

The Masturbation Song

MC Chris

We were hoodlums, just some Muslims, in the year of '88
Me and my buddy Brian were way under age
I was a shifty little mister just watch me drift between the cliques
No one had me like my family it was kinda the pits
So I take it out on others anyone beneath my status
Making fun of making of [?] made me think I was a badass
wasn't even a nerd,
I'd sit with Bri and his boys
I felt kinda included
I was so overjoyed
No one liked me and I know junior high was a mess
So I played king's quest where you go and you fence
Playground was a place where I should have got punched
but I never got affected cause no one noticed me much.
'Cept Brian he was funny and we shared every class
Can't explain it just somehow I knew that it wouldn't last
had me over Friday night to watch porn at his dad's
that's when he called me out for jerkin' off in my sleepin' bag
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Brian told his friends and the word soon spread
my freshmen year at Brainnerd and I was better off dead
Everybody knew even that nerd named Kramer
he made fun of me in the locker room I couldn't be lamer
do you jerk off do you beat off? yo, that's all I ever heard
If you can't control your penis maybe you should go to church
so let's persecute the perv, make him think he acts alone
like they're not all running home to grab onto their bone
but they convinced me I was stupid, so I'd do it with guilt
that's how I was raised, and what the catholic church felt
my behavior was a bum, I wish I knew it was a blessing
couldn't keep myself from messin', never considered confessing
just kept it on the low, while the lunchroom laughed
but at my expense, I had no friends, I felt trapped
but I guess I had it coming after how I behaved
let that be a lesson, one I'll take to my grave