

# 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 right 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  
Critter, 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 t  
he 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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You should probably worry about yourself some time  
Trying to chill and get high, ay  
Don't be killing my vibe, yeah