

STFU (feat. Merkules & Lil Windex)

Chris Webby

[Intro: Merkules]

Yo, stomp down killers forever

Webby, what up?

Windex, I see you

Let's go[Verse 1: Merkules]

Lately I been feeling like there ain't no one as ill as I

First I make the music, then I made that shit an enterprise

This is dope money, you could say me name is Escobar

Killing all these rappers just became part of my repertoire

Doggy, I'm a python, you'll never compare

Y'all are feminine, it's evident I'll end your career (yeah)

I put the smoke in the air tonight like I'm Phil Collins

I got the shakes like I'm withdrawing from pills often

And everywhere I go the sticks on me like I'm Sid Crosby

I got more Heat than Miami, I'll fucking Chris Bosh 'em

I'm psychopathic, I'm doing acid and driving backwards

Every track that I'm rapping on is a fire hazard

So light the matches, ignite the gasses, the final chapter

Merk, Windex and Chris Webby are just some hired assassins

A kamikaze with a loaded gun, wasted

Smoking dust naked in a pickup truck faded

Let's go

[Chorus: Chris Webby & Merkules]

Seen 'em all bluffing but they ain't say nothing

Cause these motherfuckers not like me

Yeah they seen their name buzzing

Now they wanna start something

That is not likely

We don't need no introduction

(Motherfucker)

Better leave me be

Shut the fuck up when you talking to me

Shut the fuck up when you talking to me

[Verse 2: Chris Webby]

I don't vacation (nope)

I be in a lab on a free date

Chicken fingers, LSD tab and a V8

Rolling up the grass, puff pass like a relay

Ever since I used to say phat, with a P-H

Mario and Bowser combined

A cold blooded Italian and I'm out of my mind

And listen, half of the time I'm so high

Can't believe my words actually rhyme
It's autopilot, sitting back in recline
When I get a Grammy I'ma only credit the squad
Cause we been working too hard to share the credit with God
Shit's a hell of a job, spit flows and show dominance
Pro novelist, no stopping this
Drag 'em under like a hippopotamus and Botswana this
Rap god is sick, Poseidon with the water drip
Out the underground like I was found by archaeologists
All we do is mother fucking body shit[Chorus: Chris Webby & Merkules]
Seen 'em all bluffing but they ain't say nothing
Cause these motherfuckers not like me
Yeah they seen their name buzzing
Now they wanna start something
That is not likely
We don't need no introduction
(Motherfucker)
Better leave me be
Shut the fuck up when you talking to me
Shut the fuck up when you talking to me[Verse 3: Lil Windex]
Every so often I get carried away
Yo what's this motherfuckers problem, why he staring at me?
I swear to God that I'ma drop him, right there in his place
And toss his body in the coffin, he'll get buried today
And Merk comes over, he's like,

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