

MC Chris Is Back

MC Chris

Mc chris is back
It's a fact, jack
Look it up
Hot wheels on da track
Kid got raps
That you fucking love

When the CD ends
You get stressed
Cause it's not enough

Start it from the top
Cause it rocks
Yup, holding up

Mc chris return
Watch him burn
Like a shot of jack

He the kinda nerd
Makes you want to learn
How to rap

Step up on the stage
And they raise
Cause I'm automatic

You know how we do
No crew
Just autographs

Outta hiding
It's exciting
Doesn't happen very often

It's unheard of
He's resurfaced
Like a very nervous dolphin

Mc chris was absent
Now he's packing sawed off shotguns
Making ladies gravy
Like a shady sadie hawkins

Mc chris is back
Like an angry bird bommerang
He's the kinda nerd
Take Jesse Eisenberg to pootie tang

Time to bang
Time to blast
Mc chris is back at last

Raise a glass
Raise a cup
Mc chris is holding up

Skies on fire and the earth cracks open
And the horsemen ride and plumes of smoken
When doves cry 'n people choking
Everybody dies and there's no hoping

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Mc chris is holding up
Like a throwback soda pop
Real sugar cane
Like the kind that make your molars rot

Underground love my sound
Cause they down
And guess what
They all know what's up

Rasputin back like tootin
Or Duke Nukem
Cept I do not suck

Retribution and revenge
I've returned let's not pretend
I'm not the best cause I am my friend

I'm not the one with the mansion man
I'm not done, got a pension plan
Did I fail to mention got a million fans

(With a bandeau lab
And a BK bag
Put a mic in my fist, I'll piss on rap)

Art of out of, auto [?]
Get his own section
Ladies gonna gag on his bag and erection
(Something about champagne on their waists)
Breasts in the air like it's a [?]

I am loaded
I am famous
They all say my rhymes the greatest

It's the latest demonstration
Of hip hop resuscitation

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Yo um

I'm old enough to know what's up; no love
The road is rough and overrun, so what

Throw your dubs and open up to throw a
Hug around chris - we've missed him so much

Your boy is finna come back again, rapping with
Toys in original packaging; action
Figures in blister packs, little men wish to have
But settle for brick-a-brack - gentlemen, chris is
Back

To hit 'em with this and that; kick 'em with
Fists of rap; split 'em like infinitives, then administer
Intimate acts to win 'em back in a minute, even
Cynics and bitter hacks admit that they missed his ass

Cinematic addicts sit with him in dark rooms
Private showings, eyes a-glowing with cartoons
See-through your princess projections like Artoo
Deetooo... you missed him? yeah, me too.

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