

Take Over

Chris Webby

We on the track
Webby's on the track, Jitta's on the track
Jitta On The Track
And we here

Check, alright
I done smoked a big blunt, you just through a bitch fit
I beat your girl box up, that Biz Markie shit
I'm back up in this bitch, it's that nigga Jit'
All you rappers clitoris, I'm on that New England shit
Lumberjacks and Timberlands, alien intelligence
You be on your high horse? Bitch I'm on my Pegasus
Lumberlife confederate, I be so high talkin' bills like a pelican
Smoke the whole car out, ridin' 'round Connecticut
Bitch I'm off the hook like a motherfuckin' home phone
Dial tone, no really, dial Tone
'Cause that's my fuckin' weed man, and plus he got the fire ho
Burn so much tree it looks like I beef with a firehose
I been fresh since the womb, bruh
Kicks so white they scream, "Fuck yeah dude bruh"
I like my money green and my weed purple, son
Drink so dark it looks like Bobby Shmurda's gums
Follow it, hit the club, fuck the fuzz, fuck with us
Your girlfriend givin' us drunken love, no Beyoncé
They ask where I'm at, said, "It's beyond me"
Got in the bag like Frito Lay
'Bout to hit a lick like a Cheeto stain
Every day is Carleto's way, nigga drop
Man I've been a bitch, nigga flex on me
Better bet he next, oh yeah, oh yeah
That Homegrown smoke in the fuckin' air
Gotta use Visine, just to make it fuckin' clear

Blue skies, sunshine, the world's mine
We takin' over the world
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Long time, you know why, the world's mine
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Takin' over the world

We takin' over like Somali pirates, where the fuck is Captain Phillips?
Rap the illest shit you've ever heard in less than half a minute
Tryin' to stack until I'm losin' track while addin' digits
Chill out for a second, smoke a joint, and then it's back to business
Chuggin' bottles, spittin' flows, and then I'm smashin' bitches
Now my number's in your girl's phone like her apps and widgets
I see the finish line, just got another lap to finish
Rattle off these rap and Snapple facts and blow a sack of spinach
You haven't heard of me? Then I don't give a fuck already
Y'all must be livin' under a rock like SpongeBob's bestie
Eatin' beats, always got a little duck sauce ready
So haters suck a dick, get the fuck off Webby
Stay with a bogey like I'm Lauren Bacall
And get it crackin' like I dropped a fuckin' porcelain doll
"Dude that's my mom's"

Now let me spin the wheel of fortune for y'all
Enjoy the fruits of my labor like apple orchards in fall
Homegrown in the building, me and Jitta be the botanists
Plantin' seeds so deep they root systems are where the fossils sit
We on that full time grind, y'all just some hobbyists
Run circles 'round these rappers and I'm barely even joggin', bitch
Punches make your body flip, Webby on that Rocky shit
Yo Adrian, shake that ass and get to droppin' trick
Suck it then you swallow it, then take another molly
Licks of Henny from my goblet, and hit it till the condom rips

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