

# Straight Outta Stockholm

## MC Lars

Check this C major  
Comin' straight outta Stockholm, a fun boy named Lars  
Survived Loma Prieta, mad cow and SARS  
I hit you with these flows like your name was Nancy Kerrigan  
Here and back and there again, a typical American  
Third generation Swedish, second gen, Aussie  
Am I street enough for this? Sometimes I'm paranoid like Ozzy  
See it used to be punk rock for about four years  
I played lead guitar, we dissed Britney Spears, Amphoteric  
The name Central Cali band, Local shows, T-shirts, EP's, no plan  
Just chilling with the crew slamming power chords  
They wanted more guitars but I got bored  
I was born to rock heads and fill them too  
But did the world really need another Blink 182  
Stuck on this Earth like glue since 1982  
Cooked up my own post modern salmagundi stew  
Straight outta Stockholm, laptop rap  
American iconoclast, alien boom-bap  
Cali's my home, baby, West Coast boy  
I get more love than Helen of Troy  
Straight outta Stockholm, laptop rap  
American iconoclast, alien boom-bap  
I make rap fun, friendly, fresh and new  
MC Lars in the place, yeah boy, I thought you knew  
But were you actually born in Stockholm, Lars?  
No, but my family on my Mom's side is Swedish American  
Okay  
Comin' straight outta prep school on the mike at assembly  
Class clown, straight A's, running KSPB  
Pebble Beach, sheltered high school like a nun on Mars  
The Horris was Dr. Quin, heavyweights gave me Lars  
So how do you spell it? Yo, what's the website?  
Is it really that hard? Morris with an H, alright  
And okay, yo today, see, I'm still experimenting  
Venting and presenting never misrepresenting  
And it's not quite rap, not quite pop  
Alien hip hop Lars punk rock  
If I make the big time I'll still sit up in my room  
My brain on the keyboard and I'll try to resume  
Such a great story that I'll always behold  
I'll look back on this when I'm 80 years old  
London, New York, UK tour, NY demo  
Tickled as can be, when I tickle you like Elmo  
So much to say, new sounds to try  
Laptop, costumes, local buzz and why?  
Don't ask me, buddy but you're bumpin' me now  
Amalgam for the future revolution like Mao  
You're right when I grab the mike, I do what I like  
I sit with a pen by the full moon light  
Euphonic epiphany like Keat's lyre trope  
I am it, iambic's rap's last hope  
My Grandma says I have rhyme talent and I love her

I flow lethal, weapon, lyrical like Danny Glover  
I flip your paradigm manhole cover  
Mutant reptiles, surprised what you discover But I still like Bob Dylan more than any MC  
Most depress me like Hepatitis B  
Reverse them like Pi when they step to me  
Nine five one four one point three Straight outta Stockholm, laptop rap  
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