

Chris Webby "Bad Guy"

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[Verse 1:]

Yeah! I'm Back! Uhh!

I'm the Hip-Hop antichrist, they'll regret it if they hand
me mics

Jack The Ripper, hunting bitches down by candle light

Change of the stanza the nice, brandish a knife

I'm what's crackin' like I'm Titan in ya hand in a vice

Huh! My flow nasty, get a Tampax

So many bars you'll be thinking I'm flippin' Xanax

Fuck catering the bitches when I spit yo'

Go and listen to Drizzy you dumb bimbo

This is real rappin' Webby flow it with a passion

Get these letters in my brain and cause a chemical
reaction

Droppin' vowels and consonants, powerfully rockin' it

With enough force to level a continent

What I'm dropping is the right way, I got em' guessing
what I might say

Go bananas like Johnny Drama and Andrew Dice Clay

Since the 9th grade Webby's been a psychopath

Headphones on in detention when I was writing raps

Queue the lightning crash, queue the smoke machines

A fact that you should fear, even Joe Rogan screams

Dopamine and adrenaline till' I'm hemorrhaging

The fuckin' villain is back in this bitch you better
remember him

[Hook:]

Say good bye to the bad guy

No fuckin' around, don't gotta ask why

I'll be here until they bury me and that's why

They know to run when they see me, I'm the
motherfucka' hunting your dreams

I'm the motherfuckin' bad guy

No fuckin' around, don't gotta ask why

I'll be here until they bury me and that's why

They no to run when they see me, I'm they
motherfucka' hunting your dreams

[Verse 2:]

Yeah! Yeah!

You can catch me where the wild things be at
Hit em' so quick they can't even react, even an Atheist
would believe that
Fuck shootin' guns, I fire cannon balls
With a physical strength of a Neanderthal
Roar! I'm a Tyrannosaurus Rex
Start by beating up the verses and I'll slam the chorus
next
Gotta stand-a for success and for me it's being the
best
The games like a bench presser let me get it off my
chest, I'm a vet
But I ain't checking on the healthiness of any K-9s
I'm giving you the news bitch, NBC dateline
Hear me through the grapevine, murdering tracks
Leave you laying in the bed where they do surgeries at
I been the hottest dude under the sun
Beating me? You got a better chance fucking a nun
Fuck it I'm done, got my competition on the run
Won't be happy till I'm number one, deadly with the
tongue
Rap bandito doing coke by the kilo
The mad super villain is back... Magneto
So bow down to me or get eaten like sushi
So fuck you and have a great day... yours truly

[Hook:]

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