

Chris Webby "Outdo You"

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[Verse 1][Chris Webby]

Yeah.

203, where you at baby?

Hempstead, holla!

I'm nice, yo,

I'ma outdo you, don't know what I'd do to,

You, bitch I'm cuckoo.

Only white boy at private school rockin' FuBu's,

Spittin' flames like a dragon, homie, call me Mushu.

Like Yogi, leave you with a Booboo,

From punches and kicks,

You'll catch a pummeling, now tell me who fuckin' with this?

I'm runnin' this shit with my troublesome clique,

Won't stop till I'm drownin' in a puddle of spit.

Pussy tend to come my way, call me catnip,

A fuckin' Bull Mastiff, hit 'em with a kick make 'em backflip.

This is madness, drunk and chuggin' a 40,

Writin' in my notebook, but this isn't a love story.

Grimier than N.O.R.E., but I stay with cream,

Leavin' you lost like Oceanic flight 815.

Real mean, when I get up on the mic and shred it,

No copy, paste, or edit, I'm nice so don't sweat it.

[Chorus][Vise Versa]

And you know that I'm a rida boy,

So try the boy,

I'll spit flames and fire boy,

So ayyy.

I'ma outdo you bitches,

I'ma outdo you bitches.

And you know I'm stippin' fire boy,

Retire boy,

Cause I'm a level higher boy,

So ayyy.

I'ma outdo you bitches,

I'ma outdo you bitches.

[Verse 2][Chris Webby]

I make a point like Uncle Sam,

Stay puffin' grams,

Drunk as fuck, with my red Solo cup in hand.
You betta, fuckin' scram,
Cause I am back bitch, bout to be blowin' up like an
inflatable mattress.
Not one to mess with, cleaner than antiseptics,
Check it, 'fore this verbal Tek make your chest split.
I'm blessed, A+, five stars with a check, bitch,
Somethin' like Borat, cause, "You will never get this!"
Yes, it's vindictive, always blazin' the herb,
Pockets full of more trees than a nature reserve.
Oh word? The illest in the 2-0-third,
So fuck what ya heard, I'm kickin' 'em to the curb.
With words, illy, cause everything I write, you felt,
Till I'm rockin' a gold medal like Michael Phelps.
I'ma keep swimmin' laps around you, raps around you,
Outdo you at things that I don't even know how to.

[Chorus][Vise Versa]
And you know that I'm a rida boy,
So try the boy,
I'll spit flames and fire boy,
So ayyy.
I'ma outdo you bitches,
I'ma outdo you bitches.
And you know I'm stippin' fire boy,
Retire boy,
Cause I'm a level higher boy,
So ayyy.
I'ma outdo you bitches,
I'ma outdo you bitches.

[Verse 3][Vice Versa](Chris Webby)
I'm doin' my thang, (Yeah.) doin' my thang,
Comin' back around like a boomerang.(Boomerang,
bitch!)
You know, you know, (You already know.)
That I'm the one y'all can't touch, (Can't touch.)
Never stop rappin' till I'm rockin' handcuffs.(Till I'm
locked up.)
I'm dope, I'm dope.(Dope as a muh'fucka.
I'm holdin' it down, holdin' it down, (Holdin' it down.)
First rapper reppin' a suburban town.(Suburbs!)
I flow, it shows.(Goddamn right.)
Don't got a gun, but you gotta run, (Yeah.)
Steppin' to me, you're gonna get outdone, (Outdone.)
You know, you know. (Yeah.)
(Cause I'm nice and you mothafuckas know, baby!)

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