

# Zion

Chris Webby

This rap life is a give and a take  
From the lowest I've ever been to hittin' the brake  
Now I'm fillin' my plate with six different steaks  
'Cause honestly in the grand scheme shit has been great  
But the cost is even greater while on a quest for the paper  
It's bound to alter behavior, it's simply just human nature  
And life is meant to savor, of course I'm tastin' the flavors  
There's some perks when you're the entertainer  
But really listen  
This lifestyle ain't fit for most  
It's a cold world, get thicker coats  
In these shark infested waters, mmm, you're gonna need a bigger boat  
While I'm docked up on a different coast  
With a bad bitch who givin' throat  
Damn fuckin' right, what a fuckin' life  
Here, pour a glass, I'mma give a toast  
So cheers to the OG homies  
Cheers to the fam and the fans  
And cheers to the ones who hated me  
Y'all made me the man that I am  
I'm thankful for those rough seas and them hurricanes in that front seat  
But I pushed through it, just me, so trust me

I'mma, I'mma, I'mma  
I'mma ride on, I'mma ride on  
'Til the fuckin' fuel lights on, ride on out  
I'mma fight on, I'mma fight on  
Call me Tyson, fight 'til the lights go out  
I'mma giant, heart of a lion  
On the road to Zion and I'm no doubt  
They livin' like me, go and die young (Die young, die young)  
As we ride on out

Ride off on a one-way  
At the place that I said I'd be someday  
They said I couldn't but once they seen me take off on the runway  
They all could see the shit, even if they ain't believin' it  
They went from all critiquin' it to on they phones and streamin' it  
And thanks for that by the way, shit helps with the bills I pay  
And it helps for the weed I smoke and the drink I drink and the pills I take  
I've been that guy, I'm still that way  
I had no path, had to build that way  
They were blind to the things I say so I rap in Braille when they feel that way  
These moves I make, I've demonstrated  
If it ain't given to me I'm gon' take it  
Let 'em all talk that shit and hate it  
Let 'em all judge and under rate it  
What's apparent is I've made it  
I don't care if they debate it  
I'm still rich and fuckin' famous, you will not hear me complainin'  
I'm the beast that y'all created, call me all the shit I ain't  
Y'all insultin' me's like shootin' bow and arrows at a tank  
Still the captain of this ship, we still afloat, we never sank  
And we sailin' to the bank, so salute or walk the plank  
Yeah

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