

# I Got 'Em (Feat. Rotimi) [Prod. Instrumentel]

Chris Webby

(Chorus)

You know that I got em baby  
You know that I got em baby  
And anybody trying to block my shine  
Take a number and get to the back of the line  
You know that I got em baby  
You know that I got em baby  
And anybody trying to step to me  
Is gonna quickly get sent away  
You see a lot of em are hating now  
Cause I got my name around  
Around me, people saying that I'm famous now  
Don't be mad, I worked hard for a kid  
Wrote a million verses and a multitude of chorus'  
To get to where I'm sitting, now look at where I'm sitting at  
Kick my J's up with a drink now I'm sitting back  
Loving life, feeling good, trying to keep my head straight  
The trunk roaring that Tyrannosaurus Rex bass  
Been a minute now, now it's do or die  
Fuck high school, I went to school high  
Graduated with a rap degree  
So me reaching to the top is how it has to be  
I'm OE to these pop-tart daiquiris  
Nunchucks in my hand and attack a beat  
I'm on a god damn rampage  
Money's going up and so's the number on the fan page

(Chorus)

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I got some very big shoes to fill  
Cause I'm aiming for the title and I shoot to kill  
Got the iTunes and your whole computer filled  
Kids be like yo dude Webby's super ill

Is it frat rap or is it backpack  
But all I really care about is where the cash at  
I got a dutchie rolled up like a snack wrap  
I got a bittie by my side and Imma wax that  
I'll make my competition sweat with no elliptical  
The school of new age rap and I'm the principal  
Chicken with some waffle fries, flow is unforgivable  
Kill it every time I be dropping a single syllable  
Getting a beat and I'm rapping it ill  
And I'm back with the skill, that you never seen  
Knew that I was meant for this when I was only seventeen  
But I'm living good now, moving on to better dreams  
Raping every beat I got and making instrumentals scream

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You see I'm hopping in the driver's seat, pedal to the floor mat  
Ain't no catching up to me, better fall back  
Raw track after raw track, is my resume  
make my own music while they spitting over lemonade  
Stay messed up with a style to step up  
Over the competition while they trying to catch up  
Haters suck my left nut  
Cause if the good die young  
I'll be in a body bag by next month  
Cause you know that I got em baby  
Ain't no motherfucker that could stop em baby  
So listen to this, I'm killing this shit  
Ripping it sick, I should be selling tickets to this  
You must have had the game twisted like a licorice stick  
If you ain't think I was stepping in here and killing this shit  
So remember the name, maybe take a picture of Chris  
Before I burn the house down and leave you sizzling bitch

(Chorus)

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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