

Bad Guy

Chris Webby

[Verse 1:]

Yeah! I'm Back! Uhh!

I'm the Hip-Hop antichrist, they'll regret it if they hand me mics
Jack The Ripper, hunting bitches down by candle light
Change of the stanza the nice, brandish a knife
I'm what's crackin' like I'm Titan in ya hand in a vice
Huh! My flow nasty, get a Tampax
So many bars you'll be thinking I'm flippin' Xanax
Fuck catering the bitches when I spit yo'
Go and listen to Drizzy you dumb bimbo
This is real rappin' Webby flow it with a passion
Get these letters in my brain and cause a chemical reaction
Droppin' vowels and consonants, powerfully rockin' it
With enough force to level a continent
What I'm dropping is the right way, I got em' guessing what I might say
Go bananas like Johnny Drama and Andrew Dice Clay
Since the 9th grade Webby's been a psychopath
Headphones on in detention when I was writing raps
Queue the lightning crash, queue the smoke machines
A fact that you should fear, even Joe Rogan screams
Dopamine and adrenaline till' I'm hemorrhaging
The fuckin' villain is back in this bitch you better remember him

[Hook:]

Say good bye to the bad guy
No fuckin' around, don't gotta ask why
I'll be here until they bury me and that's why
They know to run when they see me, I'm the motherfucka' hunting your dreams I'm the
motherfuckin' bad guy
No fuckin' around, don't gotta ask why
I'll be here until they bury me and that's why
They no to run when they see me, I'm they motherfucka' hunting your dreams [Verse 2:]

Yeah! Yeah!

You can catch me where the wild things be at
Hit em' so quick they can't even react, even an Atheist would believe that
Fuck shootin' guns, I fire cannon balls
With a physical strength of a Neanderthal
Roar! I'm a Tyrannosaurus Rex
Start by beating up the verses and I'll slam the chorus next
Gotta stand-a for success and for me it's being the best
The games like a bench presser let me get it off my chest, I'm a vet
But I ain't checking on the healthiness of any K-9s
I'm giving you the news bitch, NBC dateline

Hear me through the grapevine, murdering tracks
Leave you laying in the bed where they do surgeries at
I been the hottest dude under the sun
Beating me? You got a better chance fucking a nun
Fuck it I'm done, got my competition on the run
Won't be happy till I'm number one, deadly with the tongue
Rap bandito doing coke by the kilo
The mad super villain is back... Magneto
So bow down to me or get eaten like sushi
So fuck you and have a great day... yours truly
[Hook:]
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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