

# Webster's Laboratory

Chris Webby

Welcome, welcome!  
I'd like to welcome you all to Webster's Laboratory  
I'll be your host for the evening  
Chris Webby if you didn't already know  
Step right in, let me show you around real quick  
Let's cook some shit up  
(Cough)  
Yeah!

It's that verbal visionary, criminally literary  
Spit it clever, bitch it's Webster  
You could check me on the dictionary under author credits  
I'm the author, get it?  
Mind sharper than a cutless that I'll saw your head with  
So authentic Donald Trump is my apprentice  
Shaved his fucking combover off his head and made my exit  
They can't see me, cause me see dyslexic  
Cooking acid tablets on my omelet during breakfast  
Three moves in Tetris? Nah but I got a triple stack  
I'm talking E. pills until I can't remember jack, shit  
Rolling with aliens like Men In Black  
Repping for Connecticut, run and tell Kemba that  
I'm a dirty dog down to fuck your lady raw  
Roll a J of Sour D, get twisted like a crazy straw  
I'm a motherfucking beast off the leash  
Until the obituary say that Webby is deceased  
Killer beats, call a priest, they can't censor me  
Cause if they try, the whole fucking song will be a bleep  
I'm a chief like Squanto, skin tone blanco  
Rolling on these bitches with better stash than Rondo  
Rolling up cilantro, rolling in a Bronco  
Running people over like it's grand theft auto  
CT to Cabo, I'm killing them with hot flow  
Getting paid and spending more money than the lotto, easy

So you see, here in Webby's lab  
I'm gonna be hitting you with a lot of samples  
Some industry beats  
All cooked together with a nice topping of Dope lyrics  
Oh yeah and it's free, courtesy of Datpiff  
And myself of course  
The album is coming soon, so buy that  
But until then, enjoy

Yeah! It's that wacky underrated rapping caucasian  
I'm not in it for the fame and the money, but shit I'll take em  
I've been waiting here patiently while others got big  
Now I'm like "Pick me coach, I'll slaughter these kids!"  
I'm so hungry you can hear my fucking stomach through my ribs  
Calling dibs on a title, let me show them what it is  
I'm wrecking tracks, doing shows, and getting cash, huh  
I'm triple x, way too big for any freshman class  
It's in my repertoire, every single bar is hard  
Spitting fire like I'm the human version of Charizard  
A Super Smash Brother make that money stack brother  
Stick my dick in instrumentals 'til I'm on my last rubber  
Motherfucker, what? Long as I can bust a nut

All over a track and then I'm bouncing with a couple sluts  
Not to be derogatory, but you need to drop a shorty  
Take them panties off, I'm in that ass like a suppository  
Pop a '40 and chug until I'm puking all over the rug  
Never sober, rolling the bud  
Master with the multi-syllable raps  
No one's iller in fact, with a precision Reggie Miller would back, huh  
I'm just a Looney Toon, way more rude than you  
And if you don't like what I'm doing, sue me dude  
I haven't ever and I'll never give an f-word  
Cooking shit up in the lab like Dexter

So boys and girls  
6 mixtapes deep and I still haven't lost my touch as you can see  
You know, I just really want to say thank you  
To everyone who has supported me thus far  
I feel like it's really time to take this shit over  
Ninja Swag, bitches!  
So again, welcome to Webster's Laboratory  
And have a lovely fucking day