# 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 meSee 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 meWe 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 justSo 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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