

Nice 2 Be Back

Chris Webby

Hello, in a muscle car murdered out
With a purple ounce, that motherfucker that you heard about
Spread around the internet because of word of mouth
Cannonballed off the deep end and swam further out
Tryna stack absurd amounts with a purdy spouse
Put one in the air like Super Smash pulling Kirby out
Jury's out? Fuck it, I don't care I'ma vent
And get fucking intense like Native American sex
Fuck the money, when I started I was there for respect
That's why I'm still in Connecticut where my chariot rest
I'm on the edge, do y'all dare me to step?
Will y'all just find another rapper to rep and even care if I left?
Watched too many people run with my formula and get famous
Now all of em fucking famous and boy I'm just fucking waiting
Put my life up on the line for the glory that I've been chasing
Recording down in my basement, money poor but I was patient
Now I'm hustling and moving up, kid's super tough
I ain't popping? I tell em soon enough
I kept my circle tight, it never loosened up
And cut the snakes out like Medusa up at Super Cuts
It's my job to get up on mics and say wild shit
Never once did I suggest that you should try it
Shut your trap, I'ma need a little silence
Let me do my job, is that alright bitch?

Hello, it's so good to see you, it's so nice to be back
Gather up ladies and gentlemen, just vibe to the track
Grab a seat, dim the lights while I'm reciting this rap
Best in the burbs, let's remind 'em why my title is that
It's good to see you, it's so nice to be back!

I remember being lost and hopeless in my parent's attic
Feeling claustrophobic, but I never lost my focus
I'm back, hurting from a mix of mild scoliosis
And the weight of carrying the fucking state up on my shoulders
I'm on a marathon ahead of you, dude
They sucking wind, turning bluer than a jeopardy clue
The jealous ones developing resentment for the crew
Without knowing what I've been through
So come and step in these shoes
So what I didn't sell crack and had a stabler home life?
Middle class white, they been hating my whole life
But they saw me grow up just like Raven Symone, right?
Scrawny little punk, to the Razor Ramon type
Independent and continually making fans
Turned down a lot of deals, and chose to make a stand
Fuck selling out, homie that ain't the plan
Why push the envelope? I'm tackling the mail man
So here I am as I'm rambling, pants sagging
And ransacking the game, no receipt for the transaction
And they hopping right on to the band wagon
With this puff the magic dragon stuffed into a gram bag and
Attacking these beats thoroughly, in my prime currently
Only way to get me to shut my mouth is to murder me
Sure to be a legend, impressing with every story told
Go balls to the wall like I'm fucking y'all through a glory hole
My destiny is still an open book, just haven't had my moment

I'm still underrated and overlooked
But fuck it yo I feel terrific
We've already made it further than anybody predicted
Tapes on tapes with a handful of crazy tours
Led here, this the moment we been waiting for
To my fans, I'm extending my gratitude
Chemically Imbalanced, enjoy the fucking album dude