

Webby's Lab 2

Chris Webby

Yeah...

I was, stuck inside my fuckin' studio pacing
Stressin' and second guessin' with all the music I'm makin'
Re assessin' who I choose to put faith in
And re examinin' who really has a say in all these moves that I'm makin'
Stepped away for a minute, made a new situation
And now it's back to the basics, I know you have been waitin'
Cause see it ain't about the numbers or the views or rotations
I'm hungry, those in my way should get to funeral arrangin'
I'll bruise em, I'll scrape em, I'll chew em, I'll break em
And Get a skewer filet em, like food on my plate and throw what's left in the stew I was makin'
I'm patient I'm calm and I'm cool I'm just sayin'
The person that you see when you google my name, with those stupid photo shots from like 2008 with the early interviews of me sayin' some super outdated chemically fueled ludicrous statements
Was just a kid who lacked guidance, up in the public eye
But I'm all grown up now, so fuck it right
Let's get back to raisin' hell up again
And talkin' shit about these rappers cause I'm better than them
Time to give em all a show so go assemble your friends
We in the lab, like its 2011 again
The hands on the clocks jumpin', but dammit I'm not bluffin'
It's time to make shit get outta hand like I dropped somethin'
Won't stop nothing I'm back bitch, the bandicoot of Datpiff
With my lab kit, and bottle ready to crash shit

Oh you think that's it? Not even close mother fucker. Check check...

Rockin' crowds is what I love to do
Adrenaline is pumpin' through
My body, sending dopamine levels right through the fuckin' roof
Serotonin rushin' too, more than any drug could do
Music's like my anti depressant, this shit ain't nothing new
Without it I'd be caught up in stress, an alcoholic, a mess
I don't just do this cause it offers a check
Cause I don't need a label office, a jet, or a crib in the hills or a lamborghini and jewelry all on my neck
But I'm sick of fallin' in debt with this Indian guy from American Express puttin' in this call to collect
But I see being pushed to the brink as a test
And honestly, bein' broke really seems to bring out my best
I feel like, I'm locked inside a fuckin cage with a pen
Bein' pushed to the point that I hate this game that I'm in
Surrounded by these people who just like to fake and pretend
So they ask, "if that's the case why you ain't famous as them?"
I dunno, but just lemme give my midnight toast
Hip hops dead like nas said and it's this I quote
I'm feelin' like I'm out the loop and it's an inside joke
"Wait wait, your actually serious? You think this guys dope?"
So I'll keep givin' my lectures, professor Webster is back in my mask jacket and gloves cookin' tracks in the desert
I'm back and I'm better, actin' erratic dramatic and clever
Cause I'm, still up in the fuckin' lab like Dexter

Five years later, we back up in the laboratory mother fucker. Welcome to the mixtape. Yea!