

I Got 'Em

Chris Webby

You know that I got em baby
You know that I got em baby
And anybody try to block my shine
Take a number and get to the back of the line hey
You know that I got em baby
You know that I got em baby
And anybody that try to step to me
Is gonna quickly get sent away

You see a lot of um are hatin' now
Cuz I got my name around
Around me, people sayin' that I'm famous now
Don't be mad, I worked hard for a kid
Wrote a million verses and a multitude of choruses
To get to where I'm sittin', now look at where I'm sittin' at
Kick my J's up with a drink now I'm sittin' back
Lovin' life, feelin' good, tryna keep my head straight
Keep the trunk roarin' that tyrannosaurus rex bass
Been a minute now, now it's do or die
Fuck High school, I went to school high
Graduated with a rap degree, so me reachin' to the top is how it has to be
I'm OE to these poptart daiquiris
Nunchucks in my hand and attack a beat (ha)
I'm on a God damn rampage, money's goin' up and so's the number on the fan page

I got some very big shoes to fill
Cuz I'm aimin' for the title and I shoot to kill
Got the iTunes in your whole computer filled
Kids be like "Yo dude, Webby's super ill"
Is it frat rap? Or is it backpack?
But all I really care about is where the cash at
I got a dutchie rolled up like a snack wrap
I got a biddie by my side and I'mma wax that
I'll make my competition sweat with no elliptical
The school of new age rap and I'm the principal
Chicken with some waffle fries, flow is unforgivable
Kill it every time I be droppin' a single syllable
Gettin a beat and I'm rappin' it ill and I'm back with a skill you've never seen
Knew that I was meant for this when I was only 17
But I'm livin' good now, movin' onto better dreams
Rapin' every beat I got and making instrumentals scream

You see I'm hoppin' in the driver seat
Pedal to the floor mat
Ain't no catchin' up to me
VROOOM betta fall back
Raw track after raw track is my résumé
Make my own music while they spittin' over lemonade
Stay messed up with a style to step up
Over the competition while they tryin' to catch up
Haters suck my left nut, cuz if the good die young
I'll be in a body bag by next month
Cuz you know that I Got um baby
Ain't no mother fucker that could stop um baby
So listen to this, I'm killin' the shit

Rippin it sick, I should be sellin' tickets to this
You must've had the game twisted like a licorice stick
If you ain't thinkin I was steppin' in here and killin' the shit
So remember the name maybe take a picture of Chris
Before I burn the house down and leave you sizzlin' BITCH (yeah)

[Hook]