

Perfect Storm

Chris Webby

Scott Storch

Aw shit, you see Webb and Storch
Combine a perfect storm that's formin' over your porch
With the Adderall in the pouch
Pullin' up in a Porsche
And I'm goin' sick right from the moment he hit record
I have proven year after year they cannot ignore me
Yeah, this honkey's hunky dory
I'm back as derogatory as ever
With middle fingers, I'm flippin the top forty
Sorry momma, I'ma need you to clean out the closet for me
I am the early two thousands trapped in a guy
Personified and perfected all without havin' a try
And a few that have lived are savage as I
Just snorted a pill but can't tell if I'm actually high
Got a tolerance for drugs but no tolerance for the game
Full of wack ass rappers all sounding the fuckin' same
And whenever I get mentioned they pretend that they don't know me
But that's only 'cause these faggots are scared to utter my name

Uh, I'ma shoot my shot
You ain't steppin' into the shoes I got
Yeah, that dude y'all not
Fuck shit up and turn the world upside down
Uh, let me boost my stock
Push the hand up on the doomsday clock
Yeah, that dude y'all not
Fuck shit up and turn the world upside down

Woah, now
Came from the underground
Like night of the living dead but I'm creepin' without a sound
Set to fuckin' snap
They tell me I'm tightly wound
Therapist will say I'm crazy but I know she wrote it down
Every time I tell her shit she just puts her head in her hands
Like how my drug budget is over seventy grand
And how my way of meetin' women is yellin' "get in the van"
See, Shady really should've written that letter to Stan
'Cause that pregnant chick in the trunk lived and gave birth
Put the kid up for the adoption not knowin' what he was worth
So he grew up in Connecticut, nice and goin' to church
And showered in love, needed for nothin' but feelin' cursed
There was trauma that he couldn't describe, he would observe
And as he got older those demons were gettin' worse
By the time that he learned the truth, he ain't even cared that it hurt
And now he has returned and I'm takin' over the earth

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Was a conspiracy theorist way before the hype in a fervor
I'm honestly surprised I'm not suicided or murdered
I wrote lyrics to this beat that were exposing pizza gate
But couldn't find 'em, I guess Hillary's back to wipin' the servers
Been a problem child, they always said I'm a little odd
Had to piss off people and made that shit a job
Pullin' up with Andrew Tate to the women's march and
Bumpin' new Kanye shit at the synagogue
I'm shadow banned but I'm makin' some decent bread
But ain't makin' too many friends with the crazy shit that I've said
Snatch the MAGA hat right off of Tom MacDonald's head
And send him back up to Canada with a maple leaf instead
And that goes for Dax also 'cause y'all so damn trash
I can't hold back and y'all know
I keep my shit raw so sorry that's how it goes
What you gonna do about it?
Nothin' I thought so, uh

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Webby, Scott Storch, Let's go