

Mc Chris, Older Crowd

I got the bass for your face
Yes I can hold it down
These kids are such a disgrace
I need an older crowd

Mental stimulation
Voter Registration
Patches on my elbows
Match the colors of my cords

Feeling cheeky five feet weekly
I beseech thee let's be daring
No preparing no agendas
Let's go where the paper sends us

Open mic perhaps a slam
Don't care where, I need to jam
Grab your purse and clip-on earrings
Sorry I'm so commandeering

Air in tires and tank's got petrol
Acting weird cause I was let go
Say I'm boring like I'm dead
Say I lack a cutting edge

I will show them that I'm golden
Jam while jerks can kiss my colon
Nouveau guys won't stand a chance
Please park it Margaret I must dance

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Are you joking? It's too smoky
There's a cover, we should leave
Let's not panic, let's beat traffic
And get home in time for tea

Kids have access nostalgia waxes
Can't relax if I can't breathe
Let's just exit, we're not sexy
I feel fat and elderly

Let's play Scrabble, let's play Boggle
Discovery channel with Ted Kopple
Kids are awful, they're all moshing
So obnoxious sneezing, coughing

Spilling beer and breaking glasses
They're no fun, these trust fund fascists
No more head tricks, we've got Netflix
Let's grow beehives and mustaches

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There is vomit on the toilet
And no soap I can dispense
Girl named Wendy grabbed my testes
Now I have no confidence

Can't believe it, I smell reefer
We might get a contact high
I feel loopy I see snoopies
I need pizza with these doobies

I feel mellow, legs are jello
Hold me up or I might nap
Someone dosed my Diet Coke
It's not a joke so please don't laugh

Freaky Friday might go my way
I feel like a different person
Now I'm tripping, ceiling's dripping
Wait a minute, no crowd surfing

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