

# Trust Me

Chris Webby

I'm a punch line professional, far from conventional  
Always make a point like what comes right before a decimal  
I never ate my vegetables, skipped outta pre school  
Spit molten lava, ain't a second I could be cool  
I'm nasty, so come right at me  
I am, fresh to death shit I'm great like Gatsby  
My voice stays raspy but ladies like it  
They always jock my swagger and tell me that I'm the nicest  
I'm righteous, so who fucking with Webster  
Stay bangin' out tracks in the lab like Dexter  
I'm clever, ever-y day under pressure  
Bow down to king Mathers, but I am his successor  
An MC like Escher, fresh, flyer than feathers  
Rollin' up the trees and light up like a projector  
I'm better, bitch trust me  
I'm Super Mario with a star cause' y'all can't touch me

You could never be the man that I be  
Never go to war with a dude like me  
You'd be barking up the wrong tree  
Trust me  
You could never do that things that I do  
You could never spit the words that I spew  
You could never stand to walk in my shoes  
Trust me

You'd be barking up the wrong tree, barking at the wrong dog  
Power walking around you mother fuckers in full jog  
I go hard, shit I'm oh so sick  
I'm loco bitch, eat rappers like Coco Crisp  
And get it jumping like a pogo stick, nobody next to this  
I been rapping since Sonic was running on Sega Genesis  
So I'll throw Knuckles like his nemesis, now who could step to this  
I'm so fly I got a leg up on Pegasus  
Put together sentences, verses to the chorus'  
On the underground like bones of Stegosaurus'  
My kicks harder than Chuck Norris'  
One roundhouse will knock you all the way to places that your foreign with  
I'm rolling with at least 3 Ninjas, call me Colt  
But bitches call me the carpenter, I screw nut and bolt  
I won't just give up, and don't just back down  
And don't give two fucks, you know all that now

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I'm a mother fucking ani-mal, scrodem full of cannonballs  
Playing drinking games till I hardly even stand at all  
I bite bitches like Trueblood this dude's rough  
Brain screwed up, from too much drugs  
I never grew up

Drinking till I threw up, throw up, vomit  
Barf on the game you bitches don't really want it  
Sorry homeboy but do not interrupt me  
I'm better at rapping than you, bitch just trust me

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