

Monster

Chris Webby

It's to the point where I don't even wanna close my eyes anymore
I black out and wake up with blood on me and shit
Everything feels like a fucking nightmare
And I feel paranoid like everybody's fucking with me
So, I just attack everything, all the time
You hear people say that they hear voices inside of their head, telling them
to do shit?
I think I am that voice that they hear...

Fear what they don't understand, became a monster (Yeah!)
What they do is can't...conquer (Webby!)
Monster...I was destined to come (Uhh)
Became a monster...Second to none

I got more wordplay than a chess set on top of a thesaurus
More trees than a forest, I roll it up and torch it
Brain is so contorted, that I need to be deported
To the nearest insane asylum when I wake up in the morning
It's the dawn of the dead, call up the feds, better warn 'em
Webby's on the motherfucking loose, take caution
So, why you startin' me?
The fucking Lincoln Memorial ain't even as hard as me
And the dudes that I brought with me
And my temper be quicker than Jimmy Darmody
With half a pharmacy flowing through each one of my arteries
Me and AP, that Connecticut rap
You'll be lucky if you leavin' and your head is attached
Murder beats, so I hope your instrumental is strapped
Cause if it's not, it'll gets its fuckin' skeleton cracked
All that, bitch I go Keenan & Kel on a track
So, you can picture me on top and then develop the facts (Ha!)

I got raps ricocheting in my brain like a pinball
The force from the impact, they pack could spin y'all
In circles in the air with the slow-mo pose
AP's known to snatch souls like wizards and crows
Fuck bitches and hoes, y'all are midgets and trolls
I see visions like prophecies written in scrolls
Your whole shit is exposed, due a bid to my foes
So switch roles, flee prison in the visitor's clothes
Escape artist, the rawest, my mixtape's the hardest
I harness the power of hollow-points in a cartridge
Cartin' off body parts in a Wal-Mart cart
The werewolf after dark. Half-man, half-shark
I'm sharp as a box cutter, better start flinchin'
Put spikes through your head until you look like Bart Simpson
No concealed weapon, let these motherfuckas know the deal
AP stands large, wrecking cities like Cloverfield
A monster

(Yeah!) (Uhh)
Rippin' mics, spittin' nice
I'm a monster, came from a vision of enterprise
I'm just living life, grab a knife, start committing seppuku
Clever view of my language, now I'm making revenue

I was bred to hunt like an Irish Setter do
So, if you think you're ahead then I'mma sever you
A lot of the hills in front of me, so I'mma pedal through
Until I'm in your TV, like the letter U
Alphabetical menace, when I get in a sentence
So, if you step you'll be the next to regret it
Punch-line killa, leave you shredded like lettuce
Then I'll dip with your chick and get her wetted in Venice
CT's on lock, try and break this flow
2-0-3's mine, AP's got the 8-6-0
Now, Connecticut's together like never before
We got the guillotine ready, leave your head on the floor (Bitch!)