

Mc Chris, Hoodie Ninja

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Got my ninja bag AKA a pillow case
Filled with nacho flavored combos, a flashlight, and masking tape

We got hoodies and some goodies, we got tools and also talent
Fisher Splinter stealth and some Barnum and Bailey balance
Katanas and shurikens so lets hurry across the yard
If there's dobermans jump over them it shouldn't be that hard

The objective is reconnaissance the subject is a hottie
Redhead from my homeroom with a bad ass little body
Hella dope telescope from little bros pirate phase
She's about to change for bed we gotta get there right away

I can't make out so I stake out take a doughnut make it glazed
I climb the tree and finally I feast upon her frame
She's rockin cotton panties, Sanrio so it seems
She's strechen and profechen, she's the cutie of my dreams
Lose the T, thirty-two B's. Yes I know her cup size
IMAX in my spy glass while my balls get bug bites. (OUCH!)

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You're off guard ninja star now you're injured
Tough luck nun chuck break your fingers
Gotta bolt cause I don't wanna linger

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Got my ninja getup it's a Fett's Vette sweatshirt
Rockin awesome drawstrings tied so tight that my head hurts
Stolen black slacks that are supposed to be for church
Stuff the cuffs into my Chucks now I'm a ninja thanks to merch

I gotta kajanowa that's a grappling apparatus
Empanadas from my mama her burritos are the baddest
Lets eat 'em in the shed where my father keeps his porn
and I'll explain the mission its bitchin' word is born

Gym coach is a Nazi always got me runnin laps
I know he doesn't like me you should hear his frightening laugh
Can't put up with the push-ups and the crunches got me cranky
So we're gonna drop a dookie on the driveway like I'm Banksy

Yo you keep a look out while I drop my Fruit of Looms
And build myself a built to scale model of Mt. Doom
We hear the garage door motors and we motor mad fast
Drop a deuce into my shoes now I'm runnin crap laps

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