

# Put Em High

Chris Webby

Yeah, you want that smoke? I'll make a lung collapse  
So fuck around, I'll hit the gas and make these dummies crash  
I'm where the troubles at  
With a scruffy mug and a trucker hat  
Arrivin' right on cue with the lightning crash and a muzzled flash  
I struck a match soon as Scott strikin' a chord  
And if they wantin' a war then I'll bring it right to your door  
Free of charge and without a care about what I'm fightin' it for  
'Cause I'll spill your blood for the sport and then have you wipin' the floors  
You've been warned  
So, y'all better back up and drop slow  
Or I'ma bring the boom like those fat fucks in Costco  
I'm indisputable since I grew from a juvenile  
Said I'd maneuver through and I proved it without a cubicle  
So do not fuck around or I swear to God that I'll give Raw Thoughts some new numerals  
Throw a studio funeral  
I'll write this eulogy and y'all gotta wait  
As long as it takes  
Record and play this song at your wake  
Before I dip I'll snatch that money off the offering plate  
And hit the priest for what he got in the safe  
Been hungry to the point my fuckin' belt needs another notch on the waist  
So gimme, gimme what you got, I'ma take  
Now go ahead and

Put 'em high  
Now touch the god damn sky  
Listen here, don't nobody gotta die  
Better go and put 'em high  
Pullin' up and let it fly  
Get to runnin' for your motherfuckin' lives  
Better go and put 'em high  
'Cause it ain't safe outside, no no  
There ain't nowhere you can hide  
Better go and put 'em high  
Now touch the god damn sky  
Stick 'em up, give me everything you got  
Go ahead and put 'em high  
You don't want to be a hero tonight

High Noon, I'm in a saloon spiffy  
Quick draw, put them hands up like two fifty  
I'm too witty and sick with no sign of immunity  
Like I'm fresh up out the bio-lab in racoon city  
An evil resident, off the chain, I remained a mystery  
Made myself a name and in time I made me some history  
Through it all became what the game and the fame did to me  
So now I load this chamber while takin' aim at the industry  
So when you see the trigger finger on my hand movin'  
Someone 'bout to catch a stray like Yosemite Sam's shootin'  
Buckle down, fuck around, flood the fuckin' markets  
And bury competition 'til I'm runnin' out of targets  
I'll go and grab a shovel from the Target  
And turn your favorite mainstream rapper to an underground artist  
I'm tellin' you we not in the same

Lyrical weight class, so hang back and acknowledge the claim  
I'm like a shot to your brain  
A clot in your vein  
While I plot on the grave plot for your fossil remains  
Either that or give me the watch, your wallet and chain  
And every dollar that you got to your name  
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