

And The Beat Goes On

Chris Webby

And the beat goes on

Got my life on repeat, man the beat goes on
Nike's flat up on the street and I keep those on
Recharged and rebuilt, I can speak no wrong
Don't like me? Then f*ck you like that Cee-Lo song
Two middle fingers up, ambidextrous
Fightin' for my freedom of speech but then they censor it
Killin' any microphone in sight just for the heck of it
It's Chris Webby b*tch, still reppin' for Connecticut
Let's get this sh*t, uh
I've been back on the road and going hard
Venue after venue showin em that I flow with no regard
Now I'm making money, got more green than Oprah's yard
Got these people like, "Are you really thinkin' up these bars?"
How would you feel if you were on top?
With a couple thousand motherf*ckers aiming for your spot
But I am where I am, I'ma keep it on lock
Baby so let's rock and the beat goes on

Oh, baby don't you see I'm falling
Looking down and I feel like I'm alone
Burn it down again you keep talking
And the beat goes on.
Oh, baby don't you see I'm falling
Looking down and I feel like I'm alone
Burn it down again you keep talking
And the beat goes on.

See, the beat still going on
Webby rock it so terrific
With a flow that be colder than the Nagano Olympics
Made a little dough, put some lobster on my dishes
Pickin' up the flow and then I drop it on you b*tches
I'm a motherf*cking guillotine
You won't have your head attached when I step up on the stage
And people say that Webby's back
Can't stand the whack sh*t so I wreck a track
And spend my Friday murdering Rebecca Black
Uh, and I'll still be the one you f*ckers feel
And I won't stop until I got myself a couple mill
In the building and I'll show you how it's done for real
Revolutionary sh*t, battle of Bunker Hill
But instead of Redcoats I'm killin' MC's
Anybody dumb enough to go against me
Heavyweight champ like Jack Dempsey
Sh*t you better step B
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