

# Runaround Web

Chris Webby

Here's my story, it's sad but true.  
Yeah right.  
Yeah! You see I love women.  
But I can't pick just one,  
And like  
I'm sure I'll settle down one day.  
But I'm young, right?  
I'm just trying to have a good time.  
Living in the moment and what not.  
You could call me a dog,  
But everybody else calls me Chris Webby.  
Haha, naw mean?  
Yeah, yeah.

It's seems like every week  
I get some girlie's number  
In my phone  
Bring her home  
Make her scream  
Make her yell  
Make her moan.  
I'm a dog  
Always looking for somewhere to put a bone.  
On my Entourage shit  
Bitches looking like Sloane.  
I'm an animal,  
Off the chain,  
I had to cut loose.  
And judging on how you're dressed,  
You're tryin to fuck boo.  
You'll never hear me uttering about I love you,  
I just really want to see them panties  
Dropping to your Ugg boots.  
It ain't my fault,  
Your girlfriend sweats me.  
She'll be getting back to you,  
Right after she's left me.  
And I ain't putting rose petals on your beadsheats.  
Romance ain't my thing,  
You should've known that when you met me.  
Am what I am,  
And I'll be it to my death.  
Got a thing for brunettes,  
With tats,  
And big breasts.  
So if you at the play  
Don't worry,  
You'z on deck.  
Hate the game,  
Not the player, Ma.  
And then she make me say...

Whoa oh

You see my life's good,  
Where it ought to be.  
All I gotta do is spit game

And slaughter beats.  
And I know you'll probably tell your whole sorority,  
Just don't expect my phone to answer  
When you're calling me.

I'm a son of a gun,  
Check my paternity test.  
Always chugging on a 40,  
And burning the best.  
Unzippering your jeans  
While you kiss on my neck.  
Oh you're a good girl?  
Psh, then it's on to the next.

I like a bad chick,  
Just give her the chance.  
While I'm trying to figure out  
How you fit in those pants.  
'Cause I'm partial to any exotic bittie  
Looking like Mila Kunis in Forgetting Sarah Marshall.

On the road every night  
It's unique.  
So you right across the party  
And I like what I see.  
Oh you're daddy's little girl?  
Well tonight you a freak.  
She grab my hand  
And brought me right upstairs  
And then she make me say...

Whoa oh  
(Like we always do)  
Now everybody now!  
Whoa oh