

# Ten Year Old

## MC Chris

What's my name? mc  
And what do I do? Rap.  
M.D.'s screaming need 50 cc's of mc stat.  
E.R. staff be freakin' like mariah on the rag.  
mc chris squeezin' contents out of tiny plastic bags.  
it's like hypnotizin' eyes and gettin' digits on the pad.  
legs separate like hyphens because mc's still the mack.  
identify the items by the bar code on the tag.  
identify the rapper 'cause he's knee deep in the vag.  
I got my glocks cocked,  
I got my nine's primed,  
I got my crosshairs locked on kelly lebrock's behind,  
I got my lungs locked on chemotherapy kind,  
I got more rhyme than shel silverstein and shakespeare combined.(Chorus)  
I sound like a ten year old  
or so I've been told,  
but you don't need a voice that's low to make the microphone gold.  
other's claim that they be midas but they got laryngitis,  
so wont'cha kick it with the mc with the voice that's the highest.  
so come on.what's my name? mc.  
and what do I do? rock.  
I'm intimidating jocks  
and inseminating socks,  
I'm infiltrating flocks of fembots,  
high off that hemlock,  
mud wrestling bittie buttocks like ox.  
let's knock chucks 'cause we can't afford boots.  
let's get high aka pull tubes.  
don't ask why, just let it all loose,  
watch this mike get abused,  
watch me change your attitude.  
call me gavin, I'm the captain of this carnival cruise.  
kathie lee lets me rub my dick on her boobs.  
seems tweens in cleavage jeans is many a man's muse,  
all mc needs is just a bucket of booze.  
watch me, blow a load on your butt tattoo,  
watch me, come back for seconds like it's chinese food.  
no one can hear you scream, 'cause it's a soundproof room.  
I'm done, get the fuck out, send in number two!repeat choruswhat's my name? mc.

and what do I do? roll.  
I'm all up in that shit like it's fuckin camel toe.  
olsen twins on my dick like it's a stripper pole.  
if you're hooked on the shit, my middle name is methadone.  
so, let's do this quick so no one will ever know.  
mc nice got more ice than a fuckin' eskimo.  
he's not whack nickleback singing songs for michelobe.  
jigga man, why you treat me like animal?  
at the mall, at the park, rollerink, backyard,  
soft hearted bard who makes the hardcore hard.  
I weigh a buck fiddy, stand 5.5,  
and when I muff dive, you see the fuckin fur fly.  
don't own a celly, my sneakers is my ride,  
been disgraced, demoted, I been denied.  
all my fan mail says someday that I'll get signed.  
mc chris, lower case, no dots, rewind.repeat chorus

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