

Chris Webby "We Made You"

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(Man, I don't even know what I'm doin in this motha fuckin booth right now)

Haha, let's go!

Chorus:

When you walk in the room, it is clear to see
I'm the one, with the bong, and the bag of weed
I'm a pothead
And everybody knows it's so drop dead
If you will oppose it
I'm the one whose burning

Back by popular demand
Wait no not yet, no one even knows who I am
But I'm the White Noise and I'm kickin it again
Kick em to the curb as I stick it to the man
Chris Webby, check the Johnathan Hancock
Walk around buzzed on and pot
Got so many lyrics, when I drop it I can't stop
Find me a biddy and I'm watching her pants drop
Whoa, start unzipperin now
There's no way I be simmerin down
But I be Donkey Kong and I'm a hit em with a simian
pound
Keep buzzin like a sippian
Wow now, Kowabunga
When I come and hit em from the under
Round make sound like thunder
Quaint as the weather in a tundra
Stunned ya cuz I'm rappin I'll
It'll really make ya wonder

(Chorus)

I'm the illest white rapper on 20 muscle relaxers
Sniffin anthrax just to feel the shit faster
I'm fuckin jedi master no need for a blaster
My lightsaber will leave none standin after
I swing it around and cut everyone to fractions
Keep em in a pile then drive away laughing
I think that I lost it, I can't explain my actions

Neither can the therapist, he says that I'm on crack
And I only have to agree cuz I been smoking that
Since I was like 6 sittin on Santa's lap
Askin for my own prostitute and a bat
So I can knock her out and jerk off on her rack
A little animal is what the fuck I was
Poppin Ritalin, tattling, just to get a little buzz
Fuck, what was I even talking about? Uh...
Oh yeah, where was I? Kids, don't do drugs

(Chorus)

And that's why
My dutch
I've never had enough
So I'ma roll me up another once I finish this up
And that's why
My brain
Is now completely fucked
So I have no idea why I am even saying this stuff

I'm a young buck, fucked up, trashed like a dump truck
With bundles of smelling like a skunks butt
Slaughter any dumbfuck, messing with the come up
Like Mario with a green shroom, got 1up
On anybody cuz you know I flow a dope
Walk around with a cane, beatin up older folk
I'm just looking for a pair of titties I can motorboat
Or a bottle of penicillin so I can overdose
Comatose mother fucker and the morning wood
Raspy ass voice sounded like Donald Duck
Mad Game, Crazy, rolling with a lot of sluts
Pop so many pills, who would know what I could vomit
up?
Hanukkah to Ramadan, I got a bomb tickin
Goin on and on, who would stop at my mission?
Murder Robin Hood, fuckin choke him with my belt
And I steal from the rich and keep it for myself

(Chorus)

Get High High High
Get High High High
Get High High High
Get High Get High

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