

## Chris Webby

### "Webster Morgan"

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[Intro]

You know, I just be f\*cking killing beats, ya know?  
Killing beats, man  
That's what I do, yessir

[Verse 1]

Giving your adrenaline a rush  
Yo, it's Webby, listen up  
Italiano on the mic, eating spaghetti in a cup  
When I bust, can't label it  
Crazy sick and I'm dangerous  
Pesci up in a Scorsese flip  
I'm never taking sh\*t  
Take a rip off the Dutchie and pass it to the left  
Chiropractor on the beat, I get it cracking like your neck  
Swagger of a vet, keep these characters in check  
Like Japan's nuclear reactors, I'm a threat  
To the entire Northern Hemisphere  
Letting 'em know that Webby's here  
Chugging Belvedere, then I follow it with some  
Everclear  
Got them like "My God", them beating me  
That sh\*t don't make sense like Helen Keller with an  
iPod  
Top mafioso, drinking a Four Loko  
Hit them with that dope flow, bullet time, slow mo  
Born in ochenta y ocho, Han Solo  
Always chasing pussy like a dog, call me Todo  
F\*ckers better feel the flow, ain't no big pussies in my  
team  
Just a poly and a Silvio, kill it though  
Here we go, flowing it sick, boning your chick  
I'm the 23 year-old Al Capone in this sh\*t  
Holding the chips, rolling up over a sip  
Even people on the needle aren't doper than this  
If they formerly know me as Chris, now I'm  
transforming

[Hook]

Beat serial killer, Webster Morgan  
Not a blood spatter analysis, just the type to strike fear

Giving all these punk rappers paralysis  
And they mad at this because I'm finally getting big  
And I no longer need a dollar like I did  
Since I was a kid, I knew that I had a purpose on this  
planet  
So I always played the hand I was dealt, somethin' like  
Gambit  
'Til I ran sh\*t, all in with my damn chips  
Got 'em scared to ante up, they folding like a pamphlet

[Verse 2]

Slicker than a Slip 'n Slide, leaving crowds mystified  
Janitor at a rodeo, push that bullsh\*t aside  
This is why Webby be colossal with the flow  
The next generation of Sopranos with the flow  
Run sh\*t, Lucky Luciano with a flow  
Not taking a math test but I'm a problem and you know  
I'm a pro, with the rhythm and I'm always gonna rock it,  
man  
Labels fighting over me like Elien Gonzalez, fam  
This is what I do, spit raps and blow trees  
In the 203 with your girl on both knees  
So who you think you're trying, kid?  
Got the heart of a lion beneath some iron ribs  
Rolling deeper than a giant squid  
Do it big, shootouts at high noon  
Beat killer, the f\*cking Ted Bundy of iTunes  
When an instrumental's looking right, I go and get the  
butcher knife  
And cut it up until I need a hook to write  
Went from a '98 Altima and got a tinted black Camaro  
Always sipping bottles of rum like Jack Sparrow  
Young Rob DeNiro who charges like a pharaoh  
More deadly than Legolas with a loaded quiver of  
arrows  
Bowser's back up in this b\*tch, the bad guy  
So when I steal your princess, you don't gotta ask why  
I'm a beast and I show it through everything I'm  
recording

[Hook]

Beat serial killer, Webster Morgan  
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Giving all these punk rappers paralysis  
And they mad at this because I'm finally getting big  
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planet  
So I always played the hand I was dealt, somethin' like  
Gambit  
'Til I ran sh\*t, all in with my damn chips

Got 'em scared to ante up, they folding like a pamphlet

Yeah!

[Outro]

And that's it, ya know?

I just be, uhh, f\*cking killing beats

It's what I do, it's my M.O

Ya know, it's-

I don't know how to do anything else so f\*ck it

Heh! Webster! Yeah

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