

Chris Webby

"Here Again"

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[Intro:]

Yeah, I'm back, y'know
I'm here again, motherfucker
Just can't get rid of me, can ya

[Verse 1:]

Ayo, I'm here again like Jesus on Easter
Coming full circle like eight pieces of pizza
Only seat that'll feature, repeatedly beat ya
One two step, and introduce your teeth to my sneakers
And my pit game's strong, you know that of course
Your boy stay fresh, something like an origin floor
Or a peach from Georgia, with mad weed
My backpack got more shit in it than Dora the Explorer
Spit flames and torch ya, get fucking destroyed
I've been spitting since I was a little bundle of joy
But then I spit on a bib now I spit on a beat
When I evolve from a kid to a motherfucking beast
I don't re-invent the wheel, bitch, you know I'm unique
Break a motherfucker's confidence easy as antiques
Better try plan B, 'cos I'm 'bout my cream
And got your crew flippin' like a fuckin' [?]

[Chorus:]

I've been here for a minute but I'm back for more
More skill, more power than I had before
That's right, motherfuckers, and I'm here again
That's right, said I'm here again
And you know it's the same vindictive riding on the
beat
Call me the fucking furnace, I'm providing you with
heat
That's right, motherfuckers, and I'm here again
That's right, said I'm here again
And it go like that

[Verse 2:]

Bitches no hurting me, call me Hercules
I spit flames if you burned in the third degree
This ain't a homeless shelter, but you could get served
for free

And after that, guaranteed these bitches heard of me
Pockets fat like they chowing down on burger meat
But in cholesterol, they full of that currency
And fucking with my paper, that brings out the worst in
me
Fuck a fight, I cause a state of emergency
Ha, 'cause I'm MacDonald and y'all just the apprentice
So I got no need for y'all like a fucking appendix
Written rhymes master, freestyle menace
Whether off the top or not, I still kill 'em with every
sentence
So battling is senseless, my punchlines are endless
The whole East Coast on my MySpace friends list
Something like you've never seen, you'll never forget
this
Even after I O.D., word to Jimmy Hendrix

[Chorus:]

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[Verse 3:]

That-dat, rat-a-tat-tat
I'm just a hitman fulfilling my contract
And I wouldn't dare, bro, use a peasant, I'm a Pharaoh
Fucked up, walking around drunker than Jack Sparrow
Cruising in a Black Pearl, step to this monster
And I'll rock ya, send you down to Davey Jones Locker
Deep down with lobsters, ha-ha
Officially the illest college rapper and I'm repping
for HOFSTRA
But this straight PG got your moms and your pops
worried
While your bobbing your head like Night at the Roxbury
Drop furious rhythms directly out your system
Bass booming so loud that it's vibrating your vision
But I'm saying, so listen, my turn taking for spitting
Is the sole reason I'm living along with weed and
living
Sub-Zero couldn't finish me
I'm here again and spilling my blunt dust on the whole
industry

Bitch!

[Chorus:]

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