

Chris Webby**"Mad Bars"**

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Yeah. This shit right here is for all the haters (haters).
Alright?
Everybody sayin', "Yo dude, you can't spit."
And I'm like, I'm like, "Yo f*ck that I can spit!".
Ha. So uh, let me just lay down mad bars.
(Mad bars) Yeah.

I'll spit a whole bunch of bars
Re-roll up cigars.
I am greater than the rest,
Super nova, the stars.
You're just the common cold
I am sors,
I do not spar,
Every single blow will hit hard.
And I know what you are,
And hm, you're not me.
Outdo you in anything,
B*tch just watch me.

I drop shit on any topic,
Hottnes,
Then swap spit with hot chicks
And get my cock licked.
I'm a rot pit
Mixed with a little bijon.
Hugh Heff in a flesh
Stay rollin' with three blondes.
So don't hate this,
I can't help that I'm great b*tch.
I spit a rhyme and I'm oudie (Audi),
Like an A6.

I make hits
And I hit the marijuana.
Then beat the shit out of Rihanna
Just because I wanna.
Haha. Nah, I ain't Chris Brown.
I am Chris Web.
CT is listenin' to everything this kid says.
The only time I get bread's

At a meal
Before my main course,
God damn I need a deal.

I'm broke out on bail
And I'm livin' with my parents.
But I spit,
And got these high school girls starin'.
Darin' to be different,
Apparently it's rhythm
That's keeping me goin'
Every moment
That Webby be spittin'.
Spittin' like I got a loogie
Stuck in my throat.
But f*ck it
I'm dope.
The ring leader's runnin' the show.

So ring around the rosie,
With a pocket full of OC's.
Pop 'em all at once
And OD,
Oh me!
Oh my!
So high!
I don't even want to land
Contraband in my waistband
Rip it 'cause I can.
Half man,
Half ninja turtle,
Half a f*ckin' head case.
If I don't make it on the mic,
I'll make a sex tape.
Me, Kim Kardashian, and Paris
In a three way.
Earn a right to disk
And make a million off of ebay.

I got true blood
Runnin' in my veins.
Sharper than a vampire's fangs,
Bang!
Sneeze a lightning bolt
'Cause I'm always spitting thunder.
Runnin' shit like Ari
Cause drama like Vince's brother.

Smoother than butter
With a pocket full of rubbers
And skills that'll make your girl

S-s-s-s-stutter.
Back up in this mother f*cker
With a vengeance.
Make 'em pause
Like they got a comma in their sentence.
You can tell them this shit
As soon as I hit the entrance.
F*ck the shampoo
We rollin' that Herbal Essense.

'Cause I'm great like Alexander.
Two pokie balls,
Hanging,
Spit flames like charmander.
And I got your chick
Wetter than a blastoise
She said I'm sexy
And she love my raspy ass voice.
I'll turn the stage into a slaughter house
Ask Roise
F*cking with Webby is just a bad choice!

I'm a mother f*cking goblin man.
Get the Cablevision,
Rhythm, rippin' on demand.
You can see me with the mic on my sonogram
And the doc was like,
"Hm, I think we've got a problem ma'am".
Had a rattle in my right hand
Dutchie in the other, kid,
Diaper on my ass
Thirty rac up in the f*cking crib.

Had 'em sayin,
"What the f*ck is up?"
'Cause all I do is fill up cups
And puff a dutch.
Rollin' with a crew of giants
Like Justin Tucks
So if you really wanna step
Better muscle up
'Cause I really got to show 'em
When enough's enough.

'Cause now these rappers trying to bite me
Like scruff McGruff.
Gotta get these damn dogs youthinized.
I am back,
Ill as can be,
And super-sized
Like Star Fox

I am truly fly.
Can't do what I do,
Excuse you,

I be runnin' shit with my manager
Younger than me.
When I'm young as f*ck,
And still nobody f*cking with me.
I am in A&R's wet dream
Ready for the shit
'Cause the games a f*cking rap
When they let Webby in this b*tch.

Because the game's a f*cking rap
When they let Webby in this b*tch. [x2]

Yeah, you know.
Mad bars.
Maaaad bars.
Spit straight on any mixtape.
I'm ill.
Yeah, what.

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