

## MC Frontalot

### "First World Problem"

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Nerd rap infests your internet. You left a trap, but  
It's empty.  
MC Frontalot took a gape but the bait wasn't tempting,  
Ending up uncaged and at large  
To talk smack at you through the networking appliance  
That's in charge  
Of every drip of your attention.  
Yo, when mine goes out I've got to log in just to  
Mention  
My disappointment at the interruption of convenience.  
I mean just: a lot left, but none up in between this  
Couple of minutes here and a couple of minutes later.  
It's an outrage, at the price I paid. These dictators  
Of my leisure rule with an iron fist.  
Has anybody ever been so put upon as this?

Your GPS run out of battery (first world problem)  
Got to wake up Saturday (first world problem)  
You just delayed a honeymoon (first world problem)  
Pledge season's coming soon (first world problem)  
Half your friend list is spam accounts (first world  
Problem)  
And your center channel speaker's out (first world  
Problem)

Muffy, my hair regrowth cream is mostly ineffective  
And I'm struggling to keep this in perspective,  
But I feel like a massive injustice occurred.  
Says "regrows hair" on the tube (in the words)  
In a third — or maybe a quarter — of all users.  
I must have got swindled. Is it a fault? Of whose is?  
Oooh, Muffy, Muffy, I had all the servants tortured.  
Did you keep them on retainer? Do you got some more  
on  
Order?  
'Cause I can't comb my hair on my own no more.  
I got accustomed to the lifestyle, sniffed upon the  
Spore  
And it molded up my innards, made the blood turn  
blue.  
Muffy, Muffy, there's a revolution; what we're gonna

Do?

Misplaced the Ambien (first world problem)  
Left a participle dangling (first world problem)  
You're scheduling your root canal (first world problem)  
Your grad schooling had no rationale (first world  
Problem)  
You didn't like your appetizer (first world problem)  
Your yacht got capsized (a first world problem)

Now while our capitalism is in a minor kerfuffle,  
You have to hustle. Before the fates come, reshuffle.  
Rustle up another couple grievances and air 'em.  
You can laugh about it later (maybe needed while  
Despairing).  
For the moment though, you ordered half caf, didn't  
get  
It;  
There was no TV set when you jetted; internet resetted  
Itself just as I was in the middle  
Of tournament play, and so I suffered from transmittal  
Interruption. Completely ruined my day.  
MC Frontalot's a jackass, that's all I'm trying to say.  
People buy CDs in these days of disaster,  
So poor me: I have to be a professional rapper.

No bubbles in the soda cup (first world problem)  
App crashed when you loaded up (first world problem)  
Phone's OS is outta date (first world problem)  
Colors won't calibrate (first world problem)  
They never stock the snack you want (first world  
Problem)  
Caught herpes from a celebutante (first world problem)

Got wallhacked in PVP (first world problem)  
Oh no, HD-DVD (first world problem)  
Pixels aren't perfect square (first world problem)  
Your favorite rapper isn't debonair (first world  
Problem)  
You own too many underwear (first world problem)  
And you're not much of a millionaire (first world  
Problem)

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