FTW

Sword

mc the name, my kick is the crane,
display wide range of shit for dem Hanes.
You pella like panes, i'm hella teh lame,
a chemical craze some find hard to face.
A rhymer for days, rhyme 'cause it pays.
Eat Frito-Lays whenever I'm blazed.
My skull's on fire so call me Nick Cage.
Dress in all black so please call me Chris Gaines.
You wanted a jam, put others to shame.
Here I am, the title i claim.
In world full of Blains, I'm just a Ducky,
lucky in love 'cause these hoes wanna fuck me.
I'm not a jock, do not like sports,
I punch a clock chocked full of force,
like to drink beers and chill with my friends
then turn on mc 'cause it's for the win win win win!
mc chris!
mc chris for the win!
mc chris for the win!
mc chris for the win!
Dope mc's in disbelief.

mc rhyme, John flip da beats.
Pimp the bill, we fill the seats.
Kick us out, we fill the streets!
Mic magician check the sleeves,
no tricks, my schtick's my masterpiece.
You know how I spell that fast relief?
mc stands for MASTER CHIEF!
Hip-to-be-Squares won't admit defeat
while they inhale antihistamines.
Now please spark a spliff of the crystal kief
then try to beat me at Soul Callibur 3.
Feelin' fatigued? Just gettin' started.
Chillin' with chicks who are gonna get carded.
Livin' this life 'til i'm dearly departed,
now open a window 'cause somebody farted!
mc chris!
mc chris for the win!

mc chris for the win!
mc chris for the win!

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/