

Chris Webby "Trust Me"

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[Verse 1]

I'm a punch line professional, far from conventional
Always make a point like what comes right before a
decimal
I never ate my vegetables, skipped outta pre school
Spit molten lava, ain't a second I could be cool
I'm nasty, so come right at me
I am, fresh to death shit I'm great like Gatsby
My voice stays raspy but ladies like it
They always jock my swagger and tell me that I'm the
nicest
I'm righteous, so who fucking with Webster
Stay bangin' out tracks in the lab like Dexter
I'm clever, ever-y day under pressure
Bow down to king Mathers, but I am his successor
An MC like Escher, fresh, flyer than feathers
Rollin' up the trees and light up like a projector
I'm better, bitch trust me
I'm Super Mario with a star cuz' y'all can't touch me

[Chorus]

You could never be the man that I be
Never go to war with a dude like me
You'd be barking up the wrong tree
Trust me
You could never do that things that I do
You could never spit the words that I spew
You could never stand to walk in my shoes
Trust me

[Verse 2]

You'd be barking up the wrong tree, barking at the
wrong dog
Power walking around you mother fuckers in full jog
I go hard, shit I'm oh so sick
I'm loco bitch, eat rappers like Coco Crisp
And get it jumping like a pogo stick, nobody next to this
I been rapping since Sonic was running on Sega
Genesis

So I'll throw Knuckles like his nemesis, now who could
step to this
I'm so fly I got a leg up on Pegasus
Put together sentences, verses to the chorus'
On the underground like bones of Stegosaurus'
My kicks harder than Chuck Norris'
One roundhouse will knock you all the way to places
that your foreign with
I'm rolling with at least 3 Ninjas, call me Colt
But bitches call me the carpenter, I screw nut and bolt
I won't just give up, and don't just back down
And don't give two fucks, you know all that now

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

I'm a mother fucking ani-mal, scrodem full of
cannonballs
Playing drinking games till I hardly even stand at all
I bite bitches like Trueblood this dude's rough
Brain screwed up, from too much drugs
I never grew up
Drinking till I threw up, throw up, vomit
Barf on the game you bitches don't really want it
Sorry homeboy but do not interrupt me
I'm better at rapping than you, bitch just trust me

[Chorus]

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