

# Friend Like Me

Chris Webby

Yeah, Webby  
Never had a friend like me Yeah  
It's that big bad wolf  
'Bout to blow your fuckin' house down  
With a quarter pound in my trunk on the south-bound  
You can smell me comin' as I'm whippin' it around town  
Weed so loud that I'm smokin' in surround sound  
(Had 'em) Had 'em hooked since I shook Dat Piff  
No one handin' me the keys so I took that shit  
With Latarian Milton doin' some hood rat shit  
On my hustlin' flow I'm a whoop that trick  
Got Henny in me and rollin' with plenty bitties  
And home town pussy I call it Connetic-Kitty  
As animated as Ren & Stimpy, so clever and witty  
You'll need a certain level of intelligence to get me  
Gimmie gimmie, everything that you got  
Everything in your wallet and that ring with the watch  
There really ain't no coming at the king for the spot  
That's like stepping in the ring with The Rock  
It is what it is and that's how it's gon' be  
Oil in my pen burn it down low key  
Y'all know me, I hit hard like Apollo Creed  
You ain't never had a friend like me  
You ain't never had a friend like me  
In it to the end like me  
No matter what the end might be  
Y'all know me, I hit hard like Apollo Creed  
You ain't never had a friend like me  
You ain't never had a friend like me  
Got a strong bloodline, I was born a leader  
People bumping my music from here to North Korea  
To Argentina, fans be lining up outside my concert  
Like the ticket to my show was a court subpoena  
Yeah I get it up on it like EMT paramedics  
No anaesthetics phonetic, energetic with alphabetics  
I'm spreadin' the fucking vibe like a pathogen epidemic  
While I'm sippin' my unleaded and puffin' the devil's lettuce  
I'm a menice in my whip indicia vapin'  
Sippin' whiskey like some sort of liquid dinner replacement

Feel my inner Simba awaken  
 The prince in the makin'  
 My idea of vacation is to sit in my basement and write raps  
 So I'm 'bout to tell a night gap  
 I run my lane take a step or five back  
 If you forget the rest then just memorize that  
 'Cause at any second Webby might snap  
 It is what it is and that's how it's gon' be  
 Oil in my pen burn it down low key  
 Y'all know me, I hit hard like Apollo Creed  
 You ain't never had a friend like me  
 You ain't never had a friend like me  
 In it to the end like me  
 No matter what the end might be  
 Y'all know me, I hit hard like Apollo Creed  
 You ain't never had a friend like me It's like: I was made up in a lab or something  
 The way I hit 'em with these raps in the tracks you bumpin'  
 They say I sound like I'm Eminem's rabid cousin  
 Who's still on drugs, fuck it I'm on acid buggin'  
 I'm pass 'n puffin' the loud packed passed my limit  
 I snap and kill it, my syllables are mad explicit  
 Take my enemies and kill 'em on a massive skillet  
 And as for critics I covered them in gas and lit it  
 I'm back you bitches (I'm back)  
 And the crown on my head stay  
 Get on your knees, bow down to your Sensei  
 (Bow down to your Sensei)  
 It's like I'm fuckin' Christina Ricci the way I put it down on a Wednesday  
 Yeah, Addam's family shit  
 Always on my hustle 'cause nobody handin' me shit  
 All I've got is intuition and a plan to get rich  
 And when I do the fuckin' planet will flip  
 Yeah It is what it is and that's how it's gon' be  
 Oil in my pen burn it down low key  
 Y'all know me, I hit hard like Apollo Creed  
 You ain't never had a friend like me  
 You ain't never had a friend like me  
 In it to the end like me  
 No matter what the end might be  
 Y'all know me, I hit hard like Apollo Creed  
 You ain't never had a friend like me  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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