

Mc Chris, My Name Is

My name is MC
I'm like no other
A short sized, high pitched
White skinned brother

And when I say white
Yo, I don't mean pink
'Cause my skin's about as white
As white out ink

When I step into the sun
I burst into flames
Like the Human Torch
But with no lives to save

Said, I don't go to clubs
And I don't go to raves
And I don't go to pubs
And I don't go to parades

So, where do I go
You might call it a hooch parlor
If you don't know the password
Don't bother

It's where all the ladies
Leave their lipstick
On my collar

But I tell them to be gone
'Cause all they want
Is my dollar
Mahler use to write symphonies

Name is MC and I claim to be
Star material like astrology
Punk rock, hip, and R&B
Watch me blend it up like a daquiri

It's why all the honey's be mackin' me
Waitin' in the alley, sneak attackin' me
Tearin off my clothes, ass smackin' me

Back when we didn't have a record deal
(Still don't)
Still managed to make the ladies squeal
Word up, and you know

Name is MC, shout it back to me
On the count of three
One, two, three, MC

Name is MC
Drivin' 'round in my C-I-V-I-C
I see ya girls walkin' by, lookin' fly
Soft to the touch like a porcupin
Blow my mind

Name's MC, me multiplied
Don't call home
'Cause I'm out tonight
Taste real good like a pumpkin pie

I only smoke pipe

When there's skunk inside
Can it be
Her fingers slippin' down my Levi jeans

I be so happy now, without a doubt
Like I just smoked an ounce
Fucked and bounced
What the fuck you be talkin' 'bout

MC backwards be cotton mouth
Not on the mic
I'm kickin' your ass at balderash
Ya can't stop me

Name is MC, shout it back to me
On the count of three
One, two, three, MC

Name is MC
Come from a place
Called L-I-B-E-R-T-Y-V-I-double-L-E
In the place to be

With a little Bo Peep eatin' edamame
I'm eatin' Chick-fil-A
Get up on the mic
And stay for days

Drunk off that citron lemonade
And a little bit of tanqueray
But I'm okay, eyes wide
Stir fried, like Vietnamese

Adam and Eve
Do as we please
With nothing but a bucket
Of ice up my sleeve

Ask Mr. T and the fuckin' A-Team
A beam in your face
MC Chris in the place
With a mouth full of toothpaste

Library book paste the due date
So many ho's
I get the group rate
You're too late