

Outside the Box

Chris Webby

I'm livin' outside the box like a shipping address
Until I stack up all my chips and assets
Make my paycheck, blaze ya' tape decks
And see the whole world no Waze or atlas
They told me to shoot for the moon
But I grabbed me a pistol and shot for the stars
And that bullet ain't stoppin at Mars, so
Never let em try to stop who you are
A teacher, a doctor, a web technician
Athlete, a barber, or video vixen
Tattoo artist, chef, or musician
You could be what you want, kid listen
Stay on that mission like Ratchet and Clank
And don't get distracted by passin' the drank
Trust I've been through it, but stuck to the music
And now they see me takin' that to the bank
And you don't gotta love me
There billions of people out there I don't need you
And nobody gets a redo, but it's so far so good on makin' my dream true
And I'm here to shake it up like I'm playin' with snow globes
In my dojo, workin' and waitin' to go pro
Young virtuoso, makin' my dough grow
On my solo, stayin low pro, but they know though
You plant a seed and you gone see that bitch grow
Remember that for life and take it everywhere you go
Be what you feel you're born to be, follow what your passions be
And chase that dream until it's a reality

They told me that I had to go to school and get an education
And live up to society and all its expectations
But I, made my own fate, got up and I paved my own way
So if you like me sing along to the song, let's all say
(I'm a live outside the box)
I can do anything, that I can think, I'll show you
(I'm a live outside the box)
I can go anywhere, I'll take you there, I'll show you
(I'm a live outside the box)

I remember when you boxed me in
Told me I could never leave the box again
I was just lil' me, tryna find the real me
Knowin' that the box was a crock of shit
The box had bots that would block the kid
Every time I shot from my rocket ship
But then I found the light and it showed me how to fight
So I'm sayin' we can box if you box me in, for real
Give me a penny, I bet I flip it to a stack
They tryin' to lead me to Satan, I'm like who is that
I started this shit from the bottom, but I'm through with that
My confidence is in my hair because I grew it back
I hope you're not believin' all the bullshit
I hope you're not believin' all the lies
You just gotta get outta your own way
You just gotta open up your eyes
I can see the light inside you
Do I pray at night yes I do
Thank the universe, simply for the opportunity to spit this haiku, yeah

It's just light work, and you can do the shit if you think it
Get your mind right and just make sure that you practicin' what you preachin', cause
You plant a seed and you gon' see that bitch grow
Told you I came from the bottom now I'm 25th floor, I got
High hopes for me and all of my fam
If ever they tell you no, well fuck em, cause yes you can... yeah
Fix God, Sincerely

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