

## Chris Webby

### "Mission Statement"

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Yeah, Webster  
See I've been quiet for a minute, now these bitches  
think that I lost my sound  
Everybody chill, I've been getting my business off the  
ground  
Finally successful, but to you that means I sold out?  
Well fuck it so let's remind these people that there's  
really no doubt  
Webby's still the beast that he's always been, and I  
rap hard  
So check my wifi signal yo, I still got mad bars  
Whippin' like it's NASCAR, still no one can touch me  
All you pound puppies never stepping to a husky  
Repping for Connecticut, stomping on you midgets  
Smoking weed, taking pills, fuck it where the whipits?  
No one can ever do it like I did it  
Spit so big you gotta right click it, scroll down and  
zip it  
I'm Santa Claus's misfit rolling with a thick bitch  
Rappers out here ollieing, me I triple kick flip  
Murder any beat and leave the listeners to witness  
Jason Statham ever scared to put my name up on his hit  
list  
I watch these record labels all assemble the full  
Rise terrible rappers whose skill levels is  
questionable  
They have a hit single or two and disappear into  
obscurity  
Me? I paid my dues that's why these motherfuckers  
heard  
of me  
Haters getting madder now, wishing I would beat it  
All because I fucked they girl on the top of my Tempur-  
Pedic  
Sprinke sugar on the bible- sweet jesus  
Punchline pros leaving rappers with they teeth chipped  
Webby been a genius, like I told 'em previous  
Usuain Bolt on the track can't compete with this  
The state of hip hop now is straight tragic  
Turn the radio on, what do you know- some more wack  
shit

Except for a select few, because if your nice, then  
your nice  
Salute, I respect you  
Cause half of these cats raping these days are from a  
test tube  
A puppet to the label that they're soon to be in debt  
to  
Me? I'm fucking meant for this  
Downloaded and rendered it  
Really in the game now, I'm through with my apprentice  
shit  
Kids these days don't even listen to the sentences  
They bumping Gucci but don't know who Jimi Hendrix is  
Cranking Drake songs while they're cruising in their  
mom's jeep  
But never heard of Big L, Rakim, or Mobb Deep (fuck  
that)  
That's why I'm here to spit crack  
Kids blowing up without paying homage to the legends,  
I  
ain't with that  
This shit is crazy man, it's depressing really  
The game is smoke & mirrors never let deception get  
me  
I keep my guard up so if they come and step to Chris  
These wannabe rappers about to get ate like it's 7:50  
Nobodies diss me? Fuck so what?  
They just want me to use their name so that their buzz  
goes up  
So keep yapping it, pretending we got personal beef  
Like I'm gonna lose sleep? Shit I never even heard of  
you B  
We took some BIG and some Pac and mixed it up in a  
pot  
And Eminem is what we got so is it really a shock  
That another Caucasian rapper sticks out of the flock  
That's got the lyrical capacity to level a block  
I'm still chilling playing Nintendo  
Faded off the Benzos  
Fucking these hoes, you just stuck up in the friend-  
zone  
Your girl texting me, ending with an XO  
Fuck your Emojis, let me see them breasts yo  
I'm Lou Ferrigno, about to Hulk smash this  
Webby the pick of the letter like digging for cat shit  
Trying be a rapper now a days is on some fad shit  
Youngins' getting tatted hopin' they'll be in them mad  
kicks  
Thinking all you have to do is learn a couple rap  
tricks  
Buy some snapbacks and mad kicks to get your swag

sick  
Make a Youtube account, vuala that's it  
The next big thing overnight like magic  
But Katniss only the strong survive here  
Listen dear, like the Hunger Games every single year  
People rise to the occasion or they fumble it's clear  
The only guarantee is that you'll see the death of a  
some careers  
Been on my underdog shit for awhile  
No more white kids popping up jocking my style  
Then I'm still unsigned  
Staying hungry on the grind  
Now I've been rapping along with the fans I gotta been  
alive now  
Lie down cuz I'll be coming for you if you steppin to  
me  
It's my time now  
You cannot interfere with this shit it was destined to  
be  
Reppin' the C.T. New England shit  
Tri- state too we bring it bitch  
Stuck within this game when most people would rather  
sing than spit  
Can you believe this shit? The game is fucked man  
Cause all these people only in it for the buck man  
Another mixtape, all are free  
Because when Webby's in the booth you know it's bars  
on  
me

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