

What I Do

[Chris Webby](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Straight chuggin' on the 40 ounce, brain cells fry
Like a clamb strip all day get high
Never ending story felt course stay fly
My mom's a math teacher so I gotta multiply
Not a mathematician myself so I ride
At my 98 Altima parked outside
Hustle and mixtapes I'm tryna get by
Double U E double B follow with a Y
Mothaf*cka that's me and I be so cool
To be on my level you gonna need a step-stool
Always been a troublemaker gotta break rules
Breaking every law till they kick me out of school
So amped up you'd think I'm chuggin' jet fuel
Chasing a bottle of moon shine with an O'Doules
No more rules let me call up Billy Madison
And have em slippin' on banana peels if they challenge him
I'm bafflin' any competitor with what I'm rappin' and
The future's lookin' bright I think I'm staring at a halogen
Born in '88 I got it tatt'd on my abdomen
Product of the 90s, everyday practicin'
Then it started happenin', turned into a beast
Full bred pit with a little Maltise
Woof, slaughter any track I see
You've now been warned, you'd better hide your beats[Hook]
I'ma never give a f*ck about you
I'm just doing what I do
Murder any beat I put my mind too
Thought you knew that's what I do
Rappin' on the mike till my face turns blue
Through and through that's what I do
That's what I do Stop sleeping over there man pass the blunt
L ride around town and be back for lunch

Got a full plate of beats and some Captain Crunch
Me on the mike only lost a battle once
Everybody else, murked em
Cooked it up, served em
Pen in hand I got the dexterity of a surgeon
Freestyles burn em, written rhymes flawless
Like the names of every Mutant Ninja Turtle, I'm an artist
B*tch, nobody stoppin' what I'm sayin'
Lyrical display gon' shock em like Raiden
Everyday ragin', show me where the party's at
Where the b*tches where the broads where the hotties at?
Where the liquor where the bud, where the Marley at?
Where the stage I'm bouta give the crowd a heart attack
Life's short so you know I gotta live it up
Brim low dutch rolled I'ma never give a f*ck[Hook]All I got's my word and my balls just a nerve with a cause
Livin' life like a video game so press pause
Double tap X with a shot to the brain
Back back square hit em with the scorpion chain
So get over here b*tch ill kick em like Liu Kang
And fatality anybody who shits on my name
Its that tatted up tyrant, heatin' up the climate
Pissing on these haters like puppies on fire hydrants
It's that motherf*ckin' Optimus Rhyme full bottle of pills
Blunted with a bottle of wine
Fully transform bout to take over the game soon
Ain't no mothaf*cka I'm afraid to bring the flame to
Got em rotisserie while I be smokin' piffery
Making words connect like letters written in calligraphy
Not a person here stepping in my shoes
'Cause see Webby's back and this is what I do[Hook]

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