

MC Chris

"On The Road"

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We're on the road
Off to another show.
We got to go,
I'll call you later bro.

Every year, for about five months
To be very clear, I go out and find funds
To collect from the many
That are particular about their pennies
And wont spend a cent
Unless there's perks and the bennys

So I travel in a van that was down by the river
Go out into the land understand I am the giver.
Got my quiver full of raps and I'm ready to attack.
Brought along some books in case I don't want to nap.
We stay at Super 8s dine at Waffle after hours.
I like 'em smothered, fingers covered in biscuit
powder.
Seldom shower. Scare them hoes right out of the lot.
All I needs a nap and a bit little pot what you got?

My roadies got a room; falls asleep to slasher flicks.
He's likes Jason over Freddy if he ever had to pick.
We rent a Dodge Caravan, got stow-and-go seating.
The road might sound redundant but it does bear
repeating.

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I brought house music.
I hate disc jocks.
I like Cracker Barrel.
I like their gift shop.
I like their pork chops.
I like their peg game.
I like old people.
They all got leg pain.

I like rest stops.
That's where dogs shit.
I hide behind a tree
And take a bong hit.
I like Cool Ranch.
But I'll take Nacho Cheese.
Oh no it starts to rain,
Pass me my poncho please.
Time to mic check.
Find the ladies room.
It's always clean and empty.
Time to drop a deuce.
You never read the news.
You grow apathetic.
Mic check gives you a headache like when you play
Kinetic.
No ones heard of me wish I could mercury like T2
Kids say "I wish I could be you" suddenly I don't feel so
see through.
Feeling artsy and cold car seats cant steamed up
waffle windows
Did I say Kinetic? I meant Wii-U by Nintendo

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Every year, for no foreseeable end
To be very clear, I go out and find friends
You're everywhere it makes one's mind bend.
When I was young I was the one no one would defend.
But now kids, they get in a line.
I've been to far away locales and they still getting the
lines.
They're getting younger ever summer.
I'm getting older than wine
Now I'm advising and reminding them to open they
minds.
I get on stage, veins pop out of my face
Sweat pours out my pores
Like this war is a race.
I say "put your hands up"
No punk is out of place.
And we do rap hands
While i ...
Meet and greet is super sweet.
Lasts as long as the show.
No cuts no ...
Back of the line you must go
I'm disarmin' and I'm charmin' and my sharpie is spent

...then we duck into the van and we jet

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