

# The Candy Wrap

Chris August

Alright, C August, that's me  
Timberland  
What no Timberland?  
How much?  
Just C August.  
Here we go.  
I love candy'all.  
I love candy,  
I love candy  
The taste, the taste  
It makes me feel so grandy  
The tart, the bitter, the sour and sweet.  
I like it all. So come on and let a brother eat.

'Cause it's the 15th, and yeah I just got paid.  
I'm working hard for my money to fulfill what I crave.  
Not girls or cars or power and respect  
But to have all the candy one could possibly collect.  
In my backyard,  
In a fort that I built.  
It has three candy aisles and a freezer full of milk  
Turned ice cream.  
You know, mixed with oreos and some butterfinger babes.  
Woo, that sounds great.  
Give me two, give me three, matter'fact give me four-  
Gallons of the mess that make my belly hit the floor.  
I'll eat it. (rawr) until my teeth rot.  
Just to see the center of that tootsie roll pop.

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It makes me feel so grandy  
The tart, the bitter, the sour and sweets.  
There's nothing like some candy to make a brother want to eat.  
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I murder trans fats yet I have sans belly.  
I spread jelly on my deli disappears like macavelli.  
Bam! It's gone and it's just not funny.  
I ate so much, I got a cramp in my tummy.  
'Cause I went swimmin'.  
Nothin' like a summer snack.  
I'll eat it under water just like a shark attack.  
Or while I'm sunbathing.  
Come on, I need a hand.  
Okay I'll come back from my fantasy land.  
Back here to my house in candy land,  
Where I'm the prince, the queen, and, you know, the king.  
And I kick it with the sweet-tart necklace bling.  
And top it off with a big ole ring.  
Pop it in your mouth till the flavor dies.

When it all runs out,  
You'll see a grown man cry.  
I used to beg,  
But now I eat.  
You know, I make my money just to buy my treats.

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I finish my sandwich so I can have my pudding.  
I swallow whole Reese cups, you ask "How could he?"  
I tunnel the funnel cakes down the right pipe.  
How could I be wrong if it tastes so right?  
If you didn't know, let me bring you the news:  
I'm a skinny dude with a love for food.  
If you don't understand, this should give you a clue:  
Chris is to kit-kats like women are to shoes.  
"A smart healthy snack, " what does that even mean?  
Your diet is whack, mine's like a real-life dream,  
With a six-foot twix playing tag in the park.  
And a sugar-daddy yellin', "Son, be home before dark!"

So unwrap this rap, unsnap the snap.  
I gotta make room for my two-o'clock snack!  
Lions, tigers, gummy bears. Oh my!  
My life is complete.  
I'm so happy I could die.

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Reese's cups. Sour-patch kids. Aww, yeah. Haribo gummy bears, anybody?  
You know, that kind in the gold package. Name-brand, baby.  
None of that cheap stuff. Only the best. Where's my buncha crunch? Yeah...