

Stop Time

MC Chris

Please allow me to reintroduce myself
My name is Chris and I do not exist
It's just some shit that a kid did just for kicks
An effort of the last ditch
To stop the steel from slitting the wrist
Thick in the midst of life being a bitch of just being Chris
That's when the little fucker just started flipping the script
Cleaning his kicks, clearing his throat, betting the chips
That there's a bunch of kids like him with no rims
No checks, no chicks, no switches to flip
Like Edward Scissorhands with mad salivaria glands
MC Chris spits like a kid when he is really is a man
And he really is a fan of the Skywalker clan
And any other band claiming that they're weaker than
Started out a solo mission, quickly became round up
Of any underdog, any unlovable pound pup
Any mother fuck who's a thug, thanks to bad luck
Any punk that's drunk 'cause he ain't found love

Oh I Drop rhymes
Cop kind, Stop time

By verse two I wasn't even on the map
Till all that jazz let all the cats see where I was at
They downloaded all my raps, saw that shit was fat
Like Fat Albert on the can after eatin' fifty hams
Mad kids were clapping hands, with their windows down
Fucking up their town with the MC sound
Consider this MC effortless, never felt profound
Now it's, fuck a pronoun, third person from here on out
That's what people do with clout when they wanna get their pimp on
They show up uninvited and then double dip their chip on
I'll instill a little pride in the shy guy with the clip on
Back by the punch bowl and the bumping sound system
He's dancing all by himself
He wants to dance with someone else
I guess it helps if you speak a little elf
Chant the tiniest Hermione spell it'll make the mightiest melt
Watch him crumble into puddles cause he's just a geek
You supply the leet speak, we'll supply the beat
It's a brand new dating service to an the endless sea of nerdage
Check the verbage then please look beneath the surface

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My voice is just like me, really fucking high
It's sad you wanna battle I hope you just up chuck and die
I'm not here to look fly, by dissin' on some guy
I'm here to hit on ladies with my motherfuckin' rhymes
These are troubled times and we need to squash the hate
Just like David Silver before this next commercial break
So before you log on just to motherfuckin' flame
You have to understand you missed the point and you are lame
Do you think this is just a game? this ain't no RPG
MC Chris is just a brand, homes, that shit's hardly me
Trying to hustle for that dollar so I get something to eat

Pay my bills, buy some games, and perhaps a little weed
Is that too much to ask? do I seem too defensive?
Pensive over lessons that my fans are double guessin?
You guessed it and how does an MC stay impressive?
To all the naysayers, knuckleheads, and rubberneckers
By mic checkin' I reckon, reflect a moment or second
On the most bad ass tag team you seen since Tekken
Representin' like I'm Fenton, all ass I kick
MC Chris will let you in, if you don't start no shit

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