

Chris Webby "Stranger"

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(Evil Laughs)

I'm a Super Villian where the fucks Kick ass?
One kick to the chest will give em whiplash
Crack a 6-pack, light a bogie up
Twist a Bamboo, cuz bein sober sucks
I'm the dopest young buck with this rap shit
Crazy motha fucker in need of a strait jacket
Rap it, grab the track and face bash it
Every instrument and the beat will lay in the casket
Ha, cuz you know I leave em hurt son
On the Grassy Knoll. sniper rifle nerf gun
You aint ready for the crazy shit that Chris will pull
Fuckin despicable, leavin every hater miserable
Kicked back, so come on and distract
I hit em so hard they can't help it but sit back
I spit raps amazing
They flip the fuck out like Liam Neeson
When his daughter was kidnapped and taken

(Chorus)

I'm mentally insane
On more cocaine than Rick James
Chuggin doober while I be drivin and switch lanes
This kids brains suffer psychosis
Runnin into oncoming traffic with a helmet and a roast
clip
The dope shit, that roll, and smoke shit
Hotter then bein on the equator with a code zip
Get your boat flipped
I leave em capsized
They smell the chronic in the air when I pass by
I give em bad vibes
But you know I flow butter
DC, Boston the stone cold stoner
I took a shovel out and I buried The Undertaker
Drop the scissors and attack rocks with paper
Lord Vader mixed with a little Darth Maul
Pedal to the medal til the fuckin car stalls
Adderall, Ritalin, LSD
I'm meet you up in Webby's world

Yo, Follow me!

(Chorus)

I always got one eye open like a coked up Cyclops
No time for sleep, not a day that the grind stops
Kill a beat when I grab the mic, watch
Connect more dots than a bag of dice got
The Raps I drop get flipped like IHOP
Throw more kicks the nukes I bought cuz I rock
Make time stop like the Prince of Persia
Wanted in 47 states lyrical murder
So believe the shit, I plead the fifth
After a four speed of bulimic chicks Swedish fish
I'm an evil prick
With some diesel pits
Slaughter any competition that I'm beefin' with
Beatin Chris? Nah, not likely
I whoop my own ass with a tire iron now come fight me
Till God strikes me down, I'll keep goin
Givin Satan himself this free promotion
Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeahhh

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