

Chris Webby

"Block To The Burbs"

Visit "[Block To The Burbs](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro]

Yeah, Webby
Freeway, yeah!
Block to the Burbs, man
If you nice, you nice
End of story

[Verse 1 - Webby]

You see I'm reaping for the burbs, still I'm murdering
verses
With Connecticut inserted in ink on my epidermis
Written in my skin later, with rhyming I've been greater
Writing lyrics on a piece of paper since a sixth grader
With my CD disc player, playing loud up in the Sony
phones
With a style of the flowin' that I call my own
CT's what I call my home and I'm never leaving you
Put us on the map is what I need to do
And even through the hate and the criticism I take it
and listen
But all you fakers are breakin' the way I rape 'em with
lyricism
I stay with the clearest rhythm regardless of burb spot
Burbs to the blocks if you spittin' a verse hot
And that's all that matters, you either got it or not
Regardless of where you grew up, there with your mom
and your pops
See I'm in it to the finish, never plottin' to stop
Rhyming heat, pilot seat, kamikaze the spot
Man you dope, or you probably not
I could body the block with nothing but a sixteen on the
top
I'm like Tony Soprano when I rip it I bust flow in a
suburban commando
And I'm bigger than Hulk Hogan
Check it I'm wrecking every consecutive second
In from Philly back to the 2-03 that's what we
representing'
I've been destined to make it, and I won't stop 'til I get it
And now it's Freezer and Webby, two different worlds
are connected

[Hook - Freeway]

Ride to the 'burbs, take a trip with me
We gon' cruise all around the world
Man, they hatin' when we visit, come around they girls
Visit burbs, visit ghettos all around the world
From the burbs to the block take a trip with me
We gon' cruise all around the world
When we visit try to keep us from around your girls
Visit burbs, visit ghettos all around the world

[Verse 2 - Freeway]

One, it's an emergency, cowards tried to murder me
From the hood to the burbs every one of you people
heard of Free-
Way, if it y'all that ain't heard of me
House old one, in '06 no burglary
Survived the rock split, continued to drop hits
These rappers continue to bite my shit, commit purgory
Outer space bar treats are still spitting mercury
Flow is from outta this planet, women from Venus
Men are from whatever planet they think with they
penis
Eat? bars? for me when they land it
'Nother panic, hit up Webby tell him, "Ready to canvas"
World trotter, I'm in Africa be back by the evening
Don't sweat it I will be there on behalf of the Beamer
Plus the Delta Sky team while I insist that I'm repping
When I fly that's who I fly with, I'm a diamond?
Any weather, I can? I'm on a jet? jetted
Back home they call me Chester, cause I get the
cheddar
Yeah I get to the geen, I got my shit together
It's a national hustler, I still? rocks in the united states
Still bobblin' mecca, from the burbs to the ghetto
Word to the wise, never lie in your rap songs, learn
from Geppetto
Pinnocchio, tell lies and your nose grow
Me and Webby ride, get cheddy 'til we old folks

[Hook]

[Outro]

From the Burbs to the Block
Burbs to the ghetto

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