

Just Dance

Chris Webby

Yo!

Chris Webby,

Who else you know is about to go rap over some Lady Gaga?

Yo for real.

I go hard.

Just dance, dance, hold it down

Didn't think I'm ill? Well you know it now

What'll come around goes around,

That's why I hit 'em with the dopest sound

Flowin' now got a dub to twist

And not even Ron Jeremy can fuck with this

Cause I'm fuckin' sick so who's touchin' Chris?

Treat a chick like an Oreo and double dip

Because I'm white as a glass of milk

And I'mma rap until the sun comes up,

Massive skill

Yeah I got so, I don't gotta brag I'm ill

But I still do when I'm drunk on a bag of pills

Cause I rap shit hotley,

Everybody watch me

Cause I love attention and nobody can stop me

Go against me and I'm like John Gotti

Then you will get taken care of like Tamogotchi's

So sick that they think I'm a zombie,

Gee whiz Gaudi

I'm so godly, rollin' with my homeboy Abi

So you know I'mma do what I gotta do hard body

I'm the shit need a potty probably

Do it all in front of your eyes like hibachi

Roll the dice like Yahtzee, got more balls than Botchi

I'm rollin' out top speed, and I'm callin' out shotty!

No blitz, bitch no this, I'm so sick if you didn't notice!

You don't know what I been through did you

But I still keep it cooler than an igloo

And I don't gotta be a big dude,

I'm still a Pitbull and you're a Shih Tzu

So strong I could lift you, pick you up and drop you

Don't even need to hit you

Grapple rappers, put 'em on the ground

Pin 'em real quick no need for a second round

I was a yellow belt at 6 holdin' it down,

Now takin' over town by town

Wow. Let me just smash the set

And find me a little bachelorette

And I'mma bring her back to the sac and sex

Well see how the action gets,

Then round two if she pasts the test

Spit with a cleverly skilled mixture,

Big as the Beverly hills ninja (hiya!)

Rollin' up the windows,

Light the L

Puff puff pass till we getting high as hell

Kill 'em with the wordplay nice as well,

Will I get signed soon? only time will tell,

But I'm kickin' it for now and I love that

Postin' up at the crib like a rugrat,

Now where the dutch at,
Fuck that.

I'm ill, Chris Webby bitch.
You better remember that damn name.
Shit. And I'm out!