

Sauce

Chris Webby

I came to pass the blunt around (blunt around), I fuck around (I fuck around)

But y'all already knew that shit

And I run the whole game, untamed, bringing bags to the bank (uh)

Yeah, I really do that shit

And I'm rolling with the top back, run that track

With a bad little bitch with a butt that's fat

And a pocket full of Adderall, I'm just here to have a ball

After all I got the sauce that y'all lack

Got the sauce like Heinz off in time, seat up in my car's

Reclined, I'm off so don't fall behind

Check lost and found, I think I really lost my mind

Call my bluff? Shit, y'all can't even call my line

My inbox always filled like my bottle of pills

Thank God for modern medicine, my doctor refills

However you feel, if you get to stepping for real

I'll pull up with my dogs and coupe, Cruella de Vil

With the syllables I be villainous, brain limitless

Never follow rules, I rule the school syllabus

Underground's the land of which I am indigenous

And I grew up in a few methods of photosynthesis

Putting down roots in the game that go deeply

Carve out my own lane and flow freely

For W-E-B-B-Y, believe me

Killing this shit is so easy

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I got the sauce like [?] jaws'll drop when I spit it

Written her off the top like a balding spot, I'm scalding hot

Jackass Johnny Knoxville

Still the real deal, I karate chop you

With the force in a major way, that just be my day to day

Pull up in the UFO, shoot you with a laser ray

Little bit of powder on the counter, that's a fade-away

Cutting lines like a peaky blinder with the razor blade

Gotta make a way, I play the whole keeps

Riding dirty in the Range and ducking the police

Got a cold steez while I run these dope beats

Get my record spins like it got drunk and smoked weed

Yeah, they know it's Webby with the rolling paper double wide (yeah)

Wrapping up like I been learning how to mummify

So I wonder why they still asking who the fuck am I

Here, let me summarize

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