

Blunt Ride Cypher (Interlude)

Chris Webby

Itâ€™s Chris Webby, getting high as fuck right now
Iâ€™m hella sick, and no one knows what Iâ€™m infected with
So hi itâ€™s nice to meet you
Iâ€™m the guy your girl been texting with
Evil rap nemesis, lighting up that heady shit
Thatâ€™s potent as the poison in a fucking box jellyfish
In a box Chevy with the soldiers in my fellowship
Legolas and Aragorn cruising through Connecticut
Leave behind a trail of empty bottles and jealous chicks
Throw around bread, Iâ€™m on my Hansel and Gretel shit
A psychopath on a path of destruction
Popping Xanax til Iâ€™m seeing black
I better pass the Dutch Master Iâ€™m puffing
The first up the mic but the last to the function
Stumbling drunk with a busty chick with a passion for sucking
East Coast, we donâ€™t borrow your swagger for nothing
Weâ€™d rather start a battle instead of having a discussion
So pass it back to me, cousin
Shit Iâ€™m so nice I could spit this shit right here backwards in Russian!

No sound like the one I got
They can hear it anytime I rock
Cause all I gotâ€™s my balls and my word
And this baggie full of herb
And Iâ€™m coming for that #1 spot

Iâ€™ve always been a loose cannon
They say I rolled off of a pirate ship
High as shit, Bobby Costas, look how red my eyesâ€™ll get
Iâ€™m out in Sochi, 720 to a flying split
And land all up in that vagina bitch, huh
See I be showing them what I can do with this shit
Yo what you think I was new to this shit?
Got a beautiful chick in the passenger seat
Giving head to me while I maneuver the whip
Vroom, rhyme book staying fucking full
Chemically Imbalanced, and fully fucking dysfunctional

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