

Hump Day

Chris Webby

[Intro]

Yeah

You know, some of the motherfuckers out here acting like I don't still got bars

Like this isn't exactly what the fuck I do!

Heh...stupid motherfuckers, yeah

[Verse]

My DNA litty, frame skinny and brain witty

With weed in my jeans, my mom's a straight hippy

Keep a tight circle of those that bring with me

Rocking Timberland boots and we bang Biggie

You dig me? Pulling up while puffing the sticky

With a bird, like I got some Snuffleupagus in me

Getting faded every single time I come to your city

I'll be up at the local bar like Always Sunny in Philly

Keep it a hundred and fifty

No little dicky, bitch I'm medium sized

Doing whatever is needed for my piece of the pie

Jacked up on so many damn amphetamines that I believe I can fly

Brain and Pinky with the scheme I devised

Diso-bidient mind, making G's on the grind

Webby make your head nod, put your seat in recline

With that throwback (?) like somebody learned to freeze it in time

Prince of Persia with the meanest of rhymes

(An emcee in his prime, you feel me?)

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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>