

Chris Walla

"Webster's Laboratory"

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[Intro]

Welcome, welcome!

I'd like to welcome you all to Webster's Laboratory

I'll be your host for the evening

Chris Webby if you didn't already know

Step right in, let me show you around real quick

Let's cook some shit up

(Cough)

Yeah!

[Verse 1]

It's that verbal visionary, criminally literary

Spit it clever, bitch it's Webster

You could check me on the dictionary under author
credits

I'm the author, get it?

Mind sharper than a cutless that I'll saw your head with

So authentic Donald Trump is my apprentice

Shaved his fucking combover off his head and made
my exit

They can't see me, cause me see dyslexic

Cooking acid tablets on my omelet during breakfast

Three moves in Tetris? Nah but I got a triple stack

I'm talking E. pills until I can't remember jack, shit

Rolling with aliens like Men In Black

Repping for Connecticut, run and tell Kemba that

I'm a dirty dog down to fuck your lady raw

Roll a J of Sour D, get twisted like a crazy straw

I'm a motherfucking beast off the leash

Until the obituary say that Webby is deceased

Killer beats, call a priest, they can't censor me

Cause if they try, the whole fucking song will be a bleep

I'm a chief like Squanto, skin tone blanco

Rolling on these bitches with better stash than Rondo

Rolling up cilantro, rolling in a Bronco

Running people over like it's grand theft auto

CT to Cabo, I'm killing them with hot flow

Getting paid and spending more money than the lotto,
easy

[Interlude]

So you see, here in Webby's lab
I'm gonna be hitting you with a lot of samples
Some industry beats
All cooked together with a nice topping of Dope lyrics
Oh yeah and it's free, courtesy of Datpiff
And myself of course
The album is coming soon, so buy that
But until then, enjoy

[Verse 2]

Yeah! It's that wacky underrated rapping caucasian
I'm not in it for the fame and the money, but shit I'll
take em
I've been waiting here patiently while others got big
Now I'm like "Pick me coach, I'll slaughter these kids!"
I'm so hungry you can hear my fucking stomach
through my ribs
Calling dibs on a title, let me show them what it is
I'm wrecking tracks, doing shows, and getting cash,
huh
I'm triple x, way too big for any freshman class
It's in my repertoire, every single bar is hard
Spitting fire like I'm the human version of Charizard
A Super Smash Brother make that money stack brother
Stick my dick in instrumentals 'til I'm on my last rubber
Motherfucker, what? Long as I can bust a nut
All over a track and then I'm bouncing with a couple
sluts
Not to be derogatory, but you need to drop a shorty
Take them panties off, I'm in that ass like a suppository
Pop a '40 and chug until I'm puking all over the rug
Never sober, rolling the bud
Master with the multi-syllable raps
No one's iller in fact, with a precision Reggie Miller
would back, huh
I'm just a Looney Toon, way more rude than you
And if you don't like what I'm doing, sue me dude
I haven't ever and I'll never give an f-word
Cooking shit up in the lab like Dexter

[Outro]

So boys and girls
6 mixtapes deep and I still haven't lost my touch as you
can see
You know, I just really want to say thank you
To everyone who has supported me thus far
I feel like it's really time to take this shit over
Ninja Swag, bitches!
So again, welcome to Webster's Laboratory
And have a lovely fucking day

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