

# Mad Bars

Chris Webby

Yeah. This shit right here is for all the haters (haters). Alright?  
Everybody sayin', "Yo dude, you can't spit."  
And I'm like, I'm like, "Yo fuck that I can spit!".  
Ha. So uh, let me just lay down mad bars.  
(Mad bars) Yeah.

I'll spit a whole bunch of bars  
Re-roll up cigars.  
I am greater than the rest,  
Super nova, the stars.  
You're just the common cold  
I am sors,  
I do not spar,  
Every single blow will hit hard.  
And I know what you are,  
And hm, you're not me.  
Outdo you in anything,  
Bitch just watch me.

I drop shit on any topic,  
Hottnes,  
Then swap spit with hot chicks  
And get my cock licked.  
I'm a rot pit  
Mixed with a little bijon.  
Hugh Heff in a flesh  
Stay rollin' with three blondes.  
So don't hate this,  
I can't help that I'm great bitch.  
I spit a rhyme and I'm oudie (Audi),  
Like an A6.

I make hits  
And I hit the marijuana.  
Then beat the shit out of Rihanna  
Just because I wanna.  
Haha. Nah, I ain't Chris Brown.  
I am Chris Web.  
CT is listenin' to everything this kid says.  
The only time I get bread's  
At a meal  
Before my main course,  
God damn I need a deal.

I'm broke out on bail  
And I'm livin' with my parents.  
But I spit,  
And got these high school girls starin'.  
Darin' to be different,  
Apparently it's rhythm  
That's keeping me goin'  
Every moment  
That Webby be spittin'.  
Spittin' like I got a loogie  
Stuck in my throat.  
But fuck it  
I'm dope.

The ring leader's runnin' the show.

So ring around the rosie,  
With a pocket full of OC's.  
Pop 'em all at once  
And OD,  
Oh me!  
Oh my!  
So high!  
I don't even want to land  
Contraband in my waistband  
Rip it 'cause I can.  
Half man,  
Half ninja turtle,  
Half a fuckin' head case.  
If I don't make it on the mic,  
I'll make a sex tape.  
Me, Kim Kardashian, and Paris  
In a three way.  
Earn a right to disk  
And make a million off of ebay.

I got true blood  
Runnin' in my veins.  
Sharper than a vampire's fangs,  
Bang!  
Sneeze a lightning bolt  
'Cause I'm always spitting thunder.  
Runnin' shit like Ari  
Cause drama like Vince's brother.

Smoother than butter  
With a pocket full of rubbers  
And skills that'll make your girl  
S-s-s-s-stutter.  
Back up in this mother fucker  
With avengence.  
Make 'em pause  
Like they got a comma in their sentence.  
You can tell them this shit  
As soon as I hit the entrance.  
Fuck the shampoo  
We rollin' that Herbal Essense.

'Cause I'm great like Alexander.  
Two pokie balls,  
Hanging,  
Spit flames like charmander.  
And I got your chick  
Wetter than a blastoise  
She said I'm sexy  
And she love my raspy ass voice.  
I'll turn the stage into a slaughter house  
Ask Roise  
Fucking with Webby is just a bad choice!

I'm a mother fucking goblin man.  
Get the Cablevision,  
Rhythm, rippin' on demand.  
You can see me with the mic on my sonogram  
And the doc was like,  
"Hm, I think we've got a problem ma'am".  
Had a rattle in my right hand

Dutchie in the other, kid,  
Diaper on my ass  
Thirty rac up in the fucking crib.

Had 'em sayin,  
"What the fuck is up?".  
'Cause all I do is fill up cups  
And puff a dutch.  
Rollin' with a crew of giants  
Like Justin Tucks  
So if you really wanna step  
Better muscle up  
'Cause I really got to show 'em  
When enough's enough.

'Cause now these rappers trying to bite me  
Like scruff mcgruff.  
Gotta get these damn dogs youthinized.  
I am back,  
I'll as can be,  
And super-sized  
Like Star Fox  
I am truly fly.  
Can't do what I do,  
Excuse you...

I be runnin' shit with my manager  
Younger than me.  
When I'm young as fuck,  
And still nobody fucking with me.  
I am in A&R's wet dream  
Ready for the shit  
'Cause the games a fucking rap  
When they let Webby in this bitch.

Because the game's a fucking rap  
When they let Webby in this bitch. (2x)

Yeah, you know.  
Mad bars.  
Maaaad bars.  
Spit straight on any mixtape.  
I'm I'll.  
Yeah, what.