

## Chris Walla

### "50 Barz"

Visit "[50 Barz](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Yea, this is where I show you how nice I am. 50 bars.

I rip up the mic dirty, battle anybody who's worthy,  
The only player out with a CT jersey.  
You see me, heard me, felt me, purely,  
The sickest on the earth, ain't no shit to cure me.  
I am surely, a rhyme busta, fuck ya,  
If you go against the kid then I'll have to crush ya.  
Knock you down like a gust of wind if fists touch ya,  
Cause I always stay on my grind like Chad Muska.  
Take that suckas, hit 'em with brass knucks,  
And kick 'em with Tims on, fuck that ass up.  
I eat 'em like Pac Man, the score just adds up,  
Should be in a trash can, shit I'm grouchy as fuck, yup.  
I'll wrap my hands around your neck and choke ya,  
Shock ten thousand volts, Zeus lightnin bolt ya.  
So keep your courage close if I go and approach ya,  
Cause I'm here to face off like Nick Cage and Travolta.  
Spit molten flows that shatter your chest,  
Leave you with a broken nose for a lack of respect.  
So please son, if you really wanna battle the best,  
I'll put your fuckin' life in jeopardy like Alex Trebek, yes.  
I'm not your average vet, blastin a tek,  
I'll ravage your set, beat you up like masochist sex.  
I never met another rapper of my caliber yet,  
But them beatin' me is like me passin' a Algebra test.  
I be flippin' like a calender, lyrics be scorchin' 'em,  
Rap valedictorian, swingin', stingin' like scorpions.  
Skin whiter than porcelain, but bringin' them dark  
forces in,  
Sick like the shit they caught on the trail to Oregon.  
I'm talkin' cholera, scarlet fever, and dysentery,  
It's scary, you'd swear to god I memorized the  
dictionary.  
I'm buyin' if the price is right with Drew Carey,  
Fairly out of my mind got you runnin' like Tom and  
Jerry.  
I am very mentally nuts, spit with quickness,  
Step to a bitch like baseball, designated to hit this.  
Got your head spinnin' like kickflips, when I rip this,  
Hardbody like my flows lift weights at Planet Fitness.

You can't get with this shit Chris spit I'm this sick, hit  
piff,  
Till I'm flyin' through the air quick as a discus.  
You simply can't dismiss this, ready to go the distance,  
In the booth feelin' like a fuckin' kid on Christmas.  
This is, me back and fresh as can be,  
Hell I got more kicks than the UFC,  
More kicks than Jet Li, or Tekken 3,  
I'm nice, anybody I've ever met could agree.  
Could it be? The dude who's droppin' analogies,  
Hustlin' to make a salary, and burnin' opponents quick  
as a calorie.  
I will glad-a-ly, charge up the battery,  
And swing with a bat and see if I can knock your ass  
straight out the galaxy.  
Fact not fallacy, I rapidly drop shit,  
Pilot in the cock pit, and sure as a clock ticks,  
I'll be here throwin' more fists than a mosh pit.  
50 bars later and I'm still spittin' hot shit.

Yea bitch, I'm nice!

Visit [Chris Walla](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.