

Friend Like Me

Chris Webby

Yeah, Webby
Never had a friend like me Yeah
It's that big bad wolf
'Bout to blow your fuckin' house down
With a quarter pound in my trunk on the south-bound
You can smell me comin' as I'm whippin' it around town
Weed so loud that I'm smokin' in surround sound
(Had 'em) Had 'em hooked since I shook Dat Piff
No one handin' me the keys so I took that shit
With Latarian Milton doin' some hood rat shit
On my hustlin' flow I'm a whoop that trick
Got Henny in me and rollin' with plenty bitties
And home town pussy I call it Connetic-Kitty
As animated as Ren & Stimpy, so clever and witty
You'll need a certain level of intelligence to get me
Gimmie gimmie, everything that you got
Everything in your wallet and that ring with the watch
There really ain't no coming at the king for the spot
That's like stepping in the ring with The Rock
It is what it is and that's how it's gon' be
Oil in my pen burn it down low key
Y'all know me, I hit hard like Apollo Creed
You ain't never had a friend like me
You ain't never had a friend like me
In it to the end like me
No matter what the end might be
Y'all know me, I hit hard like Apollo Creed
You ain't never had a friend like me
You ain't never had a friend like me
Got a strong bloodline, I was born a leader
People bumping my music from here to North Korea
To Argentina, fans be lining up outside my concert
Like the ticket to my show was a court subpoena
Yeah I get it up on it like EMT paramedics
No anaesthetics phonetic, energetic with alphabetics
I'm spreadin' the fucking vibe like a pathogen epidemic
While I'm sippin' my unleaded and puffin' the devil's lettuce
I'm a menice in my whip indicia vapin'
Sippin' whiskey like some sort of liquid dinner replacement
Feel my inner Simba awaken
The prince in the makin'
My idea of vacation is to sit in my basement and write raps

So I'm 'bout to tell a night gap
I run my lane take a step or five back
If you forget the rest then just memorize that
'Cause at any second Webby might snap
It is what it is and that's how it's gon' be
Oil in my pen burn it down low key
Y'all know me, I hit hard like Apollo Creed
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It's like: I was made up in a lab or something
The way I hit 'em with these raps in the tracks you bumpin'
They say I sound like I'm Eminem's rabid cousin
Who's still on drugs, fuck it I'm on acid buggin'
I'm pass 'n puffin' the loud packed passed my limit
I snap and kill it, my syllables are mad explicit
Take my enemies and kill 'em on a massive skillet
And as for critics I covered them in gas and lit it
I'm back you bitches (I'm back)
And the crown on my head stay
Get on your knees, bow down to your Sensei
(Bow down to your Sensei)
It's like I'm fuckin' Christina Ricci the way I put it down on a Wednesday
Yeah, Addam's family shit
Always on my hustle 'cause nobody handin' me shit
All I've got is intuition and a plan to get rich
And when I do the fuckin' planet will flip
YeahIt is what it is and that's how it's gon' be
Oil in my pen burn it down low key
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Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>