

Jekyll and Hyde

Chris Webby

Which ever way the wind blows
I'ma keep my brim low
With these glasses that can shelter my eyes
Feeling like a Sckitzo
From the life I live yo
Now I'm caught between both Jekyll and Hyde
Jekyll and Hyde

Which ever way the wind blows
They gon' ask me why I change and where did Chris go
A stoned soul away from fame, rocked up in this glass house
With the fucking world watching every movement through the windows
Its a cold world and it predicts snow
Got me stressed out, sitting with spliff rolled
Thinking back to when I started as a kid yo
Blind to the biz, all I knew was how to spit flows
Young teen so damn naive, learning jedi mind tricks with immortal technique
Eminem's Lp with some F.A.D X to the Z Snoopy D.O double G, D.R.E
Skipping church, staying home to alone to scribble down a written verse
Dreaming that one day making music be what I did for work
I follow through with that, but always seem to hit reverse
Like maybe I'm scared of being famous cuz its a gifted curse
No time to be an introvert, cuz now I gotta be in front
Of the camera every fucking where that it follows me
Ain't no alone time, just studio time
Haven't seen my family in weeks, there ain't no time
When the tours booked, then its road time
Sound check, hotel, then it's show time
Mr.Hyde I thought you checked in playing second fiddle
Now I'm stuck in the middle

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Forced to be two people, got me losing my mind
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Just tryna' find my way and taking you for the ride
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I'm stuck as two people, there's the man behind the mic and the person that
I am off stage in real life
The person with the stress that eats away at him at night, drives him crazy,
every step along the way has been a fight
With any love, I'm always getting hate, and how would you like having strang
ers talking shit about you every day
But I brush it off, wont go get it straight, but that negative energy still
affects my day.
I'm just trying to make a hard earned living dude, cuz of what I do, these p
eople see me from a different view
Sick of all these stupid questions in my interviews, like the mother fucking
color of my skin is news

Sick of people thinking that I'm on some gimmick shit, sick of all the comparisons that they hit me with
Like every other white kid spit no different right? fuck that, my brain waves are limitless
I'm just a kid tryna' sing his song and by chance other people started singing along
I feel like an old soul in a young mans game, but I'm living hip hop and the love ain't changed
Put my life in it when I wrote them tracks, but every piece of me I give you, I don't get back
Now I'm feeling like an unfinished puzzle, bartender gonna pour me a double.
Yeah

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