

Stone Cold

Chris Webby

This that raw non-fictional
Mythical creature that's unequivocally lyrical
LSD ingested 'till the visuals are visible
(?) from my peripherals
And sitting with Sitting Bull in my living room
Got all this medicinal sticky filling the pipe
While we doin' all these traditional Native American chants
Reaching out to the spiritual side of life I've been missing
While caught up in this digital reality we live in and shit been making me m
iserable
Ain't no more original, nothing is indigenous
Everyone's living vicariously through the insta' pics
Of whichever disposable celebrity their interest is
Bunch of idiots who rise and fall as quick as Icarus
I don't need no pharmaceutical, my mind is limitless
Rare one, you know know though, that's why your girl is into this
Said she'd never been this high before and I believe her
So break that tree up
Baby come and follow the leader

They see me rollin' up the pot
And your girl's never been so stoned
She said "that boy so hot"
She knows I am everything that you are not. (yeah)
They see me rollin' up the pot
And my world never been so blown
Love is everything I got (Webby, I got you)
I'm gettin' (duece, I got you) mine while I'm on that clock

Ay, I used to smoke it by the ounce
Why you bitin' down?
Motherfuckers selling swag
I might have to buy 'em out
Check ingredients before you try to bite the sound
Nigga's breaking promises like they're too broke to buy a vowel
Black-top baller (uh)
Schemin' on arenas
Shoot my shot then turn around
I think I'm Gilbert Arenas
Growing my own wings, put that on uncle Remus
Freedom fiends, mind over matter
Your matter's fecal
Don't let your pride have you lookin' like a goofy
It's two seats open for viewing, my life's a feature film
Can't fuck with groupies
Just Suzie to keep me Gucci (uh)
She think she love me and I think love is confusing
Crossing lines is a hobby of mine
Watch your step when on my property, that's (prolly a mine)
Bombs, missiles, knives for the weapons formed against me
All of them thoughts of killing me off, them shits all in your mind

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I'll lay that mack down
'Til she pass out
Got a slow jam
In the background
What is child's play to a grown man
I'm a whole man with the fam' now
Smoke a blunt right on the porch
Posted at my granny' house
A hard knock block is something to up the ante 'bout
Hustle in my blood, I've been doin' what I gotta do
Until I am the headlining act preforming at Bonnaroo
Baby, I'm just here for the day
And this ain't quite a vacation unless you plan on coming through
Throwin' clouds when I'm loud blazin'
And I keep my head down like a cow grazin'
The crowd favorite
But I grew up
A fuckin' screw up
Gorilla Glued up
I do what
I fuckin' feel like
Not givin' two fucks (What?)
Liquor that's helping me loose up
[?] the world
I'm knocking ash on my new 'bucks
I grind 'til I need new trucks
Fillin' booze up in a few cups
Lemme loosen up and I reload
So I would suggest that you duck

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