

Mc Chris, Badass

I never carry a gun
I just carry my tongue
When it's not knee deep in pork
It's acidic and forked

I'd mission abort
Don't need no permission to start
Rip apart every synapse and spark
'Til you're clutchin' your heart

Playin' Mario Kart
With Wesley Clark
Make like Corey Heart
And wear my shades when it's dark

Don't retort or remark
You'll get Dizzy G Cheeks
With a mouth full of fart
fart noise

I'm Slaughter comma Sarge
AKA Commissar
Ballin' like stalin' from USSR
Shit's so fluid so far

Thanks to Matt on guitar
Yo DJ, take 'em to the part
Where I turn rap into art

Yeah, motherfucker
Check this shit out

I'm a bad ass
I ain't gonna fuckin' spell it
I get up on the mic
And then I fuckin' yell it

No need to embellish
I'm selfishly hellish
Equatorial insect repellent
The like's of which you never delt with
Motherfucker