

## MC Chris "Check The Ring, Yo"

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[Some lady saying something]

Well, my name is mc chris, I saw that you were alone.  
I don't know if you knew this but I rock the microphone.  
You look one kind of lonely - I'm so the antidote.  
You look seven kinds of juicy like a slice of cantaloupe.  
You rock the Sheena Easton 'cause, girlfriend, you got  
the look.  
And no, I am not teasin', you can read me like a book.  
Erotic fiction in the kitchen, we'll experiment with foods.  
Leftovers on my boner puts me in a mighty mood.  
Okay, I'm a little forward, maybe I should try reverse;  
what's your name, what's you game, mind if I rifle  
through your purse?  
Here's the capper, I'm a rapper, just do a Google  
search;  
twenty pages, I'm amazin'! What's your addy? I'll send  
merch!  
That's when I saw the rock, the ice, the diamond!  
It hit me like it's lightning! It's frightening! I'm cryin'.  
"I was stylin', profilin', down payment on my Scion.  
His name is Brian, he's in Fallujah freedom fightin',  
so don't ask me who's your daddy. I'm someone else's  
mommy.  
You can buy me all my drinks, but you don't get no  
punani."  
It's so scary, they're all married. This party just got  
gnarley.  
Matahari just got sorry, gotta roll like Katamari!

I, I, I, Check the ring, yo!  
I, I, I, Hit the bling, WHOA!  
I, I, I, Check the ring, yo!  
I thought I was a man 'til I saw the wedding band.  
I, I, I, Check the ring, yo!  
I, I, I, Hit the bling, WHOA!  
I, I, I, Check the ring, yo!  
I thought I was a man 'til I saw the wedding band.

Well, my name is mc cringle and, yes, ladies, I'm still  
single.  
I sadly still read comics; yes, I'll vomit if I mingle.

Caught the curves of Cutey Buttons, lookin' hotter than  
an oven.  
Hold up, girl; now back that ass up like your name was  
Lizzie Grubman.  
Don't make push come to shovin', all I wants a little  
lovin'.  
Surely somethin', I ain't frontin'. Aww, come on, Cuddle  
Muffin.  
Nah, I ain't no scrub and don't proliferate with pigeons.  
Been tested for disease, even tested for emissions.  
She removed her party gloves and then said, "I'm  
sorry, love."  
I'm embarassed, she's got carrots while in Paris from  
some thug.  
"Oh, he's here and he's a fan, very deft at dashing  
plans."  
Goddamn these wedding bands, they're on every  
single hand!  
Well, I wish you both the best, congrats, good luck.  
I'll send a present in the post with a note that says "you  
suck."  
Sorry that I've been so angered by endangered naked  
digits.  
Life never caters to my wishes; eff these hater bitches.

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I, I, I, Hit the bling, WHOA!  
I, I, I, Check the ring, yo!  
I thought I was a man 'til I saw the wedding band.  
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I, I, I, Hit the bling, WHOA!  
I, I, I, Check the ring, yo!  
I thought I was a man 'til I saw the wedding band.

Life, it never goes my way, I know.  
Maybe I'm alone 'cause I call these bitches hoes.  
Life, it never goes my way, I know.  
Maybe I'm alone 'cause I call these bitches hoes.  
Life, it never goes my way, I know.  
Maybe I'm alone 'cause I call these bitches hoes.  
Life, it never goes my way, I know.  
Maybe I'm alone 'cause I call these bitches hoes.

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