

Chris Webby

"Get From Round"

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[Intro:]

Uh, yessir
It's Chris Webby
2-0-3, where you at?
Ha-ha, yeah

[Verse:]

Get from out of my vicinity, listen see
This is the dude who be flyer than a Griffin, B
Sippin' tea, gettin' my voice right to strike out
willingly
Ready for the game, already had my epiphany
Now who could get rid of me, I show no sympathy
When I hit the track I make 'em jump like Jiminy
Cricket, and bitches be bewildered by my wizardry
And opponents be gettin' Michael J Fox jittery
Can't tell if I'm dreaming, somebody start pinching me
How do I keep killing these critics with my similes
Metaphors, I'm the Megazord, y'all feeling me
I'll rap from now until you count to infinity
Flower like Mozart, conducting my symphony
Holding down on stage with my main man Timothy
Simply a pot-head, I am the epitome
But I am who I am and nobody could reconfigure me
You think there was ten of me, the way I crush my
enemies
A guaranteed recipe for disaster, come step to me
Generally, you don't even know how potent the venom
be
I'm handsome, young and in charge like John Kennedy
There is no discrepancy, I'm illy with my weaponry
I got the front goin' at the theater, no one's ahead of
me
I'm losin' it mentally, but flowin' indelibly
So, who here could measure me 'cause you know who
Webby
be
Just know that Webby be readily rolling up that Heddy
Tree
Smoking 'til I'm 70, get at me
And I'm spittin' it fatal

On demand like digital cable, make heads spin like a Dreidel
I am able and mad nice, so bitch you better act right
'Cause steppin' to me is like seeing Clay Aiken and Shaq fight
Hit 'em so hard that I knock 'em to their past life
Even though I'm white enough to glow in front of black lights
That's right, I am the best you can't mess bro
Nike Kicks, wardrobe trashed from Mark Echo
Let's go, blazing the shit, got haze in the spliff
Bitch, I'm number one like I'm taking a piss
But I spit out number two 'cause what I say is the shit
Bitch, I'm hungry in the game I need a table for six
There's no evasion from this, 'cause I'm a leave them on the floor dead
'Cause y'all are about as hard as an infant's forehead
I run this shit 'til I got sore legs, I need a stretch
Hip Hop chia pet, living off of weed and sex
Line 'em all up, I'll knock 'em down, I can beat the best
Now I need a breath, I need a rest

[Outro:]

Ha-ha, that's just how it is baby
It's bars all day, I just drop bars
Whatever hobby, we goin' to the top, baby
Yessir

Get from round me [x4]

Ha

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