

Chris Webby "Fer Sher"

Visit "[Fer Sher](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

Say that's fer sher
And that's fer sher.
That's fer sher,
That's fer sher.

I'm a beast.
(That's fer sher)
Kill a beat.
(That's fer sher)
Spittin' heat,
'Cause you know I play for keeps.
(That's fer sher)
Rap nice,
(That's fer sher)
Plus I'm white,
(That's fer sher)
Just give me the mic
I'ma kill it,
Damn right.
(That's fer sher)

I'm a punch line protege.
Dope?
Yo, I gotta be.
Spit it and flip it
And get 'em jumpin' like a wallaby.
But I ain't no Rocko's Modern Life,
Still these kids are watching me.
Sicker than pathology,
I'll vomit on you
Probably.

Keep rhythm like Tommy Lee.
Now tell me,
Who's stopping me?
So everybody stand up,
Get them hands up like a robbery.
I'm a hot commodity,
Bangin' b*tches condom free,
Chuggin' bottles till I'm more f*cked up
Than the economy.

Mic check,
One two,
One two,
Three four five six seven eight nine,
I generate rhymes
I don't live in state lines.
Spit so sharp
I can penetrate spines.

I rap fer sher,
With a bag of the herb.
Yes sir,
Observing
Actual words
And I rap from the curb
To my pad in the burbs.
I'm a bull moving up from the back of the herd.

I'm a beast.
(That's fer sher)
Kill a beat.
(That's fer sher)
Spittin' heat,
'Cause you know I play for keeps.
(That's fer sher)
Rap nice,
(That's fer sher)
Plus I'm white,
(That's fer sher)
Just give me the mic
I'ma kill it,
Damn right.
(That's fer sher)

Said that's fer sher,
When I come and show up right at your door,
Smack your jaw,
Got you drinkin' dinner through a plastic straw.
Rap it raw,
Speaking hard.
Caption, just put me in charge.
I'ma treat 'em like astronomers
They'll be seeing stars.

A rap flower,
Take your chick and bend her back over.
'Cause I hit more pussy
Than abusive cat owners.
Never catch my ass sober,
I'm always passed out
And yeah your girl's a dime,

Well mine's a half ounce.

I hit a track,
Bounce,
Rip it when I speak slow.
I'm just a wild boy,
You could call me Steve-O
With a mean flow,
Rockin' my jeans low,
Reppin' the burbs
To the fullest
That's where I be, bro.

'Cause I'm a dog,
I shop at Petco,
See?
I'm just a greasy ass white boy,
S-O-B.
I can murder
Rock n' roll
To a techno beat
With a weed sack
Stickier than a gecko's feet.

Gee,
Girlies can't help themselves
Lookin' at the kid,
'Cause I'm so damn hot
They gotta put my in the fridge.
You heard,
That's my word,
Chris Webby be the illest mother f*cker in the burbs
And yes
That is fer sher.

I'm a beast.
(That's fer sher)
Kill a beat.
(That's fer sher)
Spittin' heat,
'Cause you know I play for keeps.
(That's fer sher)
Rap nice,
(That's fer sher)
Plus I'm white,
(That's fer sher)
Just give me the mic
I'ma kill it,
Damn right.
(That's fer sher)

Yeah,
It's Chris Webby,
And that's fer sher,

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.