

**Chris Webby****"Hip Hop"**

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(feat. Bekay)

[Verse One: Bekay]

Bekay Y

Check it out, check it out yo

The music shit used to be makin' my day

Yeah your dream is ya dream till they take it away

Fuck makin' mistakes, I'm makin' a fan

Makin' a fuckin' army while you makin' a band

And you could try to desecrate but I'm takin' a stand

On top of Ground Zero with a shank in my hand

And my peeps screamin' out "Fuck this crap! "

I been gave everything I had to this, please give me  
somethin' back

All your whips and ice, who the hell knows

I'm more happy with some rope chains and some shell  
toes

I paint pictures, sculptures

A&R's is a bunch of fuckin' vultures, you ruinin' my  
culture

So while you make your check, pumpin' bullshit

I spit that real shit that could break ya neck

I'm real hip hop to the death of me

I mean for you this shit is a hobby, but for us it's a  
destiny

[Chorus: Chris Webby]

This is hip hop

I live it I breathe it I walk it I talk it I crave it I need it

Jot lyrics nonstop every day and night

I'd sell my soul for it, name the price

Stay focused, I know that my aim is right

For that one fuckin' shot I would trade my life

Getting' closer to the edge with every page I write

For that one opportunity to blaze the mic

[Verse 2: Chris Webby]

Rap is my life, always stayin' strapped with a mic

Representin' for all the cats that are actually nice

Which is few, trust son, most of them are fake

Rockin' so many chains they're getting' scoliosis from

the weight  
Doin' shows and gettin' paid and it's a fact that they  
suck  
Could get tutored by Nas? Still wouldn't be nasty as us  
But these the same muthafuckas who be stackin' the  
bucks  
While stuck here in CT like fuck, crack a dutch and it's  
such  
These whack ass rappers think they're tough  
With preschool vocab and a whole lotta luck  
I'm determined that I can't lose  
Take a lead pipe to Soulja Boy's legs, fuck your dance  
moves  
We've been told we got the talent, the devotion and  
charisma  
We just need an opportunity to prove we can deliver  
This hip hop and I'm dying to live it (I live this)  
And will do every fuckin' thing in my power to get it

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Chris Webby]

Hip hop, live it breathe it walk it talk it crave it need it  
Never lose focus, or get defeated  
Keep talkin' that shit, go and get me heated  
But I'm rappin', writin', scrappin', fightin', spittin',  
rippin'  
Mic ignitin', hold my spot down, stand tall like a titan  
And stay strikin' you muthafuckas like lightnin' rah

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