

The Connect

Chris Webby

You were knocking it out today bro, turn that beat up though
Okay (ya ya)

Coming straight up out the cave of wonders
I played the game like I'm at Dave & Buster's
So if you want a shot at me you better take a number
Cause see, I'm 'bout to fuck the world until I break the rubber
Rape and plunder, you better stay and cover
I'm coming for the iron throne, got white walker in my chromosomes
From a place beyond the wall you shouldn't go alone
Icy flesh up on my frozen bones
Eyes the color of the meth that Walter cooked up in his mobile home
I go to war and bring that wild aggression
Like Khaleesi's dragons every time I rhyme in a session
I'm not wishing on a star for no divine intervention
I'm just killing everybody thats in the line of succession
Leaving impression just check my analytics
Or you can read my origin story up in the hieroglyphics
And your knocky genetics mix with the scientific experimental test that took
my mind to a higher limit
Higher learning way before I was a rap vet
Introduce you dummies to my crash test
Still Connecticut up on my driver's license address
The type of breed we never had yet

I'm the one they talk about under they breath
Never say it out loud or I come for they neck
And I'm a double your bet
Take shots, nothing but net
Stacking green like the fucking Connect
Yeah, I'm the one they talk about under they breath
Never say it out loud or I come for they neck
And I'm a double your bet
Take shots, nothing but net
Stacking green like the fucking Connect (Yeah)

You see I never been a fighter, I just kill them with my wits
And I'm smarter than most, so shit's as simple as it gets (true)
Got a little bad thing licking on my dick (ugh)
Again and again like I'm living in a .gif
Or a boomerang, I pack the hookah with a super strain
Rolling with the Koopah gang, right up out the sewer drain
Mutant ninja rapper baby I'm a do my thang
While I'm maneuvering, through your ladies Nuvaring
Ain't no way out there to measure me
I tip the scales very heavily as I cleverly prepare the recipe
And cook-
up all this fire every Wednesday with nothing but the bare necessities
Webby be a mongrel, I'll do to you what happened to those people that booked
a room in the movie Hostel, I'm hostile
I'll leave you horizontal, way down with the fossils
Christian Webster flipping letters like I'm playing Boggle
Grab a pair of goggles, baby get a scuba mask
Cause you'll be sleeping where the groupers and the tunas at
Like Luca Brasi can't even find you with google maps, do the math
Your [?] is back

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I've been patiently waiting for a track to explode on
They don't ever know what it go down when I get my zone on
You better go long, because my throwing arm is the same one I hold the mic w
ith, it's so strong; mighty Joe Young
Oh lord I've been so gone
So fucking high I've been passing right through the
Webby spit it so cold you gon' need to keep your winter coat on for the whol
e song

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