

Qt

MC Chris

QT motherfucker
Late fees motherfucker
I'm dropping N bombs like "What motherfucker?"
Transform motherfucker
You've been warned motherfucker
Bitch slap from a Kangol capped motherfucker

'63 Tennessee,
Though the marriage was through
Little dude called Q
Born to Connie McHugh
Little mick
Little wop
And a little Cherokee
And a little African-American apparently
Brother got soul
And mother gotta bounce
Sunny Cal for the gal and the boy with the brow
Daddy two was a dude wasn't quite what we liked
I was glued to the tube cause real life wasn't right
So we moved
Nomadic in a panic
I was bruised
Hyperactive and erratic
Hated school
A dirt bag with nerd facts
Dropped out
Ripped tickets at a jerk shack
I escaped
Manhattan beach where they rent tapes
Pontificate new wave and it's French babes
Extrapolate all day cause I got raves
Talk shop non-stop while I got paid
Wrote a script bout Mallory and Mickey
Story's kinda gory some said sorta sickening
Wrote a rom-com about a Elvis quoting creature
Fall in love
At a Sonny Chiba triple feature
Stole a hooker from a pimp
Stole coke from The Sopranos
Then he sold it to Joel Silver before everything goes blammo
One script in the stack in which I wanted to act
Fuck rejections by readers in one year they'll wanna retract

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Liked to act honed my craft on the side when I could
Saved my pennies started dreamin', started schemin' Hollywood
Got excited bout my writing in two years I wrote three scripts
No one bought them it was rotten and I almost lost my shit
Can't deny it I decided time to get off the pot
I could shoot it myself and give it all that I got

I could direct star and edit and fetch a bag off stops
Don't need a corporate clown hold me down in a headlock
So I went to a party wearing my finest tiger print
Ready to schmooze and get vagina on my dick
Then I met my defender by the name of Lawrence Bender
He said "You got some moxy, you obnoxious pretender."
Read my script and loved it said it needs a budget
He dropped it and shopped it to courtly curmudgeons
A briefcase of cash that glowed was bestowed
Some say that it's gold but I know it's a soul

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Eddie was a betty like to talk like a bitch
Mr. White was the type who's too nice for his niche
Mr. Pink was a hater who wouldn't tip waiters
Mr. Brown was gunned down but he savored the flavor
Mr. Blue was a con so his humor was minimal
Mr. Orange was the sort who never consorted with criminals
Mr. Blonde was a Vega so his brother was Vince
Everyone head to the rendezvous daddy's gonna be pissed

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