

# My Name Is

## Mc Chris

My name is MC  
I'm like no other  
A short sized, high pitched  
White skinned brother  
And when I say white  
Yo, I don't mean pink  
'Cause my skin's about as white  
As white out ink  
When I step into the sun  
I burst into flames  
Like the Human Torch  
But with no lives to save  
Said, I don't go to clubs  
And I don't go to raves  
And I don't go to pubs  
And I don't go to parades  
So, where do I go  
You might call it a hooch parlor  
If you don't know the password  
Don't bother  
It's where all the ladies  
Leave their lipstick  
On my collar  
But I tell them to be gone  
'Cause all they want  
Is my dollar  
Mahler use to write symphonies  
Name is MC and I claim to be  
Star material like astrology  
Punk rock, hip, and R&B  
Watch me blend it up like a daquiri  
It's why all the honey's be mackin' me  
Waitin' in the alley, sneak attackin' me  
Tearin off my clothes, ass smackin' me  
Back when we didn't have a record deal  
(Still don't)  
Still managed to make the ladies squeal  
Word up, and you know  
Name is MC, shout it back to me

On the count of three  
One, two, three, MC  
Name is MC  
Drivin' 'round in my Civic  
I see ya girls walkin' by, lookin' fly  
Soft to the touch like a porcupin  
Blow my mind

Name's MC, me multiplied  
Don't call home  
'Cause I'm out tonight  
Taste real good like a pumpkin pie  
I only smoke pipe  
When there's skunk inside  
Can it be  
Her fingers slippin' down my Levi jeans  
I be so happy now, without a doubt  
Like I just smoked an ounce  
Fucked and bounced  
What the fuck you be talkin' 'bout  
MC backwards be cotton mouth  
Not on the mic  
I'm kickin' your ass at balderash  
Ya can't stop me  
Name is MC, shout it back to me  
On the count of three  
One, two, three, MC  
Name is MC  
Come from a place  
Called Libertyville  
In the place to be  
With a little Bo Peep eatin' edamame  
I'm eatin' Chick Filet  
Get up on the mic  
And stay for days  
Drunk off that citron lemonade  
And a little bit of tanqueray  
But I'm okay, eyes wide  
Stir fried, like Vietnamese  
Adam and Eve  
Do as we please  
With nothing but a bucket  
Of ice up my sleeve  
Ask Mr. T and the fuckin' A-Team  
A beam in your face

MC Chris in the place  
With a mouth full of toothpaste  
Library book paste the due date  
So many ho's  
I get the group rate  
You're too late

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