

Mc Lars "We Have Arrived"

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Aesias Finale, this song is for everyone who's been stepped over
Looked past, ostracized, diminished, forgotten
This song is not for self-promotion but a wake up call
To all you fake-ass DJs rocking dusty beats
Attention, we have arrived

Bob Dylan, the sixties are still going, what?
Alright Technolo-G's, that's gangsters with computers

Guess who's back with a postmodern rap?
I pack so much flavor that I make your tongue snap
When I'm rappin' on the beat it's crazy and it's ill
And when I rock the mic, yo, I'm Built To Spill

I'm Socratic but it's Greek to you
Like Plato's Cave Allegory, well, I'll leave your view askew
I get metaphysical like Aristotle
And when I storm the stage I do it full throttle

I'm a laptop hustler dealing shareware cracks
And if you mess with YT your Mac will get hacked
My rhymes are so def that they need a hearing aid
Ask Andy Warhol, Pop Art gets you paid

Like Thomas Aquinas just call me your heinous
And yo, if you step my crew then you're messing with the finest
Like Dante or Chaucer I've got the sickest flows
One, two, one, two and away we go

Thirty dudes on my jock
I flow smooth like Country Crock
No shit Sherlock 'cause I'm top notch
Dominate a mic like it's hopscotch

Hotter than a bottle full of hot sauce, I am on Fuego
Take these haters down then I toast them like some Eggos
Mane, what you know about me? Five foot seven hella dope MC

Eat up the game like Jabba the Hutt
Got a big fat wang and a big ol' butt, what's up?

Yeah, I read mad books
Talk to the boys and they all get shook
'Cause I got cool style, born in the 80's
Line full of dudes, want to have my babies

Yo, it's going down like "Junior" MC Lars
The Former Fat Boys and Bryce are gonna birth some
children
With my DNA, it's not even a game, I have so many X
chromosomes
It's gonna blow your mind

Emanating from the speaker box
Other MCs, they be kicking rocks, I got bigger chops
I'm been doing this ten years, finally on the map
Got a mac in my backpack and I still hack

But I keep it on the low 'cause I don't want to go to jail
Epic fail on a triple beam scale
'Cause my lyrics like drugs and I write so well
I'm still the DG to watch in 2k9

And I'm blowing, they mind drip drop my hip hop
Like water torture ask Mc Cain
I'm that geek MC with the brains the braun
Sliced up like a tauntaun

Just ask Luke, no fluke
Words hot like alphabet soup, where's my troops?
Hit the loop and do it again
Yet go fluid again go through it and win

I have arrived, peep the ride, '97 Nian scraped up side
You might go blind avert your eyes
It's not what's out but what's inside
In my brain I know secrets, believe it

If you disable the sequence I still got my grievance
My huge Epenis still self-destruct in your face like
semen
Nerd core beat, I'm about the get even with jealous
fellas
Who try to beam into the scene with jacked beats, MC
Chris dreaming

Want to be mindless, cults claiming genius
Put a little Captain Crunch in your cereal port
That will shut your mouth so you can't retort

'Cause I'm classic, I'm a fantasy star
My McDonald's jams blams through the woofer your car

I'm so postmodern I'm MC Lars
Chicks love a little K Dick in bars
They like it when you're well versed, fully alive
That's why you'll never get here and we've arrived
That's why you'll never get here and we've arrived
We've arrived, hi

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