

## 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

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  
We are the insomniacs

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 cocaine 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

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  
We are the insomniacs

2016 shit  
Lost Wednesday shit  
Juice I see you  
Yeah