shine through me like blue stone  
Go the legend, I'm only operatin' in two modes  
And you know I'm in my element, this ain't no fools gold  
I have to undertake a lot while evadin' the tombstones, oh woah

Take your co-signs and rub 'em on your chest  
If there's somethin' I'ma stress, we'll just come to y'all address  
This work comin' once I'm done with all the rest  
That's why I put on this Rollie and this gun when I get dressed

Fiends get the fatty betty  
Ice for the tweakers  
State [?] multi-cell, fight for your sneakers  
I whacked up a bike  
Homie tried, said it was decent  
Careful on that line, you'll get indicted for your recents  
I done seen calls put people behind walls  
I done seen raw get beat on in times four  
I done seen whores get evil and [?]  
This business a grind sport  
I suggest you mind yours  
The work slows up then the robberies occur  
If you say nobody's home bro, you got to be for sure  
The pots just bein' stirred  
This the prophecy in work  
She gon' need a colonoscopy from swallowin' this work  
They ain't stopped makin' guns once they made yours  
It's tough, you and your ops get blunts from the same store  
Money's the only thing I came for  
We don't re-up, we just make more

I keep fakin' smile after smile, I can barely pretend  
'Cause I'm just so sick of buryin' friends  
Been fightin' with the mirror again  
Drinkin' spirit after spirit, then I got the nerve to wonder why my spirit a  
in't cleansed  
I got dark circles under my eye muscles  
Empty bottles on my desk, plottin' a side hustle  
Hate texts from my ex comin', I try to rebuttle  
Only to discover that it's like playin' russian roulette  
Feel like God got a gun to my head  
But I thank him 'cause when you feel like a target then you know you a threa  
t  
I been slowin' down, holdin' regrets close to the edge  
Showing regress', hopin' to still hope for the best  
Got the Spotify billboard in Toronto and I thought it was fresh  
That's until I seen my Spotify check  
I guess for not ridin' the wave, that's what I get  
But I'd rather drown than be a slave for my respect  
Bet, if I don't get paid, I'm comin' to collect  
With the blade like Bobby Flay, you fuckin' with a chef  
Touch my plate and I'm pullin' out your stomach through your neck  
It's Mister Matthews

And if I had to explain this shit to [?]  
Why I was dealin' weight?  
It's 'cause I wasn't dumb enough to think that no politican could fix my lif  
e  
Duckin' police, many a nights had to hustle to eat  
My soul gone but that's how long I've been runnin' these streets  
Every verse you gotta switch and you gon' throw rounds, and go down  
The only thing they switch is their pronouns, from he to her  
I'm a consonant, I keep it G for sure  
I get it poppin' with a continent 'cause only sheep defer  
And people charged him with an overdose death  
He said, "I wanted only dope, homie, don't throw me no fet"  
But when the fiend is comatose, you know the Holy Ghost next  
We took the flow to [?] but that's 'cause Showly know best  
These niggas goin' broke postin'  
Tryna keep these hoes open  
A bunch of mannequins with nice clothes, no motion  
The PCP that my bro quotin' so potent  
He got a house off of that water with no ocean

Y'all low intensity, no consistency  
Prone to injury, livin' off your bro identity  
Ain't no convincin' me that me and y'all is anything alike  
Y'all can't fuck with me in anything in life, nigga

See, I got a couple loose screws  
Fuckin' with Webby's a lose-lose  
What you call my enemies, I call targets to shoot through  
Shit, who else you know could spit out this fire like Mushu  
While lookin' like a druggie version of Steve up in Blues Clues  
Just 'cause I be singin' lately, don't get it confused, dude  
I got bars that could put a body way down where the roots grew  
So, just let 'em talk that shit in my comments on YouTube  
As I fuck their mothers while watchin' Sopranos on Hulu  
See, I learned you gotta dribble 'fore you slam in a basket  
And learn to aim before you shoot and so I carefully practiced  
And now homicide is a hobby, leave 'em layin' in a casket  
Until the worms are crawlin' through 'em like the sand on Arrakis  
Listen, fuckin' with Webb's like tryna handle a cactus  
A fully rabbid white boy, I'm just an animal cracker  
Who took off for another planet but I landed in madness  
So, I fucked the world 'til I busted and I slanted the axis, baow  
Stuck in this game where the rappers can rhyme barely  
Pretty sure most of 'em ain't seen inside of a library  
While the world gone soft, no action, all talk  
Bunch of pussies with no backbone, y'all non-spinary  
I am known for sayin' stuff you're not supposed to say  
In cancel court, I got a trial on the way  
In the jacuzzi like Matthew Perry, except I'm on a higher dose of K  
A couple Adderalls, a Tylenol, an eighth  
And psilocybin caps with an entire batch of weed brownies  
A fuckin' Prilosec, and so much coke, I'm stuffy  
Grab a Dimetapp  
I only murdered Lil Xan just to cremate his fuckin' remains  
Line 'em up with a razor blade, roll a twenty and snort a line of that  
To see if I could catch a high from that  
I'm just a psychopath  
But still, in spite of that  
Catch him in a web with these spider raps  
Shadowbanned, censored, investigated and wire tapped  
So tell a friend to tell a friend that I am back  
Webby