

# Playground

Chris Webby

Oh

Uh, yeah, I'm raising up a riot  
Anxiously been waiting, I've been patient, I've been quiet  
Now it's time to break the silence as we take this series way beyond the pil  
ot  
Feel like David and I'm aiming at Goliath  
Any weight class, any damn one, any fake ass  
Wanna be rap master smashed in my cage match  
Stick a fork in him like a haystack  
Butane gas, a match, and make a flame catch  
Burn 'em all down to ash like a pound of hash 'til I get a brain lapse  
Yeah, they know I started from the bottom where the flounders at  
Now I'm a shark, all you fishies'll be down to hatch  
I'm eating anybody, everybody on the food chains below me  
So come and see, I produce pain  
Rich motherfucker, feeling like I'm Bruce Wayne  
Yeah, I got the juice, I'ma probably leave a few stains  
Liu Kang with the dragon made of fire  
Fatality any fighter who be thinking that they nicer  
I got the eye of the tiger, the rowdiest kind of writer  
Who be stacking all this dough like Moderna, Johnson Johnson, and Pfizer  
But what I'm pushing doesn't come with side effects  
Other than banging your head to the beat 'til you break your neck  
Yeah, I write hot bars, write hooks, and write checks  
And your tombstone's what I write next  
Motherfucker, tell 'em

The whole word is my playground  
Gotta give 'em a show (Oh)  
And if you get in my way now (Ayy)  
I'ma make 'em hit the floor (Oh)  
Rocket fuel in my gas tank (Ayy)  
Never run low (Oh)  
And once I get my hands on this shit, I'ma (I'ma)  
I'ma never let go

Woah-woah-woah  
Let me get my hands on it  
And ramble some shit quick, so the fans'll click and like and reshare the cl  
ips  
So analytically, they can see I'm the man with this  
I'll damage, rip, and tear 'til I make it through  
From the underground scene to the pay-per-view  
Peek-a-boo, all of you better take a few steps back, a head's cracked  
(Say I'm crazy?) True  
We known that since way back, the facts are facts  
Sit back, relax, maybe go and grab a snack  
As I get the microphone and spit a savage rap  
And blow the world up and bask in the aftermath  
Yeah, the price going up like it's after-tax  
My capital gain range is a mass a cash, no matter  
Any way you looking at it as, I'm big buck hunter  
Hitting racks on racks  
Got a crib full of arcade games and clusters  
Shit is looking like I'm living in a Dave & Buster's  
Centipede, Pac-Man, Rampage, MK, wanna play?

Then I'm Raiden, I'll bring the thunder  
But I've heard some of these artists complaining  
About how these streaming services suck and they're barely paying  
I guess them and their labels got a different arrangement  
Staying independent's paying off, ain't it?  
Tell 'em like, uh

The whole word is my playground  
Gotta give 'em a show (Oh)  
And if you get in my way now (Ayy)  
I'ma make 'em hit the floor (Oh)  
Rocket fuel in my gas tank (Ayy)  
Never run low (Oh)  
And once I get my hands on this shit, I'ma (I'ma)  
I'ma never let go