

Stop Time

Landon Austin

Please allow me to reintroduce myself
My name is Chris
And I do not exist It's just some shit that a kid did just for kicks
An effort of the last ditch
To stop the steel from slitting the wrist
Thick in the midst of life being a bitch of just being Chris That's when the little fucker just started flipping the
script
Cleaning his kicks, clearing his throat, betting the chips
That there's a bunch of kids like him with no rims
No checks, no chicks, no switches to flip Like Edward Scissorhands with mad saliva glands
MC Chris spits like a kid when he is really is a man
And he really is a fan of the Skywalker clan
And any other band claiming that they're weaker than Started out a solo mission, quickly became round up
Of any underdog, any unloveable pound pup
Any mother fuck who's a thug, thanks to bad luck
Any punk that's drunk 'cause he ain't found love Oh I
Drop rhymes
Cop kind
Stop time Oh I
Drop rhymes
Cop kind
Stop time By verse two I wasn't even on the map
'Til all that jazz let all the cats see where I was at
They downloaded all my raps, saw the shit was fat
Like Fat Albert on the can after eatin fifty hams Mad kids were clapping hands, with their windows down
Fucking up their town with the MC sound
Consider this MC effortless, never felt profound
Now it's, fuck a pronoun, third person from here on out That's what people do with clout
When they wanna get their pimp on
They show up uninvited and then double dip their chip on
I'll instill a little pride in the shy guy with the clip on Back by the punch bowl and the bumping sound system
He's dancing all by himself
He wants to dance with someone else
I asked, it helps if you speak a little elf Chant the tiniest hermione spell
It'll make the mightiest melt
Watch him crumble into puddles 'cause he's just a geek
You supply the leet speak, we'll supply the beat It's a brand new dating service
To an the endless sea of nerdage
Check the verbage

Then please look beneath the surfaceOh I

Drop rhymes

Cop kind

Stop timeOh I

Drop rhymes

Cop kind

Stop timeMy voice is just like me, really fucking high

It's sad you wanna battle I hope you just up chuck and die

I'm not here to look fly, by dissin on some guy

I'm here to hit on ladies with my motherfuckin rhymesthese are troubled times and we need to squash the hate

just like David Silver before this next commercial break

so before you log on just to motherfuckin flame

you have to understand you missed the point and you are lamedo you think this is just a game? this aint no rpg.

mc chris is just a brand, homes, that shit's hardly me

trying to hustle for that dollar so i get something to eat,

pay my bills, buy some games and perhaps a little weedis that too much to ask? do i seem too defensive?

pensive over lessons that my fans are double guessin?

you guessed it. and how does an mc stay impressive

to all the naysayers, knuckleheads, and rubbernecks?by mic checkin i reckon, reflect a moment or second

on the most bad ass tag team you seen since tekken

representin like I'm fenton. all ass i kick

mcchris will let you in, if you don't start no shit.Oh I

Drop rhymes

Cop kind

Stop timeOh I

Drop rhymes

Cop kind

Stop time

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>