

Chris Webby "CT 2 Shaolin"

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[Verse 1: Chris Webby]

It's lights, camera, action, runnin' and still rappin'
Lyrical tornado, twister, Bill Paxton
On two E pills, three vics and six aspirin
This bull's running plays on the court like Phil Jackson
I am mad raw, f*cker, better back off
Punch line pros, we leaving you with a cracked jaw
Down in MIA sniffing on some bath salts
Eat your f*cking face off and spit it on the asphalt
Yeah yeah, yeah yeah
Call up Rick Grimes and aim for the head and shoot at
least six times
Connecticut to Shaolin, show 'em what the bounce is
Coming with that fire so you better bring an ounce, kid
It's that motherf*cking panty stuffer,
Listen to the real can't stand the others
Cop a lethal weapon like Danny Glover
Walk into the woods bust rounds at Bambi's mother, uh

[Verse 2: Method Man]

Live and let die, I get it like I spit it, we ride like an AMG,
get it? G5
Five, my committee got the key to the city
We vibe, no commercial interruptions, we live
Warning, see now that you have entered the zone
Professionals at work, do not attempt this at home
All I need's a verse and the minute when it's on
I'll be begging like a convict for minutes on the phone
Up until they throw me in a box,
or catch me in the trap, trying to throw away the rock
I'm a product of the block, a hustler, the product in the
socks
Serve a customer, regardless of the cops
Regardless of the guap, still a legend
On fire, cause I'm hot, y'all are sweating, still denying
that I'm not
In fact, Webby, I'm like the overweight lover, I'm that
heavy
Minus the frames and fat belly

[Interlude: Chris Webby]

Thanks for that Meth, we do this man, you know

CT to Shaolin, C. Webby to John Blaze
It's just that hip hop sh*t, you know, it's that
That raw emotion that you get when you get behind this
mic, like you know?

[Verse 3: Chris Webby]

Suburban rap, 'cedes back, slay it when I lay a track
The fourth Animaniac, the Timothy McVeigher rap
They so concerned whit swag that they forgot about the
basics
That's some sh*t I can't respect, I'll never hold my
tongue or take it back
This is art, this is true, this is all I know
The only time I feel at peace is when I start to flow
I don't care if the masses think that my sh*t's hot
Cause this is raw, this is me, this is hip hop

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