

# Do Like Me

Chris Webby

Let's go!  
See it's Webby  
The dude who fucked your girl last Summer  
And I ain't even asked for her number, bummer  
And I ain't even smash with a rubber  
So if your kid look like me  
Don't even ask motherfucker  
Huh, you could be just like Web'  
With a bottle in your hand  
And a blunt to the head  
Adderall (check!), shit I got my meds  
But I think the doctor gave me something else instead  
See I'm back again  
What's happenin'  
Real life Billy Madison  
And you know that I be rollin'  
Life of a rockstar  
Until I see those fucking lights on the cop car  
When I hit it (Woop Woop!) we out  
Time to dip, bring a chick to my parent's house  
Hit it on the tempurpedic from the back, right there  
'Till I hear (Chris) Mom stay the fuck downstairs!  
So put your hands up, and do like me  
Fill your cups up, and roll that weed  
Sloppy drunk in that VIP  
Ever since I had a fake ID  
So put your hands up, and do like me  
Wash those pills down, and feel that beat  
Tat your skin up, and sag those jeans  
You could be just like me See it's Webby  
The dude who. ah shit, that was last verse  
I'm so high that I'm reading shit backwards  
Jedi Master, life of a bachelor  
Your girl's like salt (Why?) all up on this cracker  
Walk around dizzy, with a cup full of whiskey  
The next shot of Jack in front of me looking risky  
Think about it quick, then I drink it more quickly  
Cause fuck, everybody in the club getting tipsy!  
From the booth to the track, I am here  
At your frat with a beer, unlatching brassieres (uh)  
And I'm feeling like I'll never go to sleep  
With all this shit that's in my system

I'll be up for a week  
So it's time to party like I do (I do)  
Because it's all I know, I don't even try to (try to)  
'Till I'm forty-five thinkin how the time flew (time flew)  
With a cup of vodka and some ice cubes  
Telling them to  
So put your hands up, and do like me  
Fill your cups up, and roll that weed  
Sloppy drunk in that VIP  
Ever since I had a fake ID  
So put your hands up, and do like me  
Wash those pills down, and feel that beat  
Tat your skin up, and sag those jeans  
You could be just like me We smoking  
And we be drinking  
And we be fucking  
All like its nothing  
That's all I know  
Party, until we black out  
And then we pass out  
Then wake up like  
Fucking let's do it again!  
So everybody just So put your hands up, and do like me  
Fill your cups up, and roll that weed  
Sloppy drunk in that VIP  
Ever since I had a fake ID  
So put your hands up, and do like me  
Wash those pills down, and feel that beat  
Tat your skin up, and sag those jeans  
You could be just like me

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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