

Gordita Crunch

MC Chris

I like that gordita crunch
I've been known to eat a bunch
And please no spicy mayo
I say thank you very much
Like the softness and the crunch
In the office having lunch
Then I'm running to the bathroom
'Cause my pants about to bust

I wish you had some Coke
Fuck you, Pepsi Co
Yes, I'll have some nachos
And some queso all to go
Taco Bell's the shit
A place you can hang with your friends
Yes, it might give you the shits
But I like to call it a cleanse
I got the taco supreme
I got all fucked up on green
I got some Skywalker trees
Smoked out my muscle machine
(Smoked out my muscle machine!)
Pick up a taco or three
One taco doesn't appease
Mc chris up in the piece
Givin' out tacos for free
Yaaaaaaay!

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110 million in stock
That's what Bell got when he stopped
White as a sheet, robbed the guys cross the street
Every week was a line down the block (Block! Block!)
Foreign cuisine, he did cop
By next morning, switched everything up
No hamburgers or fries
Now we only sell lies and franchise was the prize that he got
Stoners might blow up the spot
Smoke a bowl then they roll in like what
Buy a sack 'cause it's cheap, that's why everyone eats
Mystery meat that is chopped

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Crun-crun-crunch. Crunch
Crun-crun-crunch. Crunch
Crun-crun-crunch. Crunch
Crun-crun-crunch