

Dangerous

Chris Webby

{ *Evil Laughs* } I'm a Super Villain where the f*cks Kick ass?
One kick to the chest will give em whiplash
Crack a 6-pack, light a bogie up
Twist a Bamboo, cause bein' sober sucks
I'm the dopest young buck with this rap shit
Crazy mothaf*cker in need of a strait jacket
Rap it, grab the track and face bash it
Every instrument and the beat will lay in the casket
Ha, cause you know I leave em hurt son
On the Grassy Knoll, sniper rifle Nerf gun
You ain't ready for the crazy shit that Chris will pull
F*ckin' despicable, leavin' every hater miserable
Kicked back, so come on and distract
I hit em so hard they can't help it but sit back
I spit raps amazing
They flip the f*ck out like Liam Neeson
When his daughter was kidnapped and taken [Chorus] I'm mentally insane
On more cocaine than Rick James
Chuggin' doober while I be drivin' and switch lanes
This kid's brains suffer psychosis
Runnin' into oncoming traffic with a helmet and a roach clip
The dope shit, that roll, and smoke shit
Hotter than bein' on the equator with a coat zipped
Get your boat flipped
I leave em capsized
They smell the chronic in the air when I pass by
I give em bad vibes
But you know I flow butter
Gave Steve Austin the stone cold stunner
I took a shovel out and I buried The Undertaker
Drop the scissors and attack rock with paper
Lord Vader mixed with a little Darth Maul
Pedal to the medal til the f*ckin' car stalls
Adderall, Ritalin, LSD
I'm meet you up in Webby's world
Yo, follow me! [Chorus] I always got one eye open like a coked up Cyclops
No time for sleep, not a day that the grind stops
Kill a beat when I grab the mic, watch
Connect more dots than a bag of dice got

The Raps I drop get flipped like IHOP
Throw more kicks than Noob Saibot cause I rock
Make time stop like the Prince of Persia
Wanted in 47 states lyrical murder
So believe the shit, I plead the fifth
After I force feed a bulimic chick Swedish fish
I'm an evil prick
With some diesel pits
Slaughter any competition that I'm beefin' with
Beatin' Chris? Nah, not likely
I whoop my own ass with a tire iron now come fight me
Till God strikes me down, I'll keep goin'
Givin' Satan himself this free promotion
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

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