MC Lars Horris "Straight Outta Stockholm"

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Comin' straight outta Stockholm, a fun boy named Lars Survived Loma Prieta, mad cow and SARS I hit you with these flows like your name was Nancy Kerrigan

Here and back and there again, a typical American Third generation Swedish, second gen, Aussie

Am I street enough for this? Sometimes I'm paranoid like Ozzy

See it used to be punk rock for about four years I played lead guitar, we dissed Britney Spears, Amphoteric

The name Central Cali band, Local shows, T-shirts, EP's, no plan

Just chilling with the crew slamming power chords They wanted more guitars but I got bored

I was born to rock heads and fill them too But did the world really need another Blink 182 Stuck on this Earth like glue since 1982 Cooked up my own post modern salmagundi stew

Straight outta Stockholm, laptop rap American iconoclast, alien boom-bap Cali's my home, baby, West Coast boy I get more love than Helen of Troy

Straight outta Stockholm, laptop rap American iconoclast, alien boom-bap I make rap fun, friendly, fresh and new MC Lars in the place, yeah boy, I thought you knew

But were you actually born in Stockholm, Lars? No, but my family on my Mom's side is Swedish American Okay

Comin' straight outta prep school on the mike at assembly

Class clown, straight A's, running KSPB

Pebble Beach, sheltered high school like a nun on Mars The Horris was Dr. Quin, heavyweights gave me Lars

So how do you spell it? Yo, what's the website? Is it really that hard? Morris with an H, alright And okay, yo today, see, I'm still experimenting Venting and presenting never misrepresenting

And it's not quite rap, not quite pop Alien hip hop Lars punk rock If I make the big time I'll still sit up in my room My brain on the keyboard and I'll try to resume

Such a great story that I'll always behold I'll look back on this when I'm 80 years old London, New York, UK tour, NY demo Tickled as can be, when I tickle you like Elmo

So much to say, new sounds to try Laptop, costumes, local buzz and why? Don't ask me, buddy but you're bumpin' me now Amalgam for the future revolution like Mao

You're right when I grab the mike, I do what I like I sit with a pen by the full moon light Euphonic epiphany like Keat's lyre trope I am it, iambic's rap's last hope

My Grandma says I have rhyme talent and I love her I flow lethal, weapon, lyrical like Danny Glover I flip your paradigm manhole cover Mutant reptiles, surprised what you discover

But I still like Bob Dylan more than any MC Most depress me like Hepatitis B Reverse them like Pi when they step to me Nine five one four one point three

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