

## Chris Webby

### "No Regrets"

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[Verse 1]

I'm the monster out of Cloverfield, so for real  
F\*cked up, I don't even know how sober feels  
Smother Asher Paul Roth with a fabric wash cloth  
That I previously used to wash my ass and balls off  
I'm just a dope rapper, in class chasin' a math teacher  
With a protractor then copy the notes after  
So hot you'll think that I freakin' sleep on a burner  
Want beef? I'll force feed a vegan a burger  
Slaughter on the mic, I don't need a reason for murder  
So A.D.H.D, that I need at least a conserver  
It's Chris Webby, brain dead but still deadly  
My sh\*t's heavy, pop pills and twist heddies  
So kick and slap me b\*tch, I'll take it like a masochist  
Then turn around and smack you with the mic that you  
be rappin' with  
Cause I'm the opposite of pacifist, choke a ho, slap a  
b\*tch  
Then leave the room laughin' after it  
Like what !

[Hook]

For myself, I have no regrets  
Time has taken what it soon forgets  
A gambler's paradise in short venue

[Verse 2]

I get up on the beat and I blaze the mic quickly  
A serial killer takin' blades to Rice Krispies  
An Arabic terrorist in America  
If you wanna get at this, (Woof!) I'm triple dog darin' ya  
I'm a character like Mickey, Donald, Goofey  
Wren and Sippy, Snoopy, Captain Planet, b\*tch you best  
salute me  
I'm a loopy looney-tunes with screws-loose, super  
soakin' dudes deuce  
I'm Michael Vick with Blues Clues  
I'm a mothaf\*ckin' monster man  
Get it poppin' like the guns playin' Contra man  
Contraband, stuck in my pipe so let me light it  
Got a dark passenger like Dexter, why fight it

Lightsaber, swipe it like Qui-Gon-Jin  
(Skurr!) burnin' rubber til I ride on rims  
Brim to the side, got a sack to spark  
I'm cold-blooded, you can find me in Jurassic Park  
Like what

[Hook]

I sit alone and hear the sparrow sing  
No way of knowing what tomorrow brings  
I leave my solitude upon his wings

[Verse 3]

My wisdom exceeds all you dumb MC's  
I'm young too, but sh\*t I've been rappin' since 3  
Since the youngest Jonas Brother was still in his  
mother's uterus  
And Miley Cyrus was in diapers, b\*tch I ain't new to this  
I'm what you get when you mix alcohol and nicotine  
Aderall, Ecstasy, Marijuana and Creatine  
Acid, Percocet, Vicodin and Ambien  
Shrooms, MDMA and toss a Xany in  
Then you got me, mind clinically dumb man  
I can count my brain cells on one hand  
But I drop sick bars, homie, so you gotta look  
B\*tch, I be nicer with the ink than an Octopus  
I'm that villain out the comic book creepin'  
Crawlin' out the flames like a demon, breathin'  
Flames out my mouth so nobody could touch me  
A mix of Buffalo Bill and Bundy, trust me

[Hook]

A poet's pleasure is to hear in time  
The painter pictures what he's left behind  
I close my eyes and it all leaves my mind

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