

Tazmanian Devil

Chris Webby

Yeah, Webby
Let's go get 'em

See I'm coming in hot
Three hundred and seven degrees
When I step on the scene
Better tell 'em it's me
The bad guy
Call me Shredder with a veteran steez
With money long
I'm that cracker with the spreadable cheese
You get it? Then jeez
Relax, take a seat, kick back
I'm Top Chef, the shit is simple as Easy Mac
The demon's back
Swing until my femur snaps
I got the energy levels of taking speed with crack
The beaten path was not for me, I went left
Stepped in the ring and do shit to death
I came to impress, you came to get wrecked
When I flex, I'ma shake your brain with chin checks
And a broken nose and go blow for blow
Toe to toe
I hoped you that you know the ropes
I've been against that wall like the shoulder closed
But I rose up, evolved, and I chose my road
And it's safe to say that they will never give me my props
So I'm dropping non-stop
Got my lane on lock
I flow hard as Rock
Like I trained with Brock
The hype is real, I'm about to go crazy watch
They can't tame me or play me on radio
I'm too real in a game full of fakes and so
I go in, never let the devil take my soul
I'm swinging Valerian steel and break the mold
You better listen what Christian be putting them in submission
I'm ripping with precision until they gon' put me in prison
For killing everything that entered my vision
Weapons I'm grippin, and every incision
I put all my enemies with 'em
Then you know I'm about to hop in the Chevy (skrt skrt)
And I'm pulling up with Tommy Vercetti
You gonna need a cheat code if you're copying Webby
'Cause I'm wanted with 5 stars with a body already
Ask Xan how he felt from the wrath of Chris
He broke down, took a key, and he scratched his whip
And then waved the white flag, said "I've had it, shit
I just sent a couple tweets, I ain't ask for this!"
But it's all in good fun, no beef lil homie
It was just a lesson that I teach, lil homie
Of what not to say when you speak, lil homie
And uh, I gotta practice what I preach lil homie
Which is if you come at me, I'll go at you
Times two
Now they all know that's true
I'ma rise through the ranks and fill up my piggy bank

In a house on a hill with the Kodak view
When I'm getting where I'm going I can sit and chill
And stop killing everything in my peripheral
Gladiator on the mic is how I'm built for real
So put them cards on the table like we split the bill
The kid is ill
I'm still in my monster mode
So vamanos
Be gone, yo it's time to go
Find me in the Northeast like a lobster roll
Throwing middle fingers up to the cop patrols
You see Webby's always wide awake
So you just better ride away
And find a hiding place where you can hide away
So just your mouth like the entire race
Of aliens from that movie A Quiet Place
Are creeping right in through your fucking fireplace
Yeah, what I drop is easy
To write, I just need a little pot, believe me
The type with red hairs like Ronald Weasley
And the purple on it like Waluigi
God damn, what you think I'm spazzing for?
I'll motherfuck a bitch and why are mom and dad divorced?
I'll crash the Porsche
Right up into the pack of stores
Take everything, dip, come back, and ask for more
Back and forth
On my grind, til I'm getting to the pop
Now this game has gone wack
I'm really not surprised
Got a whole generation yelling "Catch me outside"
Squeezing motherfucking lemons in their eyes
But until the fat lady sings on Broadway
Don't know how much that broad weigh
But she hit them a cappellas all day
A renegade, part Shady and part Jay
And part Tasmanian devil raising hell in the hallways
So play my tape until the decks are blown out
I'm sick, hit the booth, an infection broke out
Verbal semiautomatic Tech that's scoped out
Leave shells on the ground like at Texas Roadhouse
The top's what I'm coming for
Got that magic with the flow, call me Dumbledore
I got the munchies
And all you rappers are looking like Aqua Teen Hunger Force
You don't want no motherfucking war