

# Variety

## Mc Chris

Well my name is mc and I'm here to say  
I rock the mic with asbestos all up in yer face  
Old school like the one used by Ichabod crane  
Watch me think up a phrase then put my spit on display  
I aint even begun to begin  
I get up on the microphone and make fun of yer friends  
I'm like black thought 'cause I got your twenties and tens  
like your bittie won't go down on me in the back of yer benz  
snap off her bra while she kicks off her keds  
put her butt on the bazooka tubes, and suck on her neck  
and when I'm done yo yer momma is next,  
stackin ho's like government checks  
gotta go like I'm sever and ecks  
Whack mc's like butterfly effect  
Yo they came and they went all they money is spent like the rent  
All my money's in the pockets of kids that's why I rockin this shit  
Lickety split  
I read variety  
Your box office receipts  
Are motherfuckin' weak  
Ya got nothing to say  
You shouldn't fuckin' speak  
I read variety  
Your box office receipts  
Are motherfuckin' weak  
Ya got nothing to say  
You shouldn't fuckin' speak  
I got my mind on my money and the rest in escro  
Missles on my wrist like my name was Destro  
I'm whiter than your ipod head phones  
  
Name is mcchris so let's go  
let's go  
I got more rhymes than than old dirty got cradles  
And I got more bitches than maddonas got dreidles  
When it comes to kickin ass on cable I am more than able  
But I kick it up a notch on kareoke turntables  
Never mind the lyrics I know that you can hear it  
Got the mononoke spirit when you quote it back so fearless

Fuckin shit will come near it: an mc/fan endearment  
Save it like it's ferris in a trademark disappearance  
You can't beat it like coat hangers once used by mommy dearest  
But you run home and you blast it till you know yer hard of hearing  
Wanna be in the know gotta crack the code  
Ghetto blasted by bad kids across the globe 'cause I can flow  
I got beats galore got rhymes for days  
Got nothin' but a hundred hurricanes in my way  
AKA people saying quiet down and behave  
Fucking lame like the mother fucking trucker hat craze  
I read variety  
Your box office receipts  
Are mother fucking weak  
You got nothing to say  
You shouldn't fuckin' speak  
I read variety  
Your box office receipts  
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