

MC Chris "Kingdom Farts"

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I'm a dank burner 'cause I'm earnin' some bank.
No one to spend it on because I ain't got a mate,
so I put it in my system where I procrastinate
playin' games of video, I'm sure that you can relate.
I like Hack-n-Slash, FPS, my favorite's third person.
Shotgun blast to some brains is my perversion.
Mixin' up the herbs, weapon upgrades,
use the silencer if that shit's on fade.
Reside in a hazy hobbit hole, I never vamanos.
My best friend's Papa John and The Noid from
Domino's.
Sometimes I skip a shower, I smell like a stinky toad.
Every console you can think of on the brink of Jericho.
I would never buy a gun, I would never take a life
but I'll snipe you in the eye if I see that you're online.
I'm a kinda quiet guy 'cause I'm always in my mind.
I would say give me a try if I ever went outside.

Home alone on my throne, everywhere I go I own.
I'm a troll, packin' bowls, yo, it's in my chromosomes.
It brings out the best in me in very scary ways.
I've been down with bootin' up since Sierra Games.
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Dinin' on some Deep Dish, listin' to Cheap Trick,
live this life of chronic, Life Aquatic made me seasick.
On my Wii or my 3 or my 3-6.
Cross-legged, playin' bongos like a beatnik.
I'm gettin' baked with Solid Snake and Ratchet and
Clank.
Pot with Ocelot 'cause he's got the mad dank.
We're drinkin' Sunny D 'cause the purple stuff's rank.
We never step outside, sun exposure's unsafe.
I'm not a party guy unless it's Mario Party time.
I'd rather kill some Zombie Army Guys while playin' R.E.

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or the second God of War or the first Half-Life 2.
Now roll up the blunt with my degree from NYU.
I got the game thumb, the basement's the place to be.

President's daughter has been kidnapped and it's up to me.

In my pixelated palace, there's a policy:
if the world hangs in the balance, you best call mc!

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"...Do you want to play again?"

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