

Sad Sack

MC Chris

Had to talk about in my notepad
Something goin' on in my gonads
Got a glossy finish like it's Kodak
You might say "That's not my business", yeah I know that
While I'm dreamin' there was semen in my undies
Young, dumb, full of cum Solomon Grundy (Grrrr)
I mainly grip it for a minute then I pass out
I'm having crazy stripper dreams with they ass out
I always try to cater to compulsions
Now I'm waking to a boner that's convulsing
You might say that is repulsive and disgusting
Guess you get the ghost when you're bustin'
I wonder why this happens but I draw blanks
I guess my seeds need a release from their Shawshank
My kernels gone nocturnal, it's a cruel crime
And my Tim's gotta swim when it's Tool Time

Sad sack, liquid on your lap
Stewin' in your fluid because you forgot to fap
Wad blown, time to change your clothes
Can't go to bed till you beat your bone
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Life is callous and cruel, then a laugh and a lark
There's some drool on my tool—a water park in the dark
There is paste in my pants, something brief in my briefs
I have a little less cum, it was stolen by thieves
There's a bit of my goo in my Fruit of the Looms
My tighties ain't so whitey, lost a few of my dudes
I don't mean to be crude, I don't mean to be crass
I just ejaculated as it was fated to pass
I must not have masturbated, that's really the shock
Or I didn't have a dream where I'm hunted or stalked
Instead I get a betty who starts petting my cock
There's jam in my pajamas instead of my socks
Anything can happen and most women could do it
If I forget to fap then my brain must drain the fluid
I woke up to some wetness, you can bet this was normal
Dreams can make me cream because they're glory hole portals

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Slave Leia?! What are ya doin' here?
Ah—what—hey, come on—no
Hey listen, your job is property, you're not supposed to be—

Hey listen, keep your hands to yourself, Selena Gomez

Hey-w-w-wait-wait, hold on a second. Wha-hey-
Oh my god, she's sucking my dick...

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