

# Injure You

Chris Webby

Yeah,  
This is for all you shit talking mother fuckers out there.  
When are you living shit?  
'Cause if you push somebody to that limit,  
Push that wrong button,  
You feelin' me?  
Dude's bound to just turn around and...  
Psh, fucking injure you,  
Know what I mean?

You'll get injured,  
Grab around your neck  
With my hands  
And choke out every fucking last breath if I can.  
God damn,  
I'm usually mad stoned and friendly,  
But like anybody,  
There are many sides to Webby.

I don't need a pistol,  
I'm leaving you knocked out.  
Show up at your mom's house  
Like bitch, whatchu want now?  
My sanity can't be found,  
Try to step hither,  
I'll stab you in the liver  
With a pair of blunt scissors.

Run off with a switch blade,  
Flipped out, displayin'.  
And slit my own throat first,  
To show you I ain't playin'.  
With a few beers in me,  
I'm a rowdy mother fucker.  
So keep talking,  
I love it when you doubt me  
Mother fucker.

'Cause when I feel aggression,  
I just grab the closest weapon  
And beat 'em in the skull with it  
Until I make his head spin.  
Couldn't matter less,  
My skin color or complexion,  
I'm a nut case for fucks sake  
So quit steppin'.

You'll get injured,  
And that's just be being truthful.  
I'm brutal,  
Beat you to death with a pool noodle.  
Your fuckle toy poodle  
Can't step to the bite.  
Leaving him drinking every meal  
For the rest of his life.  
Bitch.

You'll get injured,  
And I ain't playing around.  
One punch make that ass lay on the ground.  
If you didn't know before,  
Then I'm sayin' it now.  
Yes, I'm sayin' it now.  
That you're gonna get injured.  
And I ain't fucking with you.  
You can't touch me,  
Or anyone in my crew.  
You could just ask anybody,  
It's true.  
If I'm comin' for you,  
Then you're gonna get injured.

Feelin' like I'm wanting to kill,  
Straight raging,  
My boys are like  
Knowledge is chill.  
But on the real  
My pockets are filled  
With pot and some pills.  
Ready to leave a mother fucker  
With some hospital bills.

I'm not stopping until  
I see you dropping  
And spill.  
If the bleeding don't kill you,  
Lack of oxygen will.  
I'm a doctor,  
Not like Phil,  
But more like Kevorkian.  
Get over here,  
I'm bout to finish up my scorpion.

Stick my fingers in between your rib cage,  
Force 'em in.  
It's straight open,  
You'll walk like an accordion.  
I ain't trying to pretend that I'm the hardest,  
But honest,  
I'm a beast talkin'  
Just garbage.

I'm lightweight,  
I'm a lean 215,  
Routhless,  
Ready to leave a tooth  
Or two missing.  
I'll put the heat in your mouth  
Like a Hooters wing  
And dunk shot  
At the shot  
Like playing hoops with Kareem.

I'm blowing this king,  
Procede cautious,  
I eat,  
CT's mine,  
Tell office.  
Try to cross me,  
Arrestin' P

Son that.  
Body full of low metal,  
The kanye.

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(You'll get injured)  
(4x)