

# Wont Be Today

Chris Webby

I've been here for a minute  
While they've judged I lived it  
And I've proved I'm here to stay  
Now they all gather in and listen till there's nothing left to give 'em  
But I still got more to say  
I had a struggle on my ride here  
Caught up in the grind and I almost lost my way  
But if I ever call it quits, all I know is this  
It won't be today (it won't be today)

I'm a survivor, I've waited my turn, now it's my time sir  
Had to dig deep, pick ax, coal miner  
I'm like Ghost Rider, blazing a trail and flow fire  
Shit my razor sharp lyrics turn your fitted to a visor  
That mix-tape supplier, pulsing through your speaker wires  
With a dutchie and a lighter, stay higher than frequent fliers  
My word game demolishing these halfway decent writers  
They rubbing sticks together I'm your local heat provider  
Swerving through the street dividers like it's Large Marge whipping it  
Music juiced up, get a car charged with this shit  
Now they asking questions like they "Nardwuar" in this bitch  
Still I keep it dirty like a barn yard when I spit  
Bars hard ripping shit, murder and I bury beats  
Always come to play at the studio with a pair of cleats  
A pterodactyl to these mother fucking parakeets  
Take it to the top, even higher than my hand can reach

Look... for some of y'all to relate  
Ya I trap you in a box for a season  
Bullets bobbing and weaving still ain't popping and squeezing  
No Lord to abide by, still you watching for deeds and  
What's worse, you can't think of any logical reason  
Been learned, when the past comes it might be a no look  
In the trap they keep you, that's why I stayed in my notebook  
The tougher you try to be the lesser I was impressed  
And I wish the nigga would like I had his best interest  
Arms like tree trunks, weight is relentless  
Fuck the world I'm going ape on this bench press  
Careful with my foot and though they trimmed off half the ledge  
I'm along for your sake dawg, me and the fags don't mesh  
'Bout that, you'll see how I react to threats  
Hear the gun sing or meet the knife with the jagged edge  
But shit ain't how it used to be  
So let my foes know they gotta get used to me

Me giving up? It won't happen today  
Rap to the day that they fucking bury me, put me in a casket to lay  
So while I'm here just listen up to what I happen to say  
I'll show you history being made in elaborate ways  
I'm still a fully independent juggernaut up in this shit B  
Tryin' to make that capital, holding down my shift key  
The undisputed Best in the Burbs is what I still be, so feel me  
'Cause fucking with the flow is more than risky  
A dog built like a doberman-pit mix breed  
You pussy cats coughing up hairballs like Stimpy  
Me? I spit venom, now I'm reppin in the big leagues  
A grizzly, laughing while you teddy bears diss me

Hehhh, so if they ain't digging the flow fuck 'em  
Go Mighty Joe Young in the building with Joe Budden  
Show I'm something with this music shit, out here doing it  
We ain't going nowhere bitch so get used to it