

## 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 miserable  
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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