

Chris Webby

"Goin' Down"

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Yeah, Webby (haha)
Uh uh
(All the right friends in all the wrong places)
Yeah yeah yeah yeah
(Everybody knows, everybody knows where we're
goin')
We goin' we goin' we goin' (yeah, we're goin' down)

[Verse 1:]

We goin' down, town to town the whole court
East to west side, got fan support
I serve 'em with the music like a delicatessen
What will I do next, got Connecticut guessin'
Leave a hell of an impression, my words are my
weapons
Now that my name's stretchin' they startin' to feel
threatened
I'm rowdy, I'm rough around the edges and I'm
reckless
Rock mics from New York, Philly to Texas
Eat rappers for breakfast, murder a beat
Got peoples from Florida to Old Orchard Beach
Up north, but of course I show up with a team
Roll deep like e-pills on submarines
Blow up scene, half and half I need cream (or
C.R.E.A.M.?)
So I can add some thickness to the pockets of my jeans
One day I'll be on that TV screen
But until then I'm chillin', just livin' the dream like

(All the right friends in all the wrong places)
Yeah yeah yeah yeah
(Everybody knows, everybody knows where we're
goin')
We goin' we goin' we goin' (yeah, we're goin' down)

[Verse 2:]

We goin' down like a light switch, we on that hype shit
Middle fingers aren't concerned about politeness
Rip mics righteous, who could not like this
Eagle in the sky while you birds still flightless

Do nothin' but travel, flowin' 'n' such
Got girls across the east side blowin' me up (bling
bling)
They all got Chris Webby in the tape deck
Jersey Shore to my mama cita in (Great Neck?)
Sorority girls from Hofstra to Adelphi
Down in L.I. they bumpin' that Webb Y
And I'll make sure that they all are pretty
Got a Barbie bitty down in (Gardner City?)
I guess I got hoes in different area codes
CT two-oh-three to eight-six-oh
And how could I complain about gettin' laid off of
mixtapes
Even though I probably got kids in like six states

(All the right friends in all the wrong places)
Yeah yeah yeah yeah
(Everybody knows, everybody knows where we're
goin')
We goin' we goin' we goin' (yeah, we're goin' down)

[Verse 3:]

We goin' down like the temperature in winter
A skinny white boy inked up, no printer
CT Simba, knock 'em down yellin' out "Timber! "
For those who support all of my ninja
That's what it is, I'm here to make it pop off
Lyrical hot sauce too dirty to wash off
I'm a boss with suburban swag
Spittin' since I had a fuckin' pet hermit crab
I'm burnin' bags, turn in a swervin' cab
To the school of hard knocks (capitalize that?) where I
learned to brag
And when we roll up to show our face
Bitch I'm walkin' in the door like I own the place
Just gimme one mic, I'm the dopest look
How to Be a White Rapper - I wrote the book
And that's just how it is, and that's just how it be
So keep doin' you, everybody lovin' me

Yeah
(All the right friends in all the wrong places)
Yeah yeah yeah yeah
(Everybody knows, everybody knows where we're
goin')
We goin' we goin' we goin' (yeah, we're goin' down)
(All the right friends in all the wrong places)
Eh eh eh ehm, yeah, Webby
(Everybody knows, everybody knows where we're
goin')
We goin' we goin' we goin' (yeah, we're goin' down)

We goin' down
Underclassman, Chris Webby, CT, holla

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