

# Pipe Down

Chris Webby

I'm way too high for this  
I don't got no damn time for this  
I'm in another dimension of consciousness  
I'm with Lucy in the sky where the diamond is  
With the LSD in my perspiration  
Smoking that shit that be curing patients  
Tuning out any person hating with the hustle, focus, and determination  
Of a Gary Vaynerchuk, and my fans are up, and they at the show, and they hands are up  
Untamed animal, got no handler  
They can't see me, I call them Sand-a-ra  
Thinking outside of the Birdbox, no shit Sherlock  
Hella bars written in the word doc  
Keep my words stocked, never see my words stop  
I be on a wave yo, meet me at the surf shop  
I fuck around, I fuck around, I fuck around with these flows  
But don't fuck around, don't fuck around, don't fuck around with these hoes  
Got a couple pounds, we puffin' loud, so come around for that smoke  
Now come get down and get ghost  
Hit 'em with a little bit of Eminem, Triggaman, Killa Cam flow  
'Cause I been the man, pen in hand, scribblin' notes  
(Let's link man, we gotta build, fam)  
Um, listen man, listen man, listen man, no  
I'm just living in my own damn bubble, I don't want no trouble  
I chill and get stoned  
Sitting alone, so leave that bullshit back at home  
And zip it, 'cause I'm in my zone

Pipe down, zip it right now  
Pass a light 'round, light loud  
Blowing white clouds, out of sight, wow  
I've found that I'm quite high  
And it might sound like I'm  
Out my right mind  
Bitch, don't kill my vibe

Pipe down  
Hold up, wait, shut your fucking face  
Pipe down  
Hold up, wait, got no time to waste  
Pipe down  
Hold up, wait, stop, shut your fucking face  
Pipe down with that bass drop

I think I'm in the mood for a peanut butter jelly  
With a corner cut knife and a tight mouth  
Puttin' marijuana in a iCloud  
I smell it like The Rock with the eyebrow  
Why you gotta shirt inside-out  
I don't need a label  
To muffle to a track on the high ground  
Other word that you need to pipe down  
I'm for sure Sherlock with the pipe now  
Flow far out like the picture of a lighthouse  
Thoughts in the quill once I put the ink on it  
Climbing the city like King-Kong did  
It be knocking and I'm running with my shit, ding-dong-ditch

I'm a warrior, you cling on this  
And I wouldn't be surprised if you ringtoned this  
I ain't ever once blink on this  
I'ma drink on this  
Webby, know I'm gonna shit on this  
You could bet a whole bathroom sink on this  
So I do it enjoyably  
We could hotbox in the bathroom, I'll bring toiletry  
You annoyed with me  
Y'all miss me more than public bathroom toilet seat  
I was with a chick so plastic, went to the beach and she destroyed the sea  
That kinda disappointed me  
You say, "who the best?", and they point at me  
Came up in the jungle where the lion from  
But we never get a trial run  
Who here like bite your tongue  
Don't make me the violent one  
Zip it like your fly undone  
Man pipe down when that bass drop  
You got me bored like a skate shop  
Don't be hero, tryna fake fly  
I'ma bury your cape up in Cape Cod

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