

# Raising The Bar

Chris Webby

Yeah anytime I step I blaze it thoroughly  
No one seeing me Y'all need corrective laser surgery  
Check my date of birth you see Webby's only 21  
Hotter then the summer bitch you know I got it covered son  
Get it done when I get up on a beat and I tear it up  
Cause all I got in this world is my word and a pair of nuts  
Bring em in ill air em out hustling like escebar  
With lyrics sharper then the claws retracted in a leopards paw  
Check my repretuar cause I been grinding for a minute  
Heh, and even the haters admitted I can spit it  
This rapping is a sport to me  
Break it down importantly  
Whiter then a kilo bitch I'm bringing Boston George with me  
Rambling answering the hate and spitting gorgeously  
cant handle him I'm Aniken  
And yes I got the force with me  
Torture be have them all asking where the chorus be  
Bitch I'm good money and nobody affording me  
Playing my cards right whiter then a Marb lite  
Voice raspier then christian bale in the dark knight  
I got my competition saying our fathers  
And every fucking hater running scared like Paul walker  
I don't fire deadly shots  
Never with a semi cocked  
Just light up heavy pot and spit venom call me eddy Brock  
Webby drops, whether you ready or not heavy metal or pop  
So steadily I'll get to the top  
Clever as ever so watch the bass and treble will not  
So fucking loud its like getting hit in the head with a rock  
I leave em dead or in shock  
When I spit I'm a rap rebel  
With my size 10 Jordan on the fucking gas pedal Grab the mic and I go  
Aint nobody messing with the rhythm I flow  
Need that dough  
Tic tac toe  
Break motherfuckers like a kit-kat bro  
Hit that dro pass that back  
Laying low 20 sack  
Then I roll it up and hit it till that's ash

Then my drug dealer gonna get a call back back  
On a track accurate that's the reason I'm so relaxed when I rap  
Cause the facts are the facts and the fact of it is  
Next to em nobody spit this rap  
Bring it back  
Crowd packed  
Dog I'm ripping more beats  
Carrying the game just like a baby in the storks beak I'm serving my competition like roddie  
I'm doctor robotic it with knuckles in my pocket  
Toxic so fucking dirty you should wash it  
Got this hot shit LeBron couldn't block it  
Spitting it with flavor  
Ripping wisdom on the paper  
Bitch i get the block popping  
Just like tiger was my neighbor  
Precision like a laser no one playing with this  
Cause this rap second nature like inhaling a spliff  
I just throw together words and i rip shit ill  
No one ever done like christian will  
Spit with skills bitch this real  
Brain slow down on proscription pills  
Need a deal damn straight make the fucking land shake  
Ari go looking for me since he seen the fan base  
Youtube numbers up Facebook yeah whats up  
All you do is Google me and haters keep they mouth shut  
Now what like a deer hunter all about bucks  
If your trying to burn with me you'll need at least an ounce plus  
Its in my nature i guess  
I'm fucking meant for this  
Aint no type of censorship equipped for all my sentences  
The booth is like my octagon you don't wanna enter this  
I'm Anderson silver so step in here your getting leveled quick Popping stars and ill be raving until I'm sober  
I'm not afraid of shit I'm as brave as the little toaster  
Cocaine and some baking soda  
I'm crack next up to bat  
Griffy junior to these losers  
No ones fucking with the stats  
Pupils fat and got a bag of molly in the pocket  
I'm like pikachu shoving a metal fork into a socket  
I'm electric stylorectic all these haters try to mock  
It but spit so fucking flawless they cant help it but to jock  
It son i rock it and now they all blogging about the hotness  
Datpiff hot this week with a million comments  
The big new thing read about me in the comics  
Under high and low its rhyme and potent lyrics better watch it

Now I'm back and i rip it up and spit it so nice  
Aint nobody messing with a poltergeist  
Skin tone white  
Taking flight  
So far ahead that I'm out of site  
hat I'm down to fight  
Rip it on a mic  
There never been a night where my pen don't write  
There never been a night that i don't rap nice  
When I'm on the right weed and rolled up tight  
Hold that mic get it in  
Who could ever mess with him  
Said go get some levaquin  
The medicine you get it then  
Show them I'm never settling  
Fucking paper shredder em  
You wanna step your chances are looking extra slim  
Grinding every day reaching the top  
And I'm only a step away you don't believe me watch  
I'm a beast on the mic  
There's nobody left to help you  
Cause bitch I'm nice  
How many times i gotta tell you?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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