

Chris Webby "Bars On Me"

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Yea I'm back up in this bitch just like a uterus
And I don't need no lubricated condom when I'm doing
this
Always got a doobie lit
Swerve behind the wheel and maneuver it
Twenty-twenty with it, use my eyes to see the future
quick
Moving shit, I'm just trying to be what I'm supposed to
be
Supposedly I'm dope, St. Nicholas ain't as cold as me
The thing we got in common is I'm always with a Ho or
three
Make them drop it like someone with Parkinson's
carrying groceries
Cause I'm here and I rap that shit, doing shows and
stacking chips
Take my shirt off when I spit that's why your girl is on
my dick
Got these tats all on my body and a pocket full of piff
Fill the bong up with some ice cubes, baby take a hit
See I'm running for the title, everybody voting Webster
Drinking straight tequila out a mother fucking blender
Middle finger stay up, nobody can censor
I'm a dog always sniffing for the female gender
Friend her up on facebook and from there it's a wrap
Send a poke and then tomorrow she'll be sitting on my
lap
Even back when I was broke, my girlies always had a
rack
Love them big titty bitches with bodies covered in tats
It's that marijuana twister, grabbing ladies from the
mixer
Then I bring them to the telly, and crack a bottle of
liquor
Cause I never gave a fuck, I'm the type to bang your
sister
Then go back to your crib and fuck your moms like
Stiffler
I hope you get the picture, take it on your Kodak
Up in Webby's World you cannot reach me with a road
map
To find it you need Adderall, Ambien, and some Prozac

Always cooking fire, someone show me where the
stoves at
Keep on dropping heat, all you players grab your cleats
Cause I'm in this game to win it, I won't settle for defeat
From the suburbs to the streets, I will stand by what I
speak
And I don't even know what this bitch is saying up on
the beat
But I got a hundred bars on me
Everything that we throw on the credit card's on me
Every drink that we get at the titty bar's on me
And I'll be living just like this until my heart don't beat
Bitches it's Chris Webby, that whitey who spit deadly
With my foot up on the pedal like I'm Mario Andretti
Fucker I rap flames and murder the rap game
Spitting 'til I'm number one with a bullet like Max Payne
Got that Nerf gun tucked and I'll aim it at your gut
Better duck, it's that cracker and slapper of big butts
Getting drunk, always looking for some double D cups
But in the lab I cook it up like I'm WolfGang Puck
Get them in the game and I go straight ham
When I get the rock up in my hand
Cause I'm here to get it popping just exactly how I
planned
Take a stand right here for this rapping shit and keep
my lyrics accurate
Test me but beating Webby just simply will never
happen bitch
Salute me cause truly I be the dopest on the chords
Master Yoda with the bars, I'm a Jedi with the force
That's cause Webby done got that flow
They can act like they don't know
But they ain't fucking with me period yo
Fineto

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