

Chris Webby

"Fuckin Problems"

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Yeah,
Webby,
Bars are still on me man, you know
I just keep going, ct where you at,
Yeah, it's like that

See I'm a beast, always have been
Always will be
Hungry, a 7 course meal couldn't fill me
Wanna come and step to the flowin
Then fucker feel free
I could make a lyricist look like lil b
Been in the game for a minute under your radar
Building my momentum for the moment that I'll take
charge
My reflection's still the same like spelling racecar
Now I've just come far enough to overcome the race
card
Let me break it off topa
Freestyling to your chick, yeah take it off mama
I'm a professional
Showing you who really hotter
Got a smaller chance at beating me
Then finding Jimmy Hoffa
Got a lotta people rolling with me, how is it a shocker
That I made it to the top
Spitting out this molten lava
Now I'm frying rappers up just like some calamari
Sorry, I'm chewing any beat like a piranha
With a weed up in my paper or up in a Philly, fuck it
Till I'm on the beach with a margarita like Jimmy Buffet
I'll be spittin these flows
Time to really get it man
Snapping like a gorilla, wearing a silly band
Like a tattooed grizzly
Sick, representing raccoon city
Playing these shows then I smash two biddies
Blazing these flows till I stack two milli
Came up in the game like a certified hustler
Pedal to the metal till I'm burning my muffler
Fuck ya, everyday I stay smoking

My jar is ajar, yeah I keep that shit open
Potent, they can't measure up I'm too tall,
Yo choke em, murder on the mic and now they all know
Frozen, spit it so cold that I cause snow
You gonn need a sweater and beanie like Waldo
Motherfucker I am that dude
Who else could pull off these super Mario tattoos?
I got these other rappers salty, like cashews
Cause I'm bad news for my competition, that's true
Coming through my dude, I live limitless
Sick, achoo, I proved I spit vigorous
Hating on me while I bruise your chick's clitoris
And she was into it
And I was into her, get it bitch?
Kid Icarus, flying through the clouds
With a bottle full of liquor
And a pocket full of loud
Go across the country and I'm rocking every crowd
I'm a dog, 100 deeds of Eddie McDowd
And I'ma spit my damn flows
Suburban commando, call me Rambo, back pack on
like Banjo
Kazooie, truly in charge like Soprano
A Jax at the head of the table, of SAMCRO
My mind wanders while I'm writing a freeverse
And this weed only makes my a.d.d. worse
But I'm coming with the bars,
Let a beast work
That's why your little sister got a Webby t-shirt
Rock it, dope hip-hop it
Full speed with it and I never plan on stoppin'
Italiano on the mic, so you'll be fuckin' mobbin'
All I do is murder beats, I got a fuckin' problem.

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