

Sometimes

Chris Webby

You shouldn't give a fuck about me
'Cause I don't give a fuck about you
You should probably worry about yourself some time
Trying to chill and get high, ay

Yeah, I'm comin' with that fire that I got in my belly that's stored within'
Crazy since the doc was umbilical cord-snippin'
I'm sword grippin', so you better call up the mortician
As I take my competition and mop up the floor with 'em
They all listen, tracks got 'em hooked like I'm spore fishing
You cannot ignore Christian, I'm future award-winning
Doing key bumps before pitching a fork in, and call me Darryl Strawberry in
the dugout raw sniffing
The bombs ticking, the second the songs written
They'll all fall victim, and left with their balls missing, like a neutered
dog
Kill 'em all, bitch I'm John Wick and never not spitting syllables fitting r
ight on rhythm
Lover of all women, leaving their jaw dripping
Hit it raw like the dots [?] were forbidden
Then she rolled it, Oliver Twist like Charles Dickens
Put the lighter to the join and get high as a Mars mission
Major Tom, Listen, I'm lost on a truck in the stars with spot whippin'
These trees that we breathe are as green as lawn trimmings
But I think I left my LSD in the jar with 'em
Now I'm floating in the sky with diamonds, so uh
Nobody bother me alright, I'm vibin'
Then I'm, touching down on a private island
Heating up whatever climate I'm in

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And you're killing vibe

I fuck the sheeps, I handle the herd
A man of his word, it dripped out and splurged on these animal furs
Think you're funny like Hannibal Berg'? You think I'm gonna spend a grand on
that purse?
Go run your van through a church
I put your man in the dirt, came from the land of the cursed
Jumped out my mamma's pussy, then went and put my hands on the nurse
No more fucks to get it, you dick lickers
You bitches is this bitter, because how the wrist glitter
The stick leave 'em disfigured, I might tip her six figures
If she get my dick stiffer, oh, she got a big sister
So what, I'm a sick nigga, the sick for the slick
Critic, the fridge got a big britter
No bitch, I can't hit Jigga or [?]
She always kill my vibe, bitches naggin', stay on repeat
I might kill this hoe, now her body floatin' with seaweed
I'm sorry, know my thoughts are a bit hairy

I've been head on with machete
Show love to my nigga Webby

Yeah yeah, thank you Jarren, I really appreciate it
We them underground killers that cannot believe we made it
All we did was leap of faith it, aspire to be the greatest
Either way, it's undeniable, shit cannot be debated
You was in your grannie's basement, I was in my parent's attic
Going spastic with a pad and a pen, trying to write a classic
They rejected me coming up, would tell me I fucking suck
I kept an attitude to give a negative twenty fucks
So what you give a fuck about me for, I've been with the bottom feeders on the sea floor
Now I've got that C4, I've been blowing up
And they need more, record, leave a beat torn, I'm in peak form
When I'm rocking shit it's obvious that I gotta get, without the props that I should probably get, or acknowledgement
For my accomplishments, but I don't rock with the politics
Get off my dick, suck and swallow it, bitch

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'Cause I don't give a fuck about you
You should probably worry about yourself some time
Trying to chill and get high, ay
Don't be killing my vibe, yeah