

Church (Intro)

Chris Webby

Welcome, welcome! All you ninjas!
Come on in and make some room
Move on over, now!
Go - watch out for the baby head!
The baby... You about to head the baby in the head.
Why you gotta take up both seats?
Just move on over!
Lets start the show
We have a special guest tonight... He goes by the name of Chris Webby
Now, this you man, hails from Connecticut
After six mixtapes
After half a million dollars
After 20 million YouTube views
Countless sold out shows
And many a satisfied fan!
All you ninjas, give a warm welcome to your... Chris Webby
You see I'm buzzin' now
Shovel in hand I dug from the underground
Lyrical artillery loaded with forty-dozen rounds
They used to run they mouth
Shit, they Daffy Duckin' now!
Came out spittin'
First photo shoot was my ultrasound
Throwin' up my middle fingers in my Mother's uterus
Spittin' fire off of the top
Mount Vesuvius
Always caught disturbing the peace
They said I was Ludacris
Crazy, unpredictable, nutty, but never stupid, b*tch
Smart guy like Taj Mauer eatin' pot brownies
On the run for killing beats 'till the f*ckin' cops found me
On the loose again
Apple juice and gin
Out manouverin' my enemies
Leave 'em with sutures in
Cut 'em up
Cause my flow is sharper than Excalibur
Maximus, Decimus, Maridius to these challengers
Gladiator in the flesh
Swinging for your f*cking neck
Slicing up these beats
While you b*tches can even cut a check

Up next, final stop, success, like,
Now hold on, now hold up, hold on now, hold on...
You got to teach these boys how to rap.
Cause what these boys out here is doing, is not rap. It's wack
You got to show them the multi-syllable schemes
You got to show them the air-tight flow
You got to show them, them punchlines
Now get on in there and do your thing, son! Everything I do, I do it with heart
Werewolf with a full moon in the dark
Tear a f*cking human apart
I'm stupidly smart
Started on the east
But my music made a westward expansion something like Lewis and Clark
Climbing up the musical charts
And me falling off?
That's like Bullseye from Daredevil losing at darts
I'm just a crazy motherf*cker
Who was bred to be a monster, since the eighties motherf*cker
I'm lyrically inclined
Put my spirit in my rhymes
Veins pumpin' hip-hop
You can hear it in my lines
Rollin' with a bunch of goons
Everyday we grindin' on
And we All Spark
You can catch me up on Cybertron
I am on everything
Bad Meets Evil-er
That's just how the cookie crumbles
Motherf*cking Keebler!
Mark my teachers words
They told me that I should be mature
But now that my pockets beefed up
I'm never going vegan, sir
Grindin' 'till the f*ckin' day I stop breathing
Word

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>