

Micro Trash

MC Chris

Micro, his name is micro, micro trash

Name's micro trizzle I get bizzle on the mizzle mic
What the dizzle I'm for rizzle pack a little pipe
But it packs a punch your lunch will soon be frizzle fry
Wanna get your cove cause only doves deserve to crizzle cry
I'm just a little guy I'm here to testify
Underdogs will overcome cause they deserve the best in life
So lets get down tonight lets kick out the jams
Get on the dance floor even if you don't know how to dance
Ladies I'm your man, fellas I'm your friend
Defend ya to the end that's my promise like the spread
I'm also like the butter knife and the white bread
I'm a nice time bottle that's in your head like night meds
I chose a dorks life I'm not the whore type
My joints on point like a samurai sword fight
This is my fourth jam this is my fourth try
If hip hop was a horse I'd be a hungry horse fly

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Name is micro trash I relax with a Ziggy laugh
Yes I'm little but I feel big in a baby bath
Wear New Balance sneakers so I'll avoid a narrow path
Nights can fly a kite just like the kind that KB's has
Haters feelin' victimized just like Richard Nixon's wife
No I will not stop til I go pop like Mr. Lichtenstein
Wanna kick it for a minute then you might keep chris to mind
All you chicks who can't resist, yes you can lick my dick tonight
Don't call me bogus cause my opus is outlandish
When I rhyme it's like the time our leader spoke in Spanish
We can say the words but we will never know the language
That won't stop us we're obnoxious check the box's filled with fan shit
I'll be chillin' in my mansion I'll be f'n a maid
Ladies love me lately maybe I'm gettin' paid
I'll be chillin' in the shade with Bartleby and James
If you want it hot and fast go ask Mr. Microwave

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