OMC

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"Oh, mc, won't you rhyme for me one time..."
To the chicks and the bros, to the pimps and the hoes,
cheap seats to the front row!
"Oh, mc, won't you rhyme for me one time..."
To the kids in the Polo, to the nasty-ass hobos;
welcome to the mc chris show!Okay, you want a rhyme, how would you like it cooked?
I only serve it well, you can check the record books.
You can check my record sales, not bad for an Indie.
Want square beef, then go eat at Wendy's.
Now nerds are trendy, they call it Geek Chic.
Nerds never noticed, they were on their PCs.
Never mind a chill pill, you ill will get deep freezed,
now hold up for a second - mc can't breathe!
HUUUHHH! Okay, I'm back, I shouldn't have left you.
I'm Max on the tracks, I might need some Headroom.
Allergic to my deaf tunes like they were legumes;
in the distance, you'll be limbless sayin', "Just a flesh wound!"
Sometimes I rhyme fast, sometimes I drink quick.
If this was gym class, I'd be the last picked,
but it's a rap record, a brand new jam fix.
Wait 'til the fans get their hands on this shit."Oh, mc, won't you rhyme for me one time..."
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cheap seats to the front row!
"Oh, mc, won't you rhyme for me one time..."
To the kids in the Polo, to the nasty-ass hobos;
welcome to the mc chris show!Are you lost and alone like a lonely little goldfish?
We fit together like soap in a soap dish.
I know you think that it's hopeless.
Well, let me fill you up with a cup of hot dopeness.
Kids, they quote Chris. Think I don't know this?
Check the flow, bitch, you need to get to know kitsch.
If the niche fits, kids foamin' with conniption,
better stick 'cause a nine to five's for dipshits.
Ends with interest sweeter than a Chipwich,
stick to ya ribs like barbecue beef brisket.
Visit for a minute, get baked like I'm Bisquick.
Leave the ladies horny, give the dogs little lipsticks.
It's the hip shit.
Let your soul and spirit fly into the mystic.

Every song's on your wishlist. Every day's mcchristmas.
Now can I get a witness?"Oh, mc, won't you rhyme for me one time..."
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