

No Regrets

Chris Webby

I'm the monster out of Cloverfield, so for real
Fucked up, I don't even know how sober feels
Smother rash, a Paul Wall with a fabric wash cloth
That I previously used to wipe my ass and balls off
I'm just a dope rapper in class chasing a math teacher
With a protractor and copy the notes after
So hot you think I freakin' sleep on a burner
Warm beef, I force feed a vegan a burger
Slaughter on the mic, I don't need a reason for murder
So A.D.H.D, that at least I need a concerta
It's Chris Webby, brain-dead but still deadly
My shit's heavy, pop pills and twist headies
So kick and slap me bitch, I take it like a masochist
Then turn around and smack you with the mic that you be rappin' with
'Cause I'm the opposite of pacifist, choke a hoe, slap a bitch
Then leave the room laughing after it like what

For myself, I have no regrets
Time has taken what it soon forgets
A gambler's paradise in short vignettes

I get up on the beat and I blaze the mic quickly
A serial killer taking blades to rice krispies
An Arabic terrorist in America, if you wanna get at this
(WOOF!) I'm triple dog daring, yah
I'm a character like Mickey, Donald, Goofey, Ren
And Stimpy, Snoopy, Captain Planet, bitch you best salute me
I'm a loopy looney-tunes with screws-loose, super soaking dudes deuce
I'm Michael Vick with Blues Clues
I'm a motherfuckin' monster, man
Get it poppin' like the guns playing Contra, man
Contraband, stuck in my pipes and let me light it
Got a dark passenger like Dexter, why fight it
Lightsaber, swipe it like Qui-Gon-Jin
(Skurr!) Burning rubber 'til I ride on rims
Rims on the side, got a sack to spark
I'm cold-blooded, you can find me in Jurassic Park
Like what

I sit alone and hear the sparrow sing
No way of knowing what tomorrow brings
I leave my solitude upon his wings

My wisdom exceeds all you dumb MC's
I'm young too, shit, I've been rappin' since three
Since the youngest Jonas Brother was in his mother's uterus
And Miley Cyrus in diapers, bitch I ain't new to this
I'm what you get when you mix alcohol with nicotine
Aderall, Ecstasy, marijuana and creatine
Acid, Percocet, Vicodin and Ambien
Shrooms, MDMA and toss a Xany in
Then you got me, mind clinically dumb and
I can count my brain cells with one hand
But I drop sick bars, homie, so you gotta look
Bitch, I be nicer with the ink than an Octopus
I'm that villain out the comic book creepin'
Crawling out the flames like a demon, breathin'

Flames out my mouth so nobody could touch me
I'm a mix of Buffalo Bill with Bundy, trust me

A poet's pleasure is to hear in time
The painter pictures what he's left behind
I close my eyes and it all leaves my mind