

Chris Webby

"Where The Party At"

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Oh, whoa, okay.
Ha ha ha ha ha...
It's Chris Webby mother fuckers.
Yeah,
Where the party at?
Where the party at?
Yo back in middle school yo
This used to be my joint.
For real,
So let me get it uh.
Yo...

I can't lie,
All day,
I'm a partier.
I walk in more fly
Than Laguardia.
Yeah I'm white,
I don't mean to startle yah.
I rep the burbs from CT
To Narnia.

I'm talkin' Solo cups,
Keystone Light.
Cop 'em by the 30
Ain't no beating the price.
When it comes to gettin' twisted,
This dude here's gifted.
Got cats and boss
And sayin' I'm wicked.

'Cause if you bring a beat,
Them I'm a bring bars.
Then I'm a show you
Where the Wild Things Are.
I make it rain till it's pouring,
I don't spit game.
I put my cleats on, bitch,
And start scoring.

Ye, I'm nice as fuck

So light it up.
Hmm, where's the journalist
To write this up?
In the tabloids,
'Cause I'm making mad noise.
Fuck making a band, dude,
I already know I'm a bad boy.

'Cause the rules?
I don't follow 'em.
And my family jewels?
She gon' swallow 'em.
'Cause you know
I'll make your neighborhood rock,
Turn the house party
Into fucking Woodstock.

No cut, paste, and copy,
Don't mean to sound cocky.
But that's just my confidence, yo,
And I'm hardbody.
Cruisin',
Something like Ducatis,
Maybe Kawasaki,
I'm cooler than Lifanzie [?].

'Cause I've been a superstar,
Ever since my mommy
Wen't into labor,
Then out popped me.
Not even a street sign's
Capable to stop me.
Keep my lyrics stuck in your head
Like some Epoxy.

Now, motherfucker,
Comin' out of the south.
On a CT,
Get it poppin' off
And I'm out.
I'm nice, so you better notice.
Pop bottles with
Andy Sandberg and T-Pain
On a boat, bitch!

So honey how you doin'?
How's your night goin'?
We can head back to my crib
If you like boning.
And I like boning,
Until it's bright mornin'

And I'm a spit
Until I get my fucking mic stolen.

But I won't allow a burglary,
I'm goin' in like
Open heart surgery.
Until I'm on TV
Like Ron Burgundy,
I'm a spit until everybody heard of me.

It's Chris Webby.
Man,
I said it's Chris Webby.
Bitch,
Where the party at?
Now, where the party at?
Where the party at?
Now where the party at?
Bitch, and I'm out.

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