

Chris Webby "Take Me Home"

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[Verse 1: Chris Webby]

I'm a walking bad habit, E tabs up in the cabinet
Savage rap status: vocabulary extravagant
A rock star poppin' rotches in bars
Used to flip bud now just rappin' cop me a car
No tellin', Connecticut felon, I GPS 'em
And find my mark like Magellan with more lines than
Corey Feldman
I never cease to impress 'em
I cardiac arrest 'em
With every studio session I'm killin' 'em, no question
Webb's back, better hold your breath when I'm rhyming
homes
I murder beats, I'm Jonah Hex on the microphone
Fiends saying I'm the dopest yet
And haters? I shrug 'em off until my f*cking shoulders
sweat
I'm breaking bones, a modern version of Casey Jones
Scored a hand, I'm the winner playing the Game of
Thrones
F*ck beef, my rapping style's filet mignon
Gettin' drunk, f*ck yo' driver, somebody take me home

[Hook: (Some girl) & Slaine]

(Take me home)
Take me home now b*tch
(Take me home)
Watch for the cops, hit the blinker when you switch
(Take me home)
Lanes 'cause you know that I'm famous and I'm rich
(Take me home)
Eyes on the road, take me home now b*tch
(Take me home)
Take me home now b*tch
(Take me home)
Watch for the cops, hit the blinker when you switch
(Take me home)
Lanes 'cause you know that I'm famous and I'm rich
(Take me home)
Eyes on the road, take me home now b*tch

[Verse 2: Slaine]

I know that I should change, but I don't really think I can
It's just part of my nature %u2013 I never cracked, I
never ran
The world was falling on me when my back was in a
jam
I always kept on fighting, that's exactly who I am
And this is who I am, no way that I can change it
I'm buckwild, stupid, and dangerous
My best friends are not strangers
These are the motherf*ckers I hang with
We speak the same language
And I ain't saying French, English, or Spanish, or
Spanglish
I mean pain and anguish, this cocaine slangin' bang-
bang shit
MAC-11s that we aim with
In other words, I'm rolling with the same clique I came
with
I'm the sameness and f*ck being famous
Fame dreams are for groupies
I'm a real-life gangster that you ain't seen in the
movies
What I mean is I'm truly off the hook
Like a phone in a nursing home, homie I'm that Boston
crook

[Hook: (Some girl) & Slaine]
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[Verse 3: Chris Webby]
I damage tracks, so listeners always ran it back
Always with a half-ounce stuffed into a sandwich bag
I kill it quickly and always keeping the realest with me
Stealing all the f*cking insulin from Wilford Brimley
"Diabetes," rappers could never beat us
I been spittin' shit like this since I was just a f*ckin'

fetus
Keep your chick with me as long as she give dome
Rollin' up the Diesel, I'm burning like Jim Rome
B*tch!

[Verse 4: Slaine]

Yeah, standin' here's a man with the past, the
inspiration
For the kids on the corner, but still got the laugh of a
mental patient
The infiltration of the game
Born from a central hatred of fame
A pencil shaking with pain
An injured stake in the claim from the wrath I became
My paragaph's insane, are futuristic pictures of the
past from which I came
And this is Slaine with a shotty in the hooptie son
My whole career's a robbery that they could never
scoop me from

[Hook: (Some girl) & Slaine]

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