

# Townie

## Mc Chris

"Where are we?"

"I'm thirsty."

"There's a church up ahead, maybe there's something in here..."

[Door open]

"These don't look like Presbyterians!"

"They look like... puppets."

"I THOUGHT WE SOUNDED REALLY GOOD, MAN, I THOUGHT WE SOUNDED PRETTY GOOD!"

"OHHHHHH, YEEEEAAAHH!"

All these rappers are so serious, it's crackin' me up.

Kid consumers tired of posers so he's backin' me up.

Jump in the back of the truck, or the front of my bike.

mc chris is comin' to your town. ("Aiight.")

I'm the Dungeon Master master of the ceremony,

comin' to your territory, cheese it up like macaroni.

We'll get seven kinds of stoney in the parking lot proper;  
want me to hit your jurisdiction, just submit Chris an offer.

Girls be neckin' on my wood in your neck of the woods.

Groupie girlies give it up because pup got the goods.

You think that they'd be less devout over somethin' so stout,  
but I guess they're all about Guinness 'cause they're turnin' me out.

This is for the anthem kids 'cause they know who Ansem is,  
I'm not a corporate clown so it's not like they could cancel Chris.

I'm just an activist, my fans are cyber savages,

I may seem kinda lame but I got more game then babbages.

mc chris is comin' to your town tonight.

mc chris is down to bring the sound to life.

On the pressure point precise like a kid on Fisher Price,  
watch him kick it wicked nice on the microphone device.

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mc's going platinum, the Cubs won the pennant race,  
ice comin' out my ass like my name was Bobby Drake,  
a hundred hoes with no clothes comin' out my birthday cake;

did I fail to mention everything I say is kinda fake?

It's how Mister Ward escapes when the people player hate,  
when I'm feelin' kinda down, overlooked and overweight.

I roll back my eyes, clear my mind and proceed,

paint a picture-perfect world called the house of mc.  
You don't have to visit, you can always not listen,  
even though a world without my music's kinda cataclysmic.  
I used to rip tickets. Karate kick districts;  
kinda like Kismet, like when Leia met Wickett. ("Jub jub.")  
Decadent downloads put a dump in your rump.

That's right, I'm shittin' your pants, punchin' chumps in the junk.  
I'm surveyin' your surroundings and I'm samplin' your skunk.  
mc chris is comin' 'round, now's when you throw your hands up!  
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We delivered in the Dirty, impressed the Southwest,  
navigated North to ingest the best sess',  
met a couple honeys and had real live sex;  
okay, we just made out 'cause someone shouted, "MIC CHECK!"  
We been bouncin' in the mountains, we been paid in the glades,  
we deliver solid products for affordable rates,  
roam the range, makin' change, puttin' food on our plates,  
got a BJ while the DJ played Duel of the Fates.  
Life rules and it's great, they say I'm livin' a dream,  
now and then it's like a nightmare though, you wouldn't believe.  
For the most part it's like go carts doing turns at high speed,  
life's a sweet summer vacation if your name is mc.  
People, I'm a pimp, life's a bitch, fuck what ya heard.  
Name a faster nerd when it comes to blastin' words.  
Pixels in my pocket like my name was John Lasseter.  
A bible camp van, it's a fifteen passenger!  
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watch him kick it wicked nice on the microphone device.  
"Everybody get in the bus! Get in the bus!"  
"LET'S GO!"  
Drivin', drivin', drivin', drivin'...

Drivin', drivin', drivin', drivin'...  
Drivin', drivin', drivin', drivin'...  
DRIVIN', DRIVIN', DRIVIN', DRIVIN'...  
DRIVIN', DRIVIN', DRIVIN', DRIVIN'...  
DRIVIN', DRIVIN', DRIVIN', DRIVIN'...  
DRIVIN', DRIVIN', DRIVIN', DRIVIN'...

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