

Mc Chris, Check The Ring, Yo

[Chris's mom? saying something]

Well, my name is mc chris, I saw that you were alone.
I don't know if you knew this but I rock the microphone.
You look one kind of lonely - I'm so the antidote.
You look seven kinds of juicy like a slice of cantaloupe.
You rock the Sheena Easton 'cause, girlfriend, you got the look.
And no, I am not teasin', you can read me like a book.
Erotic fiction in the kitchen, we'll experiment with foods.
Leftovers on my boner puts me in a mighty mood.
Okay, I'm a little forward, maybe I should try reverse;
what's your name, what's your game, mind if I rifle through your purse?
Here's the capper, I'm a rapper, just do a Google search;
twenty pages, I'm amazin'! What's your addy? I'll send merch!
That's when I saw the rock, the ice, the diamond!
It hit me like it's lightning! It's frightening! I'm cryin'.
"I was stylin', profilin', down payment on my Scion.
His name is Brian, he's in Fallujah freedom fightin',
so don't ask me who's your daddy. I'm someone else's mommy.
You can buy me all my drinks, but you don't get no punani."
It's so scary, they're all married. This party just got gnarley.
Matahari just got sorry, gotta roll like Katamari!

Ay! Ay! Ay! Check the ring, yo!
Ay! Ay! Ay! Hit the bling, WHOA!
Ay! Ay! Ay! Check the ring, yo!
I thought I was the man 'til I saw the wedding band.
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Well, my name is mc cringle and, yes, ladies, I'm still single.
I sadly still read comics; yes, I'll vomit if I mingle.
Caught the curves of Cutey Buttons, lookin' hotter than an oven.
Hold up, girl; now back that ass up like your name was Lizzie Grubman.
Don't make push come to shovin', all I wants a little lovin'.
Surely somethin', I ain't frontin'. Aww, come on, Cuddle Muffin.
Nah, I ain't no scrub and don't proliferate with pigeons.
Been tested for disease, even tested for emissions.
She removed her party gloves and then said, "I'm sorry, love."
I'm embarassed, she's got carrots while in Paris from some thug.
"Oh, he's here and he's a fan, very deft at dashing plans."
Goddamn these wedding bands, they're on every single hand!
Well, I wish you both the best, congrats, good luck.
I'll send a present in the post with a note that says "you suck."
Sorry that I've been so angered by endangered naked digits.
Life never caters to my wishes; eff these hater bitches.

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Life, it never goes my way, I know.
Maybe I'm alone 'cause I call these bitches hoes.
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