

Chris Webby

"Axe Murder"

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Yeah
Webby
Let's hit you with some bars real quick

Axe murder a beat the way I spit a free
Lizzie Borden in the flesh come and get at me
Like the witch of the west, I roll wickedly
Can't see me like Paranormal activity
Lickidy split, I rip shit quick-ily
Get ya camcorder out, bitch just picture me
Killin' shit everyday till you get sick of me
Cause I been a beast since the priest christened me
Blowin' up ya tape deck C.T. to Great Neck
Dutch full of O.G. kush and some train wreck
Safe sex? Nah, I'm too raw
I stick it in they jaws then I get 'em out they draws
I'm a boss and break laws but never take a loss
Flyer than McCaws, I'm just doin' it because
I'm the best to do this within my age bracket
Waka Flocka, Soulja Boy: none of 'em can match it
That's it; jot it down, print it up and fax it
And tell all your boys how Webby spit that madness
Got pussy goin' nuts like I got some catnip
More than a tad sick, I murder 'em for practice
Do what I do when I... burn
Then ya gonna Puff Puff Pass, it's my... turn
I throw down with titans, I'm rhymin' more
More bars than a phone in a Verizon store
Bitch, I'm bigger than a body of a dinosaur
I'm crazy, who would ever blow a line before
Goin' into a math test, energetic as ever
And all I wrote down was my name: it's 'Chris Webster'
Too drugged up to pay attention in class
So I got kicked out and put my focus on rap
But don't do like I do, cause I'm fucked in the head
All these un-prescribed meds, now I need special ed
I'm a beast, I'm a dog, I'm a mother fuckin' pot head
Nerf Gun in my hand, step and you'll be shot dead
Still mother fuckin' crazy, don't doubt me
Pocket full of lint, pack of bogies and my house keys
Aw, Jeeze; I be burnin' the palm trees

Keystone light to your fuckin' Dom P
Lazy kid, I still live with my mom, see
Smokin' bud sleepin' late playin' Nazi Zombies
28 days later, see me in the paper
I'm a mix of Stewie Griffin with a little Darth Vader
Leave a crater in the earth when I drop my mix tape
The north star ain't this hot, for shit's sake
Chase a 40 o.z. with a box of fish flakes
They might forget my name but they'll remember how
my
dick taste
Dictate the scene at all times
Cause the ninja rapper's back with an Optimus Rhyme
You underclassmen can't see the white noise, bitch
That's why my mix tape's bumpin' in ya boy's whip
Oh shit, I spit and wreak havoc
My vocal chords like twin Glocks, let me blast it
Cause if anybody steps then I'm a bury 'em
C.T.'s on my back and I'm a carry 'em
Smoke blunts till my IQ's very dumb
Stay high like the water bill at an aquarium

And I'm out

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