

MC Chris

"Badass"

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[mc chris]

This song goes out to all you motherfuckin bitches out there

that be thinkin some shit, fuck you motherfuckers!

Yeah, motherfuckin yeah!

Fuck yeah!

[mc chris]

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 Hart 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 {*chris makes a fart sound*}

I'm Slaughter comma Sarge, a.k.a. Commissar

Ballin like Stalin from U.S.S.R.

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

[Chorus]

I'm a badass, 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 likes of which you never dealt with

Motherfucker

[Outro]

Yeah motherfuckers!

You think I'm fuckin kiddin?

Fuck all you dicks that were givin me shit, screw you

Especially my two older brothers

I'm never gonna forgive you guys for givin me all them noogies, and wedgies

Fuck that shit, that shit wasn't cool

And all those guys in junior high that were makin fun of
me
cause I got caught masturbatin at that birthday party
Fuck you guys, you guys are fuckin assholes
I hope you get cancer of the dick
And everybody in high school that makes fun of me
just cause I was too asthmatic to play ultimate frisbee
and I had to sit on the bench the whole time
And read fuckin books about Narnia, fuck you guys
And all those colleges that didn't accept me
My parents got me a tutor so I'll see you bitches next
year
WORD I'M OUT!

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