

Chris Webby

"Ready To Go"

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[Intro]

Yeah, ha ha

[Chorus]

Got the weed in my dutch, liquor in my cup

But I never gave a f*ck

So you know I'm ready to go

You know I'm ready to go

Got my speakers turned up, rattle in my trunk

But I never gave a f*ck

So you know I'm ready to go

You know I'm ready to go

[Verse 1: Chris Webby]

I've been ready to go, full sprint, I'm ahead of the flow
Strap seat forward to my chest, know that Webby will
blow

I've had this mean demeanor in me since forever ago
Nothing but green lights ahead, I push the pedal and
go

A veteran pro, veins pump seven below

And will cruise until he got it, never settling so

I'm ready to go, moving quickly in my pole position

No one holding Christian, more venomous than a Cobra
spitting

Crush you, no position, with the illest and dopest
rhythm

Cos they soft, weak-hearted and whack with no
ambition

I'm Obi Wan Kanobi with the flow you can't control me

I'm a mixture of Paulie, Christopher, Sylvio and Tony

An honorary Soprano, with mano y mano

With Castellano, and hit 'em with a Luke Hang combo

Skin tone blanco

Though when I get up on the beat

I spit 'til I'm blue in the face looking like Ganzo

[Chorus]

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[Verse 2: Googie GoHard]

Okay, what's good, Chris, thanks for letting my on this
song
They'll catch a buzz for lightyears, to infinity and
beyond
My affinity falls, the liquor has been bitter sweet all
along
Though to the best of my abilities, then breeze homie,
I'm gone
Let's get it Webby, son, I'm ready to go
Just drop me off at the liquor store to get some Henny
to po'
I hope in CT they got that good Heavy to smoke
(Sh*tstain) Well I'm dope, thanks for letting me know
I'm a cocky young wordsmith, sticking to the cursing
And tryna make my worm fit in one of these bird's lips
I see you hawkin', pigeon for the squawking
But when I give her the rooster she digging them eagle
claws in
I'm leaving with back scratches, bruises and open
gashes
Jesus, I'm looking like Christ from the Passion
Rock new clothes but a n*gga old-fashioned
Hit it, then she running back, yeah, Bo Jackson

[Chorus]

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[Verse 3: Chris Webby]

Yeah, yeah, I'm not like these punks who lack hustle
I'm big, they weaker than Steven Hawking's calf
muscles
Nothing but trouble with a dub up in my bubbler
Hotter than summer under a Goosedown comforter
Hennessy up in my cup and still I never stutter words
THC running through my jugular, f*ckin' serve
Anybody who thinks I'm just a gimmick, I spit it how I
live it

That's why everyone on Twitter had to click it
I'm the raider of the lost ark
Make the DJ bring it back like a false start
This ain't a fallacy, my dude, cos I can truly flow
And play the hand I was dealt, something like Yu-Gi-Oh
Since a long time ago, spitting freestyle or flow
Drunk with a pen in my hand like Edgar Allen Poe
And I won't stop 'til I'm a millionaire
Put the pieces together, b*tch, build-a-bear

[Chorus x2]

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[Outro]

2010, Chris Webby, Googie GoHard

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