

**Chris Webby****"One Song"**

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Yeaaaah! Webby.

All I need is one song, one line  
All I need is one break, to survive  
All I get is one chance, to promote  
Five more hours to come up with a song

All I need is one mic, one pen, one piece of paper  
One top single and its game over for the haters  
One shot, one chance, one opportunity  
One motherfucking animal is what I grew to be  
One man army, throwing on one finger up  
Always the middle one cause you know i never give a  
fuck  
One dream is the reason that Im here  
Went to college cause they told me that I needed a  
career  
But on one here now look, all over your facebook  
Where the jokes now?! all you motherfucking Dane  
Cooks  
Making fun of me, walking down the hallway  
Just at middleschool, and headphones on all day  
Little punk but my eyes were on the prize  
It took a lot of tries but I knew I get it right  
Now I got the last laugh, think life funny?  
Yall around job hunting, while Im sitting on money.

All I need is one song, one line  
All I need is one break, to survive  
All I get is one chance, to promote  
Five more hours to come up with a song [x2]

All I need is one beat and one hour to get it written  
down  
One style? Nah everyday I got a different sound  
Kid around with the flow so serious  
When its my turn, Imma kill shit, period.  
Im doing good dude, they getting mad now  
Yelling Fuck Webby while they tear em in the crowd  
Huh.. I just laugh and roll with it  
They came in here to hate, but I made money off their

tickets, bitches!  
Shit I been out here for a while, your best written rap  
is my worst freestyle!  
At first they ignored me, now they in denial  
Im like a Thom Barry on the mic, yeah waouh  
On an animal flow, now everywhere I go, the camera  
would go  
So they can watch me get my hands on the dolls  
Why you mouthing off to me, youre just an amateur bro  
And this UCONN husky's about to go pro.

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All I need is one break, to survive  
All I get is one chance, to promote  
Five more hours to come up with a song [x2]

All I got is one life so the devil better stop rushing  
me  
Gave it all I got, now Im sitting here with 23  
Looking back at this life Ive lived, used to pay to  
get a gigg, now I sell em out kids  
And just recently, my wallet was empty  
Had a script to get a penny to get some chickens at  
Wendy's  
Couldnt even take my girly on a date  
Now we cop on potatoes and a fourty ounce steak  
Sold em out to real estate so I gotta tell em this  
You dont need a medical degree to tell em sick  
Bitch, let me live my life, stop trying to hold me back  
or Imma miss my flight  
First class posted, sipping on Jack  
Headphones on, as I write this track  
Where Im headed, I dont even know that  
All I know is when I get there, Imma never look back

All I need is one song, one line  
All I need is one break, to survive  
All I get is one chance, to promote  
Five more hours to come up with a song [x2]

The fresher is rising, no more mistake (nah)  
Dont try to deny it, dont you hesitate (no hesitation  
man)  
The voices are calling, calling out your name (they're  
calling for you man)  
But dont look so sad cause its a long way back (and I  
ain't never looking back [x6])

All I need is one song, one line  
All I need is one break, to survive  
All I get is one chance, to promote

Five more hours to come up with a song [x3]

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