

# Label Office Cypher (Interlude)

Chris Webby

Web you got the CD?

Course I got the fuckin' CD man, fuckin' big meeting and shit... we're pretty late though, you think we're gonna be good?

I think we're gonna be all set man, just pick up your pants a little bit. No talking about Adderal, no talking about banging this guy's wife like keep it real good

Of course, of course... Oh shit, is that that fucking BarsTaLoan dude again?

Man that guy e-mails me every day...

Yo get your hands off me man, stop I got rights! Stop get, off me!

Fuck your rights, you need to evacuate right now

I know I scared this bodyguard, man... Oh, oh, you got Chris Webby up in this motherfuckin' office? That's who your next appointment is, Chris Webby?! Y'all don't want BarsTaLoan but you're gonna fuck with Chris Webby up in this bitch?!

Will you get out of here?

Get the fuck off me man!

What?

Chris Webby fuck you, fuck Homegrown, fuck all that other bullshit! Get the fuck off me man! Fuck you Chris Webby

Fuck me? Fuck you! Fuck you buddy!

What old ass copy machine is that? BarsTaLoan I got ink jets boy! Like a motherfuckin' sauna up in here man, that's what bitches say when they get in my car nigga. "It's like a motherfuckin' sauna up in here damn BarsTaLoan" yeah bitch cause I'm fuckin' hot!

C'mon let's go...

Nah get your fuckin' hands off me, yo. It's all conspiracy my nigga, I'm telling you. It's trilluminati or illuminati, something like that, my boy told me look at the You page, no I mean the YouTube page, it was something but... Fuck you, I know y'all niggas is part of that shit, I see all these piramids when I'm walkin' in,

yo

Get the fuck out of here!

Let's go... And don't come fuckin' back here!

Hey, how you doin'

I'm really sorry about that

Nah, it's cool... I keep seeing that fuckin' guy everywhere

He's been in here about four times this week

Really? Interesting... Anyways, I have a meeting today, with Marty?

Chris Webby?

Yeah, yeah, uh, that would be me

He's down the hall, first door on the left

Oh I see it, uh thank you, thank you, appreciate that

Lisa, where are my fax messages? I asked for those ten minutes ago, let's get it together. That's not what the fuck I asked for, I asked you to do something, you do it right, otherwise you're fired

Hey, Marty, Marty?

Oh mister "thirty-minutes-I'm-late" guy, how you doin'?

Uh I'm, uh... good

Well, know you've got five minutes to impress me, so sell me yourself, you got videos? Can you rap?

Yeah, I mean, did you like... research?

I don't have time for the internet

Alright, uh, yo, fuck. Kenny, you wanna just beatbox real quick?

Beatbox activating

Is that coming out of his mouth?

I'm an untrained dog, no collar  
Had loose screws since I was a toddler

Yo don't bother  
Up in this bitch drinking vodka like water  
Do you read me? Roger, I am a monster  
All you young buck white kids put the mic down, I am your father  
Still be drinking like I did when I was up at Hofstra  
Taking more shots than I did playing Contra  
Hold up, hold up, hold up, wait  
Let me take a sip of water, I don't know if I'm straight  
Lost track of all the LIT's that I drank  
And I'm feeling like I just might faint  
But I lace my sneakers, eat a piece of pizza  
And throw another bottle right up on the Visa  
Bangin' out those speakers  
Going hard in the paint like I fucked Mona Lisa  
Where the chronic B?  
My short term memory is chronically  
Fucked up, cause I burn down constantly  
How could I shape up? I forgot geometry  
But they gon' learn CT in geography  
Cause I got the whole damn world watching me  
It's hard to even keep up with it honestly  
Let's gettin' it muthafuckin' poppin' B  
We're losing brain cells  
I don't think I'm leaving this  
Motherfucker, 'til somebody takes away my keys and shit  
I haven't been trained well, I'm so disobedient  
Got that verbal dope, so just holla if you need a fix  
Drop a freestyle, daily fire  
Lighting up a bong up that'll take me higher  
Crazy rhymers, that's known to cross the line like a stereotypical Asian driver  
Web so sick that I make 'em nauseous  
Go balls out, never play it cautious  
Went from a dorm room to rapping to muthafuckers wearing suits in a label office  
I'm a beast on the mic with a beatbox flow  
Anybody steppin' after he rocks, no  
He got flow, I'm an animal, follow my name with an e-i, e-i, e-i-o  
Seat ride low when I'm cruising in  
With a cup full of brown like Julian  
With a trailer park boy and some hooligans  
Got bars, yeah kid I got a few of them  
It's C Web

Mc Donald's, Coca Cola, Chris Webby, in lights... Billboard, Times Square, you'll be holding babies on ad  
commercials

That's cool. Babies, why babies? I don't understand this

You know what, you wanna make money?

I mean...

A million dollars

That's cool, I... don't know...

Five albums, eight years

What? Five albums, damn! Nah nah...

I...

So no deal?

Yeah, we're not gonna...

I... I mean, I'm just not so sure...

Get out of my office. Leave the pen here too

Damn, alright...

]Lisa, next meeting! And bring me a coffee and my fucking granola bar!

---

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>