

MC Chris "Variety"

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Well my name is mc and I'm here to say
I rock the mic with asbestos all up in yer face
Old school like the one used by Ichabod crane
Watch me think up a phrase then put my spit on display

I aint even begun to begin
I get up on the microphone and make fun of yer friends
I'm like black thought 'cause I got your twenties and
tens
like your bittie won't go down on me in the back of yer
benz

snap off her bra while she kicks off her keds
put her butt on the bazooka tubes, and suck on her
neck
and when I'm done yo yer mamma is next,
stackin ho's like government checks
gotta go like I'm sever and ecks

Whack mc's like butterfly effect
Yo they came and they went all they money is spent like
the rent
All my money's in the pockets of kids that's why I rockin
this shit
Lickety split

I read variety
Your box office receipts
Are motherfuckin' weak
Ya got nothing to say
You shouldn't fuckin' speak

I read variety
Your box office receipts
Are motherfuckin' weak
Ya got nothing to say
You shouldn't fuckin' speak

I got my mind on my money and the rest in escro
Missles on my wrist like my name was Destro
I'm whiter than your ipod head phones
Name is mcchris so let's go

let's go
I got more rhymes than than old dirty got cradles
And I got more bitches than maddonas got dreidles
When it comes to kickin ass on cable I am more than
able
But I kick it up a notch on kareoke turntables

Never mind the lyrics I know that you can hear it
Got the mononoke spirit when you quote it back so
fearless
Fuckin shit will come near it: an mc/fan endearment
Save it like it's ferris in a trademark disappearance

You can't beat it like coat hangers once used by
mommy dearest
But you run home and you blast it till you know yer hard
of hearing
Wanna be in the know gotta crack the code
Ghetto blasted by bad kids across the globe 'cause I
can flow

I got beats galore got rhymes for days
Got nothin' but a hundred hurricanes in my way
AKA people saying quiet down and behave
Fucking lame like the mother fucking trucker hat craze

I read variety
Your box office receipts
Are mother fucking weak
You got nothing to say
You shouldn't fuckin' speak

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