

MC Chris

"Hoodie Ninja"

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Got my ninja bag AKA a pillow case
Filled with nacho flavored combos, a flashlight, and
masking tape

We got hoodies and some goodies, we got tools and
also talent
Fisher Splinter stealth and some Barnum and Bailey
balance
a Katana and a shuriken so lets hurry across the yard
If there's dobermans jump over them it shouldn't be
that hard

The objective is reconnaissance the subject is a hottie
Redhead from my homeroom with a bad ass little body
Hella dope telescope from little bros pirate phase
She's about to change for bed we gotta get there right
away

I can't make out so I stake out take a doughnut make it
glazed
I climb the tree and finally I feast upon her frame
She's rockin' cotton panties, Sanrio so it seems
She's stretchin' and profechin', she's the cutie of my
dreams
Lose the T, Thirty-two B's. Yes I know her cup size
IMAX in my spy glass while my balls get bug bites.
(OUCH!)

I'm a ninja I'm a hoodie ninja
You're off guard ninja stars now you're injured
Tough luck nun chuck break your fingers
Gotta bolt cause I don't wanna linger

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Got my ninja getup it's a Fett's 'Vette sweatshirt
[MC Chris Lyrics are found on]
Rockin' awesome drawstrings tied so tight that my
head hurts
Stolen black slacks that are supposed to be for church
Stuff the cuffs into my Chucks now I'm a ninja thanks to
merch

I gotta kajinowa that's a grappling apparatus
Empanadas from my mama her burritos are the
baddest
Lets eat 'em in the shed where my father keeps his
porn
and I'll explain the mission its bitchin' word is born

Gym coach is a Nazi always got me runnin' laps
I know he doesn't like me you should hear his
frightening laughs
Can't put up with the push-ups and the crunches got me
cranky
So we're gonna drop a dookie on the driveway like I'm
Banksy

Yo you keep a look out while I drop my Fruit of Looms
And build myself a built to scale model of Mt. Doom
We hear the garage door motors and we motor mad
fast
Drop a deuce into my shoes now I'm runnin' crap laps

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