

Raw Thoughts II

Chris Webby

Webby

Here we are my friends
It's time for me to lift my mighty pen
These rhyme schemes leave crime scenes, and it's that time again
Welcome to the Colosseum, go and take a seat
Cuz I'm that gladiator that you all been waitin' to see
See I got the taste for blood and now I'm back for more
Webby call 'em out just like I'm rappin' Michael Rapaport
And if society don't handle 'em, I'll be the last resort
Verbal executioner, my bars committing act of war
And if you give me ammunition then you will not be forgiven
You hear me Harvey Weinstein, there will be no omission
All the statements that I make while I'm sonnin' you from a distance
All the times that you masturbaed in front of your assistants
All that fuckin' power so you used it and abused it
Shit, ya homie Bill Clinton probably taught you how to do it
I'm ruthless, Harvey, get to steppin' back
You look like the cockroach wearing human skin in Men in Black
Killin' people's what I got a voice for
Ever since Roy Moore was lookin' for love in toy stores
I been on it
And baby we just startin off
It's Chris Webby and you know I got the rawest thoughts
Bill O'Reilly says he's sorry but really none of us buy it
You can't pay me off like all of those women to keep me quiet
Who cares if he denies it, I'll still come for him
Cuz gettin' fired just wasn't enough for him
So now I gotta fuck wit em
I'll teach that old prick to treat women with respect
When I jam a pair of stainless steel scissors in his neck
You're the opposite of the reason that chicks are gettin' wet
Your over 60 with a forehead so big it could reflect
The suns rays and provide solar power to a country
Old, gross, and crusty, out-dated, and rusty
Out of shape and husky
You know how to tell if Bill O'Reilly's near?
When you hear a woman scream "Don't touch me!"
And now George Bush is grabbin' womens' asses
I'll take that wheelchair and push him right in front of traffic
And fuck your whole corrupt elite family tree
Shit, we gone let all of these Americans see
Aw, what you gonna do W, start a war with me?
Lick your lips a bunch of times and give a poorly worded speech
Shit, I'll knock off Jeb's glasses and stomp 'em under my feet
Fight me cuz of Billy, and I'll grab em by the pussy
Yea I hit so hard I leave a damn crater
Shit, I just cut through all the Bush's like a landscaper
I'm who the fans favor
I'll let R. Kelly piss on them and then proceed to towel them off with sandpaper
Oh that's right Robert Kelly, you'll be easy to fry
I'll throw him off a cliff, cuz shit, he believes he can fly
He's as creepy as the rest, he just the best pretender
"I'm the world's greatest"
World's greatest what? Sex offender?
And XXXtentacion, I don't even know if that's the right pronunciation

But, whatever his name is, however you say it
Shit I read the full reports and now I get why your hated
What you did to that girl, shit you should hate yourself
Sit and take an L, tighten that choker, asphyxiate yourself
Legally, you're probably screwed
Her story's just to fuckin detailed not to be true
But all you doin is complain X
We see you crackin cuz of the hate X
Dang X, that's just what comes along with the fame X
Like shitty skaters who aren't built for the game X
X-Games, got a pen game that could flame X
Shame X, in this food chain I'm the apex
So in your emotions it looks like you fucking take X
We are not the same X
I threw the newest iPhone out the fucking window just because that shit was
named X

There, throw that in your blogs

When I was like 11 maybe I met Kevin Spacey
He was hella rapey, tryna convince me to gettin' nakey
He was drunk and wanted me to go and sit up in his van
So I did it, I'll admit it, as a kid I was a fan
But then he tried to touch me
I'm lucky I had shit on me, that Swiss Army
He went to grab my dick I stabbed his arm
He started bleeding all over the center console
He rushed outta the car and then he tripped over a pothole
Kicked him in his head until his ears bled
Then I kept on kicking him until he appeared dead
Then I hopped up in the driver's seat and went and put his whip in drive
Ran him over, backed it up, and then repeated it like fifty times
Webby kill with rhymes, you see that is just my skill set
You do some shit that I don't like, you'll end up on my list next
I stomp on all these insects, with sick interests
Who infest society, now who shall I rip next?
Ah yes, Bill Cosby, oh this one'll be tough
Cosby Show was my shit, why did you fuck that all up?
If what they say is true, and you were fuckin' chicks that's knocked out on
the very same Quaaludes you gave them, that's rape dude
C'mon Bill you shoulda known better
When I heard that shit I went and threw out all my old sweaters
And we don't really gotta make this shit a whole lecture
Someone drag him out back and put down this Old Yeller
And Subway Jared, now it's your turn to get murked
Out of this whole list of shitty people, you are the worst
I hope that jail food makes you get fat again
And you get so depressed, that every time you see your wrists you think of s
lashin them
You thinkin back to the days of that footlong diet
All that money and the fame
What you wanted, you could buy it
Shit, you had it all, all you had to do was eat sandwiches
But when there's kiddie porn on your drive, how quick it vanishes
Irreversible damages, so now you're in the system
And I really hope someones been making you their bitch in prison
Nah fuck that, I hope somebody kills you
That was not a punchline I hope somebody fucking kills you
And Ted Cruz, it's time for round number 2
I know you're not a sex offender but I mean, fuck you
Just for being you, you and that face that I wanna bruise
I'll mention you on every single Raw Thoughts that I do, bitch
See I been leveling up from a dope rapper

To Jeff Ross status, they call me the roastmaster
Don't hold back, I attack on these raps
So tightly packed full of little lyrical gems
That you gotta replay the track
On top of my game and still ascending
I'll I see is fire emojis up in my mentions
I'll I hear is fans saying "Webby's on that shit again"
And all I know is a whole lot more people are listening
But when people have it coming I can't help but to say shit
Only if they deserve it, those are my Rules of Engagement
Plus it's fun for me to write it, for you it is entertainment
So fuck the whole world, I'm reloaded and dangerous
Droppin' every Wednesday for this whole year
Ain't no motherfucker that's like me up on this whole sphere
We call Earth, until dearth, I live life with no fear
Coming after everything you hold dear
Raw Thoughts
These motherfucking Raw Thoughts
Fuck Everybody
I'm Out
Yea