

We Up

Chris Webby

(Yo JP)

(We up) all night, yeah they try, but they can't
(Keep up) long time on the grind, think I need a
(Re-up) yeah, there ain't no fucking competition
I get it on when the bomb is ticking
(We up) all night, yeah they try, but they can't
(Keep up) long time on the grind, think I need a
(Re-up) they ain't catching up to my position
I get it on when the bomb is ticking

Someone lit the fuse, fired up with a fifth of booze
Walk around like I don't got shit to lose
I'm a boss so don't get this shit confused
And start thinking you could ever come fit the shoe, so listen
I'm hard body as an armadillo, you soft, as a body pillow (yeah)
Memory foam, let it be known
I'ma catch you like it's sharks and minnows
Leaving heartbroken moms and widows (yeah)
'Cause I'm killing rappers dead, I don't need to blast no semi
Just the ink from the pen, get the casket ready
That'll show these motherfuckers not to clash with Webby
Fuck Freddy, shit I'm chasing with a mask, machete
And raw strength to defeat you, bruise, and beat you
All I leave 'em with's a fucking tube to breathe through
Put 'em in a chair with wheels like R2D2
And still pull the rug from underneath you, I be
Smashing 'em brutally, savaging cruelly
Kick 'em while they down and we snatching they jewelry
I'm a beast, I ain't asking if you agree (nah)
Spit is so cold you could feel it where your cavities used to be (yeah)
With the dog and they let us out the kennel (woof)
Teach 'em rap game fundamentals (proof)
Proof is in the pudding, all these years put
And still doing what you couldn't, Webby

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Run and tell 'em

X, it's pretty disrespectful, nigga
You ain't gotta cross the line for me to check you, nigga
My scratch game official, match game official
That aim will hit you, sound the same as a whistle
I woke up and broke up what I had to break
Don't take a earthquake to get this ground to shake
Don't play, you know I'm sensitive, nigga
Have 'em never be able to find the rest of you, nigga
I was putting work in while you was jerking off
Your work is soft, thought you could hurt the boss?
But even thinking 'bout it, mouth full of dirt's the cost

Thinking 'bout your kids, is it worth the loss?
I'm talking old school, gloves and shirts is off
Fuck dripping, I have a nigga squirting sauce
One thing's for certain, two things for sure
If I'm sleep, don't knock on my fucking door, nah

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(Re-up) yeah, there ain't no fucking competition
I get it on when the bomb is ticking
(We up) all night, yeah they try, but they can't
(Keep up) (come on) long time on the grind, think I need a
(Re-up) (yeah) they ain't catching up to my position
I get it on when the bomb is ticking (man)
Run and tell 'em

(We up)