

Bar For Bar

Chris Webby

Yeah... Webby

I drop 50 bars, mad bars, raised the bar twice
The bars are on me all night
If they wanna go bar for bar we can do it on sight
I'm a beast, you're gonna never see me lose a bar fight
Everyone got an opinion but they won't step up
Can do a fucking handstand still got no leg up
So go ahead, talk your shit, yo, come on get tough
I'll Instagram a dick pic, you could all get fucked
I'm still as sick as a malaria patient, I'm very impatient
Stomping up the stairs of the basement (I'm coming)
No hibernation, yo, this bear is awakened
And half the game be softer than what Ben and Jerry are making
I'm a transcendentalist with literary arrangements
Vocabulary is like a dictionary replacement
But they only talking money and they last time I was checking
The greater percentage of America is in a recession (hold up) (what)
So what you're sayin' is these diamond crusted necklaces
And convoluted messages is really what you're messing with
Where's the dope shit what happened to that
Back when people stepped up to the mic and actually rapped
But now I'm on it, been here for a minute, and now I'm back to get them
Had this devil on my shoulder during catechism
Staying high from the purple and the hash I'm hitting
Brain moving slower than Rick Ross' metabolism
I'm here to rap a rhythm, so why you saying shit (why)
So many fucking punch lines, I'm about to break my wrist
Undefeated, yo, I'm hard to be playing with
I'm the king, alter alias is Marcus Aurelius
Killing beats, murder scene, and I'm washing my hands carefully
Scrubbing all the blood out the trunk of the Grand Cherokee
In need of therapy but the doctor's scared of me
Says I need a trip to Shutter Island cuz apparently
I've lost my damn mind, yo, I'm sick in the head
The reason women say that chivalry's dead
I'm that guy, trying to find some company laying in misery's bed
Staying blunted with a fifth to the head
Judge Dredd with a weapon now, laser beam flow bout to blast that
Mother fucking lyricist, you can hashtag that

Freestyle crazy, they like; "Yo, how he rap that?"
So hot off the top, I'll melt the plastic in my snapback
In a hatchback running people over till your body parts are stuck in my motor
Never sober, I got to charge my G-Pen like 12 times every weekend
Sharks and minnows with it always treading in the deep end, shit who needs friends
I got my headphones, an iPod, rhyme book and a pen, homes
Shit, I even got bars in a dead zone
I get it crackin' like chiropractors with neck bones
Shit, I been slept on, way too fucking long now
Studied every fork in the road taking the long route (yes sir)
Mapped it out like cartography, build my bridges strong
And now I know that anyone that stomps at me will tremble in my hands
Run them off my lands, see I always stuck it to the man
Fuck it, cuz I can, bringing out the ruckus is my plan
Puffing on a gram, if you want some trouble I'm your man
Comfortably stand right where I'm at
Soon to be legend, ain't no fighting the facts
About to rise to be a mother fucking titan of rap
Give them pieces of my soul and put my life in a track
In the game where people quick to put that knife in your back
Gotta teach yourself to move like a wolf or get preyed on
Fuck blowing up the real challenge is to stay on
You must be fucking stupid if you take on
This crazy white boy, keep my game face on
And my shades on, and my brim low, and my mind right
Cooking up a sick flow, chewing through my leash, now see the kid go
Because now we here bitch, welcome to the show
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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