

# Killin Em

Chris Webby

Yeah! Yeah!  
I be killin' 'em  
Ye ye, I'm killin' 'em  
Till my bank statement reads 27 million  
They said I couldn't do it so you know I gotta get it done  
Acrobatic rappin' the way that Webby be flippin' son  
Six mixtapes and the fans need more  
I hit the fork in the road and took a detour  
Fire Marshall shuttin' shows down  
Cuz I blow up spots like a Dalmatian strapped up with C4  
Blow minds when they heard the rap  
Hustle so many tapes you think I'm servin crack  
Make bass lines sizzle when I burn a track  
Only dude who made Datpiff's server crash  
Yo I'm nice better learn the facts  
Came a long f\*ckin' way not a chance I'll be turning back  
Uh, so you know that I'ma rap check 'em  
When I put my fitted cap back like Ash Ketchum  
I beat 'em up grab an EMT  
Think you better then you must be takin' DMT  
Dream on mothaf\*cka I am DMC  
Hard body flow cop my tape at GNC  
See,  
I shut 'em up like they Papa Doc  
Cuz I got more lines than a Stop & Shop  
On the day before thanksgiving yeah I drop a lot  
Of shit stealthy in the game like an ocelot  
Ha!  
Mortal Kombat logo tatted on my back  
So you know I'm gonna "Finish Him" from the moment I attack  
I'm a train passenger all I need is a track  
To be getting' where I'm goin' and when I do it's a wrap  
So step when I bust  
Get left in my dust  
I'm in it to the finish investin' my bucks  
The best and I just don't stop... an animal  
My manager found me up at Pet Supplies Plus  
Plus I be killin' 'em consecutively  
Without expending any energy effortlessly  
I got a bag full of trees, Chef Boyardee  
And a hometown throne in the 203  
Motherf\*ckas know  
They better tuck and roll  
Cuz I'm the Master and Commander of this shit  
They call me Russell Crowe  
I'll never love a ho  
So I'll wear a rubber bro  
  
If I have a kid I'll get disowned by my mother yo  
On another note nobody can step to me  
I think I may have told you already but with my memory  
It's hard to remember anything after all the ecstasy  
But still they can't touch me like I got a case of Leprosy  
I got 'em askin' questions like they playin' Jeopardy  
"A dope spittin' white boy?"  
Bzzzt  
"What is Chris Webby"

See they take shit too serious, I'm here to add some levity  
Roll a J and take one to the head John Kennedy  
What I'm here to do is pretty f\*ckin' clear cut  
Even at 45 with a beer gut  
I'ma still get your chick wetter than a tear duct  
And make mixtapes that'll get your ear f\*cked  
Not in Taylor Gang,  
Not a Young Mula  
I'm in Webby's World  
I am the 1 Rula  
Nerf Gun Shoota  
With a dumb aim  
Leavin' Monica Lewinsky with a cum stain  
Untamed understand the flows  
I'm dope, but at this point the fans should know  
HBO flow with a Band of Bros  
And a chick with an ass fatter then Amber Rose  
Hehh!  
I throw 'em off like a star pitcher  
They can't follow the flow the way the bars hit cha  
I'm a bar spitta  
Shit  
Them beaten me is like seein' Mel Gibson at a Bar Mitzvah  
Yeah!  
I be killin' 'em  
Heh!  
I be killin' 'em  
Yeah!  
Hahaha  
Yeah!  
Webby's Lab  
Yessir