

# Pyro

Chris Webby

Yeah, Webby  
Time to light this fucker up, you know  
We came to burn the place down

I came to say I'm stuck in my ways  
Still no signs of change that are comin' with age  
And still got drugs for days  
Still drunk on stage  
And still keep me some pussy cats  
Got me a couple of strays  
The Tabby and the Siamese  
Want that Meow-Mix please  
Got 'em purring while I work 'em and givin' 'em what they need  
What they want  
What you really want, want?  
With the seams about the rip  
With that ass tryna fit in them jeans  
She rubbin' on me like I got a genie caught in a lamp  
She like it when I'm dominant and make her follow commands  
A little freak on a leash in the palm of my hand  
My little Jasmine, 5'4", foreign and tan  
And we can ride through them streets like I'm Prince Ali  
Until the gas tanks dry and the whips on E  
I got the raspy voice but I'm still on key  
So let's ride baby, ven aquí  
And you know we gon'

We gon' ride out, get up and go (Wile out)  
We gon' wile out, give 'em a show (Hit 'em high)  
Hit 'em high now hit 'em down low  
And if you don't know, we came to burn the place down  
Slide out, switchin' lanes like, woah (Like, woah)  
Fast life but the whip ride slow (Skrt, skrt)  
Bad bitch sittin' shotty in the Rover  
Game over, yo  
We came to burn the place down

So get the flame ignited  
Pull up with the squad and create a crisis  
With a team full of broads all shapes and sizes  
Give it to 'em just the way they like it  
Yeah, I got a milf makin' eggs when I stay the night  
And a little ratchet ass, Bhad Bhabie type  
With a coke head chick doin' lines off my dick  
And a good girl I could probably make my wife  
Yeah, them bad bitches  
Them scantily clad bitches  
Those put it in they mouth so deep, they gag, bitches  
Those unresolved issues with their dad, bitches  
Who really outside, ain't messin' with catfishes  
And the average is a nine or ten  
Hit it then get back a bit  
So find a pen  
So I can write my life down with these rhymes and then  
I'm back at it when it's time again  
'Cause you know we 'bout to

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Got the gasoline and matches  
Hear them sirens all around  
Make 'em bump to this  
They gon' build a smart city when I'm done with this  
I'm known to play with fire  
I won't quit until I burn it to the ground  
And a few set to blow  
So it's game time, ready, set, go

Check, back up in this bitch like a uterus  
And I don't even rock a rubber when I'm doin' this  
Bars on me, been around, not new to this  
They say that I'm a lot of things  
I'll wear it if the shoe will fit  
Howlin' at the moon and shit  
They're sayin' that I'm nuts  
Full blown lunatic  
Jameson in the cup  
Gator tails on the table as a way of wakin' up  
In the spot like [?] and Trace and I be stayin' in the cut (Yeah)  
Try to take us out?  
Well, that gon' take a lot of ya  
Shades on my face, uh  
Movin' like the Mafia  
Roll like John Gotti  
Fill a bag with a body  
Yeah, I put 'em down, dawg  
Got 'em laying [?]  
Ride like I'm racin'  
Cops can't catch but they try so they chasin'  
A young Tom Vercetti  
I'm calm and ready and all of Vice City's mine for the taking  
Webb

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