

Sandbox

Chris Webby

Strike fear in the heart of my foes everywhere I go
Too raw for the TV shows or the radio
And I try to make friends but still I always end up in my sandbox alone
They don't wanna play with me, they afraid of me, I know

See, I came for war, with the blood that'll stain the sword
Pulling up around the bodies that I'll lay on the floor
I'm a category four, when it rains, it pours, yeah
Kicking down the frame of your door, I got the hammer of Thor
To send shocks that'll rattle your core and spatter the walls
That's what I brought the janitors for
My hands on the trigger and that's what they been panicking for
I'll go to war like Kenobi, Yoda, and Anakin or Harrison Ford
And I'm hitting the warp drive
Get caught like a fall guy with a... till they crosseyed
I got crosshairs on the hair on the heads and the jawlines
Of my enemies, so I squeeze 'em till fuck it, we all die (rah)
I'm only showing up for the blood like a horsefly
I don't care if it's yours, mine, on, or it's offsides
Fuck a line in the sand, my man, that's small-time
Look around, what I've drawn on the ground's a fault line
All I see round here is afraid ass rappers
Just a bunch of diddy, party-going, gay-ass rappers
Flying with Epstein when they need to get away
And because they tend to like 'em underage ass rappers
Flight log of the plane ass rappers, suck a dick for the fame ass rappers
Yeah this game ass-backwards
Just a bunch of fake ass rappers, making Illuminati hand gesturing
Like they in a gang ass rappers
Listen, I used to think if I was actually fire
And had the talent to inspire from a track to the cipher
And worked hard on my craft I could bridge the gap
But silly me, if I'd spent that time trafficking minors
I'd be sacrificing goats with Jay-Z and Bee
With a Grammy on my wall but that just ain't me
What I am is a beast and ain't none of 'em ready
The Baphomet can't even save 'em if they fucking with Webby (bow)

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Better listen, fucking with Webb's a bad choice
Like hiring the Clintons for babysitting
I'm flipping, bust a couple shots with precision
Even the devil second guessing messing with Christian
No stopping the shit I write, if I got you up in my sights
I can't help but to squeeze one off, no one's off-limits tonight
Whether politician or Pope to Obama and Big Mike
Pardon me, I meant to say his very masculine wife
Yeah, you could say I'm used to being in hot water
Ever since the thoughts that I got got rawer
Sacred cows around me get slaughtered
Duraflame flow, when I spark I'm a fire starter
Don't bark up the wrong tree and don't step in the wrong puddle
'Cause Webby's a raw dog, need a leash or a strong muzzle

I suggest you reconsider before you go start trouble
Trust, you don't want your name up in one of my thought bubbles
I started as a cub in the pride but I've grown some
Now there ain't a piece of the Savannah that I don't run
Giant with it, follow my fee fi with a fo fum
Solitaire with it, still playing by my lonesome
I am the mic, the microphone shogun
Never give ground, I bow down to no one
Veins pump frozen blood of the chosen
You'll never see another like me, the mold's broken
I cause commotion, I fit the bill
Of an apex predator in for the kill
If I don't taste blood, it better at least spill
And water the fucking plants on the dirt of the battlefield
Got wounds that won't heal but left a lot too
That's why they regrouped platoons and withdrew
I play solitaire 'cause they scared to lose
Better run run when I come through

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