

# Bars On Me

Chris Webby

Yea I'm back up in this bitch just like a uterus  
And I don't need no lubricated condom when I'm doing this  
Always got a doobie lit  
Swerve behind the wheel and maneuver it  
Twenty-twenty with it, use my eyes to see the future quick  
Moving shit, I'm just trying to be what I'm supposed to be  
Supposedly I'm dope, St. Nicholas ain't as cold as me  
The thing we got in common is I'm always with a Ho or three  
Make them drop it like someone with Parkinson's carrying groceries  
Cause I'm here and I rap that shit, doing shows and stacking chips  
Take my shirt off when I spit that's why your girl is on my dick  
Got these tats all on my body and a pocket full of piff  
Fill the bong up with some ice cubes, baby take a hit  
See I'm running for the title, everybody voting Webster  
Drinking straight tequila out a mother fucking blender  
Middle finger stay up, nobody can censor  
I'm a dog always sniffing for the female gender  
Friend her up on facebook and from there it's a wrap  
Send a poke and then tomorrow she'll be sitting on my lap  
Even back when I was broke, my girlies always had a rack  
Love them big titty bitches with bodies covered in tats  
It's that marijuana twister, grabbing ladies from the mixer  
Then I bring them to the telly, and crack a bottle of liquor  
Cause I never gave a fuck, I'm the type to bang your sister  
Then go back to your crib and fuck your moms like Stiffler  
I hope you get the picture, take it on your Kodak  
Up in Webby's World you cannot reach me with a road map  
To find it you need Adderall, Ambien, and some Prozac  
  
Always cooking fire, someone show me where the stoves at  
Keep on dropping heat, all you players grab your cleats  
Cause I'm in this game to win it, I won't settle for defeat  
From the suburbs to the streets, I will stand by what I speak  
And I don't even know what this bitch is saying up on the beat  
But I got a hundred bars on me  
Everything that we throw on the credit card's on me  
Every drink that we get at the titty bar's on me  
And I'll be living just like this until my heart don't beat  
Bitches it's Chris Webby, that whitey who spit deadly

With my foot up on the pedal like I'm Mario Andretti  
Fucker I rap flames and murder the rap game  
Spitting 'til I'm number one with a bullet like Max Payne  
Got that Nerf gun tucked and I'll aim it at your gut  
Better duck, it's that cracker and slapper of big butts  
Getting drunk, always looking for some double D cups  
But in the lab I cook it up like I'm WolfGang Puck  
Get them in the game and I go straight ham  
When I get the rock up in my hand  
Cause I'm here to get it popping just exactly how I planned  
Take a stand right here for this rapping shit and keep my lyrics accurate  
Test me but beating Webby just simply will never happen bitch  
Salute me cause truly I be the dopest on the chords  
Master Yoda with the bars, I'm a Jedi with the force  
That's cause Webby done got that flow  
They can act like they don't know  
But they ain't fucking with me period yo  
Fineto

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