

Chris Webby**"Go Back"**

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(feat. Oncue)

Yeah, Chris Webby, Oncue
Sometimes I just wanna go back
Be a kid again ya know, yeah yeah

[Verse 1: Chris Webby]

I wanna go back to bein' a kid
Everything was easier, ya had to just live
I was a little dude, chillin' with my nose runny
Eatin' grilled cheese and watchin' Doug Funny
Havin' play dates, buildin' Legos with my boys
And buyin' kids meals just so I could get the toys
Way before Twitter, Wii and PS3
We used to play capture the flag and hide and seek
Freeze tag with them Velcro kicks on my feet
Or them light-up sneaks, on the bus rollin' deep
Back before I ever smoked weed yet
Used to run a 7-minute mile during recess
Now it takes like 9 just to jog like half of that
Wanna go back to that, kick it in the Cabbage Patch
And that's where you can find me
It's Chris Webby dog and I'm a product of the 90's

[Chorus: Oncue]

I'm a go back, I'm a I'm a go back to the very first time
I'm a go back, I'm a I'm a go back when I wrote my first
rhyme
I'm a go back, I'm a I'm a go back when I learned this
crime
I'm a go back, I'm a I'm a go back and move forward
and shine

[Verse 2: Chris Webby]

Bein' a kid was just plain illa
Chillin' havin battles my action figures
I had every Ninja Turtle and every one of the X-Men
Teddy Ruxpin was my muthafuckin' best friend
Mighty Max and G.I. Joes
Goin' home with grass stains, Mama clean my clothes
Roll with Tamagotchis in my pocket

A holographic Charizard card, I got it
The Megazord dope, kill it with the weapons
The Pink Ranger gave me my very first erection
Lion King was the shit yo, enough said
When Rafiki drew Simba got it tatted on my leg
Way before I knew what an e pill was
I used to eat mad candy just to catch a little buzz
Now who could rock like I could
Time goes on but I'll always love childhood (uh)

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Oncue]

Hey big guy, you already said it
No rewindin' tape, no need to edit
Ever since 7 I've been grindin for my lettuce
'Cause my mom and poppa told me no one gon' let us
Get it, so sick I need a medic
At age 8 imagined a Marsialago
Comin in with Donatello and Leonardo
Rocked a mask like Zoro, wanted money like lotto
Summers by the beach house, murdered that gelato
Homerun derby had the hoes screamin' "Bravo! "
Now I grew up I'm the man with the hot flow
Don't know no gangstas, bloods, vatos
You can't see me 'cause it's hazy from the pot smoke
I'm goin' way way back, hey Dad press this record on
the 8-track
If you don't let me get 'em I'm a paint my face black
Runnin' in that bitch strapped like "Take that! "

[Chorus]

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