

World Wide Web

Chris Webby

You've got mail

Woo, check the WiFi
Call your internet provider, grab a lighter
Smoke a fire in this bitch until we quite high
Got the K-9 unit barking at me every single motherfucking time that I'ma ride by
Yeah, hit the pedal yelling "Bye bye!"
But if y'all really want beef, I'ma get on Uber Eats
Turn this bitch into a Five Guys, tell 'em I'll chow down
A tyrannosaurus rex every time I take a step
It be followed by a loud sound
Make a motherfucker bow down
When they see my silhouette through tinted windows at Around Town
I'm a goddamn genius
The word's over their head like a meme and shit
I'll use a motherfucker's name, never sneak a diss
I'm never scared, bone crusher, never plead the fifth
Too many checks to count
When I factor in the next amount. shit I'ma need to get a tenth account
I'm all over the web, call me Wreck-it-Ralph
So if they try'na pop up I'ma X them out
But I ain't left the house in days
And I'm still all in your face
On a website, because Web's sight is 20/20 get on Web's page
Bitch, I'm here to stay
Better tell them that I'm here now
I'm the antidote
One of the rawest on the whole damn Atlantic coast
And somebody beating me up in this motherfucking ring
That's like Donald Trump winning the Hispanic vote

I'll bum rush the game
Saying "Motherfucker, what's my name?"
Yeah, cloth isn't cut the same
I'll be spitting 'til I bust a vein
Now tell me what's my name?
What's my name? What?

It's W, W, W, dot
It's worldwide web and I'm gunning for the top
It's W, W, W, dot
Yeah, it's worldwide web, motherfucker, and I'm coming for your spot
Yelling "Fuck your feelings"
Yeah, my aim on point I don't care what the fuck y'all feeling
Yeah it's worldwide web

Woo, hit the log in
You got motherfucking mail, leave a trail of the breadcrumbs everywhere I'm walking
Hansel and Gretel with a touch of heavy metal and some late 90s rap in my Walkman
Tell 'em I will never soften
I ran through your place, put hands on your face like I [?]
Listen, I go hard for weeks with dope bars, repeat
Any hater in my way, Control, Alt, Delete
Call me Worldwide Web, a Christian Bourdain

All I do is board planes
I wrote off the seats as a business expense
Sick when I flip my sentence
I rip shit, spit tremendous
And cock back and swing with the fists of vengeance
Relentless, everybody in attendance gon' see
You don't wan' be fucking with me
Rule so fucking deep, you'd think we under the seats
Yeah [?] with the punches that'll buckle your knees
You would think you watching the WWE
Come and you'll see
Listen, I be coming correct
Throw your chips down, man fuck it, I'ma double your bet
Shit I'll run in just to pull in on a rug and I'll jet
I live a wild life, WWF
Yeah it's WW dot com
Worldwide Web in your CD Rom
I been all up on the internet dropping bombs
Ever since I was Myspace friends with Tom

I'm about to bum rush the same
Tell me motherfucker, what's my name
Yeah our cloth isn't cut the same
I'll be spitting 'til I bust a vein
Now tell me what's my name?
What's my name? What?

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