

# Stop Me Shinin'

Chris Webby

Ea, it's Chris Webby. Yup, CT where you at?  
Check, y'all mother fuckers can hate all the fuck you want.  
You can't stop me from shinin'. Ha. Yea.

You can't stop my shinin', drop fly rhymin'  
And all day for love of hip hop I'm grindin'  
Grindin' grindin', make sparks and blind em  
Now throw that beat in like it was said so by Simon  
I'm in, tougher than a double black diamond  
Hofstra's Mufasa, watch out for the lion  
I'm just a dog like Bryan, Griffin  
Try and, listen I am, Christian  
Graduated out of a prepped out academy  
Leapt out, instead of a step out done gradually  
That'll be the day I always used to think  
Back having braces and only juice to drink  
My mom's a math teacher my dad plays guitar  
My dog's a Bichon, so I can't act hard  
Only child in the bunch, I been told I'll go mad far  
Fifth grade I said, "Mom I wanna be a rap star! "  
And the whole family was taken aback  
Embracing rap? Is he seriously taking the path  
After a few years of practice I just played em a track  
And now their all dead convinced I'll be famous in fact, cause

Cause you could try to stop me shinin'  
Or try to hold me down  
But I'm a have to keep on grindin'  
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Every single day I shine bitch, rhyme sick  
I spit, till I can't breathe some one give me the Heimlich  
My waves are seismic, got fly chicks on my dick  
As time ticks, I spit it so hot I change climates  
Cause I'm just a crazy white boy with mad talent  
A Libra believe dog I'm a stay balanced  
With a gallon of liquor within my bladder  
Get higher than six ladders, and rock shows like Mic Jagger  
Badder than anybody that you've ever seen  
Rollin' up that ever green, since way before seventeen  
Got a clever scheme, and I hit em with track power  
Writin' lyrics stayin' up all night like Jack Bauer  
I act louder, and way more belligerent  
Got that keg on tap till I'm killin' it  
Layin' down the rules like a syllabus  
Speaking in gibberish  
Tearing shit down more than a little bit  
Cause I, have the flow and have the rhythm  
That's why shit is coming together like magnetism  
This cat is spittin', separating fact from fiction  
Murdering the crowd with every single rap I've written (I'm nice!)

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I ain't a thug from the hood but can't stop my shinin'  
So shoot me nine times gettin' rich, I'll die tryin'  
And then I'll know that you hearin' it  
Cause I won't stop till I'm on top like dessert in the food pyramid  
Period, I'm clever with with  
Cause if Winnie's the Pooh, then Webby's the shit  
White boy murders tracks, leave em restin' in peace  
So I'm a let Sam kill it for the rest of the beat, peace (I'm out)