

insomniac (2016)

Chris Webby

We bring the party back, yeah
Where the insomniacs at?
We bring the party back, yeah
We are the insomniacs, yeah
We bring the party back, yeah
Where the insomniacs at?
We bring the party back, yeah

Yeah, give me room I got some shit to speak
Droppin' on the internet
They call me young WikiLeaks
Monster from the start so I'm trick or treat
And I'm hard bodied, my lyrics been in the gym for weeks
Crafty caucasian on the court
On my Pistol Pete
Rippin' beats, you know I've been murkin' shit
Whisky in my bottle while I'm rollin' up that purple shit
When I be droppin', I'm murderous, I
Get on mics and murk in this
And I'm rappin' hot, smashin' box
Like Crash Bandicoot throwin' circle kicks
Bad bitches, them scantily clad bitches
Fully blown daddy issues and covered in tats bitches
And we smokin' 'til I'm floatin' like I'm Kirby inflated
I'm perfectly faded, did nothin' but work 'til I made it
I'm on my insomniac like a possum out on the block for scraps
Killer ocelot, euthanizin' all of the copycats
Casey Jones mask like I'm steppin' into a hockey match
So where the motherfuckin' party at?
Yeah

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See we insomniacs, motherfucker
So skip the melatonin
We gon' be awake up until Hell is frozen
Got 'em headbangin' to the beat
'Til the vertebrae in they neck are broken
Droppin' truth like Edward Snowden with my clever poems
My bed is open 'cause I'm creepin', never sleepin'
I'm [?] by day but I'm a gremlin come evenin'
I got cocaína off the boat from Medellín
And so much Adderall I'll keep the whole city up for the weekend
Got the baddest up in Calabasas
Cuttin' they classes
Sittin' in Cali traffic on the way to come get ratchet
I got 'em in the kitchen fixin' me food
In a tee with no pants like she Winnie the Pooh
Yeah, I get it
Up all night like EMT paramedics

No anesthetics phonetic, energetic with alphabetics
I'm spreadin' the fuckin' vibe like a pathogen epidemic
While I'm sippin' my unleaded and puffin' the devil's lettuce
Yeah, I said it
Party all night 'til my fuckin' words are slurrin'
Layin' dirty versions of records until the birdies chirpin'
And the sun is in the sky like constellations
An insomniac, end of conversation, bitch

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2016 shit
Lost Wednesday shit
Juice I see you
Yeah