

dq blizzard (optimiss bright new day mix)

MC Chris

Your rapper- he's whack dude, does he even try?
Can he do what mine did? Think you should say buh bye. Get up on the mic like a five on a fifty.
Quickly avoid the hickeys of the bucktoothed bitties.
Fake Timberlake just to be by Britney.
Smoke that pipe with Witney, shoot that blow with Iggy.
L.I.B, N.Y.C and all places in between,
you could call me a mint 'cause I make the green.
I make the scene, I make believe that you all was naked,
so I wouldn't have to fake it. Just copy and paste it,
like Adobe Photoshop, Red Foreman in Robocop.
I get up on the mic and you know I won't fuckin stop.
It's like the props of Carrot Top, or yellow stains in my socks.
You acting like you hip? Your all hepped up on hopps.
So, just do the body rock, cause the beat just be so bumpin'.
Let's get our groove on before our carriage is a pumpkin,
before they outlaw fuckin', not bad for a drunken munchkin.
My name is MC Chris welcome to my lyric luncheon. word up, word up, word up, word up, and you
know.[chrous]
Name's MC, my band's the Lee Majors.
Put us on the bill, and boy ya hit paydirt.
When I'm on the mike, girlies wanna flizzirt,
but I tell' em chill like a DQ Blizzard.
Help me like a DQ Blizzard, D-DQ Blizzard.
Help me like a DQ Blizzard, D-DQ Blizzard. Like corn beef and cabbage, half fred savage.
The better than average rapper with the, "have to have it," habit.
Their apperants on my carrot like they was Jessica Rabbit,
like fake wood paneling on the side of stationwagons.
Fraggle Rock on the box, Fruit Loops on my chin,
wonderin' if I'm ever really gonna fit in,
or be a son of a bitch with a gut and some tits,
or a roaming casanova with my dick in a clit.
I'll be back in a bit, I gotta floss my johnson,
make that cream for the state Wisconsin.
You say all of my shit is complete nonsense,
fuck my cd and the shitty ass contents.
Bullshit, my shit's the bomb.
Siamese twins want menage a trois.
Robot bitches want their backs massaged.
They may not be real but them tits is large.(damn) word up, word up, word up, word up, and you

know.chorusYour rapper- he's whack dude, does he even try?
Can he do what mine did? Think you should say buh bye.x2

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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