

# Outdo You

Chris Webby

Yea. 203 where you at baby, Hempstead holla! I'm nice.

Yo, I'm a out do you, don't know what I'd do to  
You... Bitch I'm cookoo  
Only white boy at private school rockin' Fubu  
Spitting flames like a dragon homie call me Mushou  
Like Yogi leave you with a Boo Boo, from punches and kicks  
You'll catch a pummelin' now tell me who fucking with this  
I'm runnin' this shit with my troublesome clique  
Won't stop till I'm drowning in a puddle of spit  
Pussy tends to come my way, call me cat nip  
A fuckin' bull mastiff, hit em with a kick make em backflip  
This is madness, drunk and chuggin' a forty  
Writing in my Notebook but this isn't a love story  
Grimier than N.O.R.E. but I stay with cream  
Leaving you lost like Oceanic Flight 815  
Real mean, when I get up on the mic and shred it  
No copy, paste, or edit, I'm nice so don't sweat it

And you know that I'm a rider boy  
So try the boy  
I'll spit flames and fry ya boy  
So ayyy  
I'm a out do you bitches (2x)  
And ya know I'm spittin' fire boy  
Retire boy  
Cause I'm a level higher boy  
So ayyy  
I'm a out do you bitches (2x)

I make a point like Uncle Sam, stay puffin' grams  
Drunk as fuck with my red solo cup in hand  
You better fuckin' scram, cause I am back bitch  
Bout to be blowing up like an inflatable mattress  
Not one to mess with, cleaner than antiseptic  
Check it, before this verbal tek makes your chest split  
I'm blessed, A plus, five stars with a check bitch  
Something like Borat, cause "You will never get this! "  
Yes it's Vindictive stay blazin' the herb  
Pockets full of more trees than a nature reserve  
Oh word? The illest in the two-oh-third  
So fuck what you heard, I'm kicking em to the curb  
With words illy cause everything I write you felt  
Until I'm rocking a gold medal like Michael Phelps  
I'm a keep swimming laps around you, raps surround you  
Out do you in things that I don't even know how to

And you know that I'm a rider boy  
So try the boy  
I'll spit flames and fry ya boy  
So ayyy  
I'm a out do you bitches (2x)  
And ya know I'm spittin' fire boy  
Retire boy  
Cause I'm a level higher boy  
So ayyy  
I'm a out do you bitches (2x)

And I'm doing my thang, doing my thang (Yea, holla)  
Coming back around like a boomerang (Like a boomerang bitch)  
And you know, you know (You already know)  
That I'm the one y'all can't touch (Can't touch)  
Never stop rapping till I'm rockin' handcuffs (Till I'm locked up)  
I'm dope, I'm dope (I'm dope as a muh fucker)  
And I hold it down, holdin' it down (Hold it down)  
First rapper reppin' a suburban town (Suburbs!)  
I flow, it shows (God damn right)  
Don't got a gun, but you gotta run (Yea)  
Cause stepping to me, your gunna get out done  
You know  
(Webby) Cause I'm nice and you mother fuckers know, baby