Get Loose

Mr. Len

Yeah, haha. It's Chris Webby. Yeah.
Static on the beat.
Baby I get loose,
I get loose.
You know what I mean?
I'm feelin' good,
Real good.
Uh huh, yeah. Yeah.
It's that human dictionary,
Webby's always rapping A to Z.
Never smart to play with me
The flow is never rated G.
My style is indescribable
So nobody can label me.
Get loose with a bottle of goose,
Rollin' an eighth of weed.
Step to me,
Then I'm prepared for war.
'Cause I'm a ninja
So you know I'm down to carry a sword.
In the lead,
So my competitors stare at the score.
While I'll be gettin' high like Chewbacca
And Harrison Ford.
Immature,
Yeah, sure
But I spit that heat.
Molten lava off the top,
Baby, Dante's peak.
I just tighten up my sneaks,
And I stomp that beat.
Bill the butcher
Don't even know if you want that beef.
I get loose like the crotch of my jeans.
So complex when I rap.
Can't even tell what a lot of it means.
But I be gettin' to the top
By any possible means.
With that audio crack rock

I got for the fiend.
I get loose,
In the booth
And I'm at it again.
So get ready for the show
Baby gather your friends.
It's that foul mouth white boy
Back to offend
Everybody that I can.
Where's my pad and a pen?
I get loose
With the flow
Never air to my words.
CT on my back,
And I rep it for sure.
Anybody and everybody can tell

It's my turn.
So I'm a show these people why Webby's
The best in the burbs.
I roll the dice like Jumanji,
No Robin Williams,
But I'll have a pack of animals
Stampeding through your lobby.
I'm the son of Zeus,
Webby spit it godly.
I'm a good fella,
Play the roll of Tommy.
With a couple of zannies
In my system
And a Callanie
I'll be wallin' out of control.
I fuckin' dare you to stop me.
I'm edgier
Than complicated origami.
Throwin' fists,
I'm the opposite of Gandhi.
Never be wack,
I'm head of the pack,
I'm leveling tracks.
Etc, you step in the ring,
I'm sending you back.
You'll be lucky if you leave
with your head attached.
When I attack the nervous system

With these venemous tracks.
Stay loose with the laces on my boots,
Living proof,
That hip-hop ain't dead,
It evolved to something new.
So call the army
And bring out the damn tanks.
'Cause that's all she wrote
Diary of Anne Frank.
I get loose,
In the booth
And I'm at it again.
So get ready for the show
Baby gather your friends.
It's that foul mouth white boy
Back to offend
Everybody that I can.
Where's my pad and a pen?
I get loose
With the flow
Never air to my words.
CT on my back,
And I'm reppin' for sure.
Anybody and everybody can tell
It's my turn.
So I'm a show these people why Webby's
The best in the burbs.
Yeah.

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