

Mc Chris, Robot Dog

I got an allergy for every pedigree
So I got myself a robot that's Japanese
But yo, he's hard to please
He's always gotta pee

But he nevers sips a drip
This chip is playin' me
The way it plays ladies is such a sight to see
He gets more digits than I could inside my wildest dreams

He plays the ho's
Instead of playing fetch with me
He sniffs the toes of
Tiffany and Stefanie

That brings up Emily
She was my latest squeeze
Robot dog stole that girl
Right out from under me

Sometimes I wonder why
I supply the energy
To my mortal enemy
That should be a best friend to me

Robot dog, he down tequila out of Tommy navel
Robot dog, he drinks his owner underneath the table
Robot dog, I'm afraid this foe is fuckin' fatal
I'm about to go pre-natal, end up in a baby cradle

Robot dog, turn him off, motherfucker
Say, turn him off
Robot dog, turn him off, motherfucker
Say, turn him off

He never pays the rent
He kicks me out of bed
I'm the pissed submissive
He's the fuckin' dominance

And it's been really tense
I'm feiging impotence
I got a robot dog
And haven't gotten any since

All my pals are fuckin'
Meloncholy malcontents
From Malcom In The Middle
To Malcom X

He eats filet migon
I'm eating fuckin' Alphabits
And the motherfucker just left me
The consanants

I hold his leash while
He gets all the compliments
He gets more attention than
A one eyed elephant

He's in the club
I'm in my car
Out of my element
In a Honda Element

Feeling irrelelvent
But it's on like it's Vaugh comma Vince
I wanna be gone like I'm
Jon Favreau havin' a fit

He's surrounded by chicks
Rubbing their D cup tits
I flip the toilet lid
Read a Maxim mag, bust a couple kids

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