

Mc Chris, DQ Blizzard

yer rapper: he's wack dude, but does he even try?
can he do what mine do? think you should say buh-bye.

get up on the mic like a five on a fifty.
quickly avoid the hickeys of the bucktoothed bitties.
fake timberlake just to be by britney.
smoke that pipe with witney, shoot that blow with iggy.
l.i.b, n.y.c and all places in between,
you could call me a mint cuz I make the green.
i make the scene. i make believe that you all was naked,
so i wouldn't have to fake it, just copy and paste it,
like adobe photoshop, red foreman in robocop,
i get up on the mic and you know i won't fuckin stop.
it's like the props of carrot top, or yellow stains in my socks.
you acting like you hip? yer all hepped up on hopps.
so just do the body rock, cuz the beat just be so bumpin,.
let's get our groove on before our carriage is a pumpkin,
before they outlaw fuckin, not bad for a drunken munchkin.
my name is mc chris welcome to my lyric luncheon.

word up, word up, word up, word up and you know.

chrous

name's mc, my band's the lee majors
put us on the bill, and boy ya hit paydirt
when i'm on the mike, girlies wanna flizzirt
but i tell'm chill like a dq blizzard

half corn beef and cabbage, half fred savage.
the better than average rapper with the have to have it habit.
heir apperants on my carrot like they was jessica rabbit,
like fake wood paneling on the side of stationwagons.
fraggle rock on the box, fruit loops on my chin,
wonderin if I'm ever really gonna fit in,
or be a son of a bitch with a gut and some tits
or a roaming casanova with my dick in a (censored.)
I'll be back in a bit, I gotta floss my johnson,
make that cream for the state wisconsin.
you say all of my shit is complete nonsense,
fuck my cd and the shitty ass contents.
bullshit, my shit's the bomb.
siamese twins want menage a trois.
robot bitches want their backs massaged.
they may not be real but them tits is large.

(damn) word up, word up, word up, word up and you know.

chorus