

# Stop Time

## Avery Storm

Please allow me to reintroduce myself

My name is Chris

And I do not existIt's just some shit that a kid did just for kicks

An effort of the last ditch

To stop the steel from slitting the wrist

Thick in the midst of life being a bitchof just being ChrisThat's when the little fucker just started flipping the script

Cleaning his kicks, clearing his throat, betting the chips

That there's a bunch of kids like him with no rims

No checks, no chicks, no switches to flipLike Edward Scissorhands with mad salvia glands

MC Chris spits like a kid when he is really is a man

And he really is a fan of the Skywalker clan

And any other band claiming that they're weaker thanStarted out a solo mission, quickly became round up

Of any underdog, any unloveable pound pup

Any mother fuck who's a thug, thanks to bad luck

Any punk that's drunk 'cause he ain't found loveOh I

Drop rhymes

Cop kind

Stop timeOh I

Drop rhymes

Cop kind

Stop timeBy verse two I wasn't even on the map

'Til all that jazz let all the cats see where I was at

They downloaded all my raps, saw the shit was fat

Like Fat Albert on the can after eatin fifty hamsMad kids were clapping hands, with their windows down

Fucking up their town with the MC sound

Consider this MC effortless, never felt profound

Now it's, fuck a pronoun, third person from here on outThat's what people do with clout

When they wanna get their pimp on

They show up uninvited and then double dip their chip on

I'll instill a little pride in the shy guy with the clip onBack by the punch bowl and the bumping sound system

He's dancing all by himself

He wants to dance with someone else

I asked, it helps if you speak a little elfChant the tiniest hermione spell

It'll make the mightiest melt

Watch him crumble into puddles 'cause he's just a geek

You supply the leet speak, we'll supply the beatIt's a brand new dating service

To an the endless sea of nerdage

Check the verbage

Then please look beneath the surfaceOh I

Drop rhymes

Cop kind

Stop timeOh I

Drop rhymes

Cop kind

Stop timeMy voice is just like me, really fucking high

It's sad you wanna battle I hope you just up chuck and die

I'm not here to look fly, by dissin on some guy

I'm here to hit on ladies with my motherfuckin rhymesthese are troubled times and we need to squash the hate

just like David Silver before this next commercial break

so before you log on just to motherfuckin flame

you have to understand you missed the point and you are lamedo you think this is just a game? this aint no rpg.

mc chris is just a brand, homes, that shit's hardly me

trying to hustle for that dollar so i get something to eat,

pay my bills, buy some games and perhaps a little weedis that too much to ask? do i seem too defensive?

pensive over lessons that my fans are double guessin?

you guessed it. and how does an mc stay impressive

to all the naysayers, knuckleheads, and rubberneckers?by mic checkin i reckon, reflect a moment or second

on the most bad ass tag team you seen since tekken

representin like I'm fenton. all ass i kick

mcchris will let you in, if you don't start no shit.Oh I

Drop rhymes

Cop kind

Stop timeOh I

Drop rhymes

Cop kind

Stop time

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