

House Party Cypher (Interlude)

[Chris Webby](#)

Flying in the car, looking like a star, just like a galaxy
Go so hard like a callus be, uh
Burning more things than calories

I see you homie, I see you. Working, huh?

You feel me? You see me right? I got bars kid, that's what I do

Word? That's what's up man

[Hold up, you heard of Chris Webby though?

Chris Webby? Man I ain't worried about Chris Webby, man, I told you. I'm the illest out here in CT, I'm worried bout no motherfucking ninja turtles, fuck a Mario man, this motherfucker looks like motherfucking Rob Dyrdek and shit, fuck that dude

Funny story, he's here right now!

Oh word, like here? At this party?

Ayo Web!

Nah nah nah it's cool....

Web!

Yo chill, chill, chill, chill!

Come check this dude out, this dude is crazy

Yo man, BarsTaLoan that's my name. Introduce me as BarsTaLoan, please

Fuck outta here. Ayo Web! Yo get your hands off that bitch

What!?

Yo he's busy man just leave him alone, c' mon man

Fucking fine, alright listen baby, you just stay right there for like 5 minutes, I swear to God I'll be right back. (to kid) What do you want? What the fuck is up?

This dude is talking mad shit, show him what the fuck time it is

Alright. Yo Kenny! Kenny!

Who the fuck is Kenny!

Get over here real quick, man, we need a beat box, man

Right now?

C'mere man, just come over here man

Alright, alright I'm coming

Ayo everybody keep it down for a second

No no no keep partying, y'all keep going

Gotta do a little rap thing, ya know? You ready?

No

I'm ready

What the fuck is that?

Yo, it's Chris Webby

At this party and shit, motherfucker wants me to rap
I'm about to open an abortion clinic right next to your local church
And go to narcotics anonymous hustling coke and percs
I'm just trying to piss you off, I really hope it works
Go berzerk, I got a dirty mouth, I'll never hold a curse
Jerking off until my motherfucking shoulder hurts
Even if she vegan she gon swallow when my boner squirts
Help an older lady across the road, hey can I hold your purse?
Then kick her in front of a moving bus, oh no, she's hurt!
Shit I'm pretty sure she's dead but you can check yourself
While I run her wallet and spend all the money at Taco Bell
Anyone this deranged should surely be locked in jail
I'm on the grind but off the rails like an Eric Koston fail
I hit it rapid fire, try to pull out of a vaginal cavity
But busted while I was half inside her
Then I woke up in the morning and had a reminder
That she's getting plan B for breakfast with an apple cider
Someone pass the lighter, I need some weed to breathe in
He's a demon, dirty mind, sneaky heathen

I donâ€™t need a reason
Iâ€™m creeping up like sex offenders with binoculars on a beach in bikini season
You wonâ€™t see me leaving, Iâ€™m running through that
Stomp you to death then throw my Nikeâ€™s back on the shoe rack
Huh Iâ€™ma do that, why bother tryna bleach the blood stains out?
Somebody told me orange is the new black
So I scrub my white T til it turns the color copper
And use some Tide detergent and throw it up in the washer
I swear that I'm crazy though, shit you can ask my doctor
Psych, Iâ€™m off my rocker like an active grandfather, motherfucker

Your turn, bro

I actually gotta save my voice for my open mic tomorrow, bro

Oh man, get this coward out of here please. Please get this coward out of here...

Oh yeah? Thatâ€™s cool bro. Seriously. (to party) Who wants to get back to drinking?!?!

Lyrics provided by
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