

Chris Webby

"Paparazzi"

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[Intro:]

Ha, 2010, Chris Webby

DJ Whoo Kidd

Yo, it's that real shit

Uh, Uh

[Verse:]

You couldn't touch me with a ten-foot pole

Nobody near to this, I'm serious, ripping the mic 'til

I'm delirious

And I don't do it for the glamour and the glitz

I do it because I love it and I'm handling my shit

But there's some dudes doing it for all the wrong
reasons

Spit nonsense, think there the hottest thing breathing

Ignoring all the real MC's who don't even

Have enough pocket change to break even

I'm steaming, tearing it down 'til I'm leaving

Music running in my veins, even in my semen

Webby straight hungry, somebody should feed him

Before I got nuts, cause a motherfuckin' scene and

End up locked up again and fuckin' spend

My last penny on bail so fuck it then

Lyricaly, your everyday rapper can't touch me

But rap's full of dudes with no talent and disgust me

Trust me, I can drop names, make it get ugly

But that's just how it is, some people get lucky

Souljia Boy's fifth grade vocal gets played

On the radio so much you think it was dope as

Jigga, Nas, Eminem, Busta, Fab

Jadakiss, Ludacris, maybe Lupe Fias-

Co, rap mode, clever and intelligent

The hottest in New England and ain't nobody forgetting
it

I'm showing y'all that hip hop exists in Connecticut

I'm picture perfect I just somebody to develop it

Right now I can't even afford a gym membership

Even though I rap with undeniable eloquence

I stay true to my roots and I know where I'm from

I don't front on no one, don't talk about having funds

Don't talk about slinging crack, don't talk about

shooting guns
Don't talk about being hard, I talk about having fun
I'm second to none, something the world has never
seen
Making music is in my genes, like a pocket it seems
Rocking the screen of any fucking camera that's in
front of me
So deep, underground's where my tunnel be
Down with the dinosaur bones, grimy
I need a paleontologist just to find me
So complex every listener rewinds me
But it's my extensive vocab that defines me
I be pumping hip hop through an IV
Nobody else unsigned could out-grind me
No Ash Roth clone drop rhymes off dome
Just a rapscallion glocking the skull and crossbones
I'ma young cat coming out 21
Won't stop 'til I decide that I am fucking done
And that'll be never
The future of hip hop, bitch, it's Chris Webster

[Outro:]
Well, it is bitch
What it is bitch
It's real hip hop
Get your bars up, bitches
And we out
J-Cash, what up
Timmy, what up
Yeah, yeah

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