

Chris Webby "Webster's Lab"

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Welcome, welcome,
IÂ'd like to welcome you all to WebsterÂ's Laboratory
IÂ'll be your host for the evening,
Chris Webby if you didnÂ't already know,
Step right in, let me show you around real quick,
Ha, letÂ's cook some shit up
(Ehhhuh ehhhuh)

Yeah, yeah,
ItÂ's that verbal visionary, criminally, literary,
Spit it clever b*tch itÂ's Webster you can check me on
the dictionary,
Under author credits, IÂ'm the author get it?
Mind sharper than a cutlass that IÂ'll saw your head
with,
So authentic Donald TrumpÂ's is my apprentice,
Shave his f*cking comb over off his head and made
my exit,
They canÂ't see me cause me see dyslexic,
Cooking acid tabs in my omlette during breakfast,
Three moves in Tetris, nah, but I got a triple stack,
IÂ'm talking E pills till I canÂ't remember jack,
Shit, rolling with aliens like men in black,
ReppinÂ' for Connecticut, run and tell Kemba that,
IÂ'm a dirty dog down to f*ck your lady raw,
Roll a j and sour d get twisted like a crazy straw,
IÂ'm a motherf*ckin beast off the leash
Until the obituaries say that Webby is deceased,
Killing beats call a priest, they canÂ't censor me, cause
if they try,
The whole f*cking song will be a bleep,
IÂ'm a chief like Squanto, skin tone blanco,
Rolling on these b*tches with better stats than Rondo,
Rolling up cilantro, rolling in a Bronco,
Running people over like itÂ's Grand Theft Auto,
CT to Â'cago, IÂ'm killing them with hot flow,
Getting paid and spending more money than the lotto,
easy

So you see, here in WebbyÂ's Lab,
IÂ'm gonna be hitting you with a lot of samples, some
industry beats,

All cooked together with a nice topping of dope lyrics,
Oh yeah and it's free, courtesy of Datpiff, and myself
of course,
The album's coming soon so buy that, but until then,
enjoy this

Yeah, it's that wacky highly underrated rapping
Caucasian,
I'm not in it for the fame and the money but shit I'll
take em,
I've been waiting here patiently while others got big,
Now I'm like, "Pick me coach, I'll slaughter these
kids",
I'm so hungry you can hear my f*cking stomach
through my ribs,
Call it dibs on the title let me show em what it is,
I'm wrecking tracks doing shows and getting cash,
huh,
I'm Triple X way too big for any freshman class,
It's in my repertoire, every single bar is hard,
Spittin' fire like I'm the human version of Charizard,
Or super smash brother, make that money stack
brother,
Stick my d*ck in instrumentals kill em on my last
rubber,
Motherf*cker what, long as I can bust a nut all over a
track
And then I'm bouncin' with a couple sluts,
Not to be derogatory but you need to drop it shorty,
Take em panties off I'm in that ass like a suppository,
Pop a 40 and chug until I'm puking all over the rug,
Never sober rollin' a bud, master of the multi-syllable
raps,
No one's iller in fact with a precision Reggie Miller
would bat, huh,
I'm just a Looney Tune way more rude than you,
And if you don't like what I'm doing, sue me dude,
I have an ever and I'll never give an F word,
Cooking shit up in the lab like Dexter

So boys and girls, 6 mixtapes deep,
And I still haven't lost my touch as you can see, you
know,
I just really wanna say thank you to everyone that
supported me this far,
I feel like it's really time to take this shit over, ninja
swag b*tches,
So again, welcome to Webster's Laboratory, and have
a lovely f*cking day,
yeah.

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