

Chris Webby

"Strong"

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[Verse 1 - Chris Webby]

Uh, I'm rollin' up, steady blazin' good
With more bars than an Irish neighborhood
You wanna step, I wouldn't say you should
So homie, step aside, I got 'em petrified
I run circles around rappers for exercise
I got the best supplies, puff puff passin' it
Rappin' it immaculate, on point, accurate
Passionate, every last technique I mastered it
So I'm ready for war, Montagues and Capulets
But this ain't Shakespeare, I've been rappin' for more
than eight years
Eleven in fact, homie so stay clear
These new rappers think they can see me with a
sentence
So I call 'em out, like a teacher doin' attendance
I'm nobody's apprentice, I learned it all from practice
I knew in sixth grade that I be following this rap sh*t
And back then Webby killed it with rhyme
Givin' listeners goosebumps like I'm R. L. Stein
Grind!

[Hook x2]

So strong on the mic
Armed for a fight
Never seen somebody go this f*ckin' hard in ya life

[Verse 2 - Chris Webby]

You see I used to bag O's like General Mills
Now I'm on a paper chase for those federal bills
Cop kush in large quantity, never seen me buy a gram
Hard body like Downey Jr. in Iron Man
I'm a war machine, smoother than Aquaphor
Killin' 'em like Ares, I'm the god of war
Got some Gabogool Macaroni meatball
Italiano's on the mic until the beat stalls
I make 'em free fall, don't need a parachute
I'm goin' in with a suit of armour and a pair of boots
I'm no Bear Jew but Webby will scare you
Every ligament I'm gonna tear you, there you
Go, tryna outdo me, how dare yo

I blow 'em out like a Jersey Shore hairdo
I spit it dope of course, let me hold the torch
Enough power inside me to battle Voldemort

[Hook x2]

So strong on the mic
Armed for a fight
Never seen somebody go this f*ckin' hard in ya life

[Verse 3 - D. Lector:]

I'm high up in the clouds and I'm hidin' in the NASA
spacecraft
With a pint of gin, product of my environment
Writin' with the eye of the tiger and I've been rhyming
since
Well, before my first Flintstone vitamin
Leave you lying in a bloody mess like Tiny Tim
Legs dangling like snapped strings on a violin
Tatted like Iverson, Klonopin's collidin' in
My stomach full of JD, Vicodin and Heineken
King of pop, I caught his rifle, MJ is frightening
So beat it, or get jacked son, don't make me bring
Michael in
F*cked up, I might have been, shut up, you're lighter
than a lighter
I sound like a muscle car idling
F*cking nasty, raspy as Ras Kass combined with
Canabis
Mixed with white trash and hashish
A dog like Lassie, the type to f*ck Mary K
Raw in the ass and pass the camera to Ashley

[Hook x3]

So strong on the mic
Armed for a fight
Never seen somebody go this f*ckin' hard in ya life

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