

Chris Webby "Roger That"

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Ha, yeah, it's Chris Webby
Danimal Lector in the mo'fucking building
You know, Connecticut, ha
Webster's lab, bitch
Let's go, yeah

[Verse 1: Chris Webby]

You now have entered Webby's world, welcome to my
habitat
Living like a Jason Statham movie, always action
packed
Killin' competitors, cause seein' me lose a battle rap
Just don't happen these days like seein' a Pterodactyl
hatch
So give me beats and I'll be runnin' to the lab with that
Go in with a pen and a pencil, come out with a bag of
crack
Show up with a bunch of goons, you ain't never
matchin' that
Roll so fuckin' deep, we know where to get Krabby
Patties at
Deeper than the ocean floor, U-571
Larry the cable guy, cause you know I'm 'bout to get
her done
Pushin' all your buttons, you would think I had an extra
thumb
Chug a fifth of moonshine, chase it with some ketel one
Spit nice with raps to rip mics,
Carry my whole state on my shoulders until my discs
slip twice
I'll keep strivin' for the title until I win right
This is what happens when you feed Gizmo after
midnight
A fuckin' Gremlin, ain't nobody stoppin' that
Cleats on my feet and I'm a play em like a soccer
match
Slaughter all these copycats, you could never follow
that
(Ground control to major com) I'm crazy do you roger
that?

[Verse 2: D. Lector]

Eenie meenie miney mo, my winnie in your hiney hole
Hidey hoe labor as I light the drow, psycho flow,
I can go from high to low, low to high man I don't know,
Too hot to touch too cold to hold and right now I'm at 5
below,
On the surface my mind's berserk, and I'm like
Give me a perc and a vibe with a verse to write
Each word too precise, verbally nice, sharp as a
surgical knife,
And certain it's curtains I'm the best you've heard in
your life
Bourbon and Sprite, cause in the burbs we light the
herb every night,
Turnin' the mic just warmin' up, so quit your queefin',
it's girly
I making a 30 g's it's early walkin' all weekend like
Berny,
I used to be weak and nerdy but now I'm Diesel like the
typer fuel
Highway to hell but they didn't teach me this in driving
school,
You giant tool I'm hittin' the track like Ricky Bobby,
listen mommy
If, if you with a pretty body then shit I'll probably take
brain,
Cause the kid's a zombie, never did karate
But it's Daniel-san, all I'm missing is Mr. Miyagi.
I'm fucking crazy smelling like a skunk with rabies,
Punching babies, humping ladies, blame my mother
cause she made me,
I'm a product of the 80's high as a kite, high on life,
This rap shit is like ridin' a bike

[Verse 3: Chris Webby]

I'm Mr. Starship Trooper puttin' weed up in the hooka
Hittin' on my friends' moms tryna take me home a
cougar
In your dreams like Freddy Kruger with the lyrical
maneuvers
You Tube, Twitter, Facebook, all up in your computer
I just live hakuna matata {Swahili phrase for 'no
worries'}
I'm kicking it with Pupa lightin' Buddha, stayin' flyer
than you losers
Stella Luna I'm a dude who got some confidence,
scratch that, cockiness
Syllable after syllable out of my esophagus
You don't gotta roger that, but baby I'm a roger this
Motherfuckin' party boy, call me Chris Panius
Bitch I'm just a jackass, higher than a rocket-ship
You chick reverse cowboy's the only one on top of this

She like, let me pull it out so I can swallow it
Well, bitch you're sippin greatness, you should spit it
out and bottle it.
The way you givin' brain you'll never get yourself a
scholarship.
In fact, at this point your fuckin head's probably hollow
bitch.
I'm fuckin' nice so all you haters should acknowledge it
Either way, who gives a fuck? I'm makin' me a profit
bitch
I got that molten lava flow, nobody hot as that
I'm the best in the burbs bitch, and you can roger that

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