

Blastic

MC Chris

Thanks to my rhyme inventin', i've ascended to the heavens.
Did I fail to mention, got more ice than march of penguins?
I'm rich; I make the poor people cry
and I bet it all on black because it can't be denied.
I'm in debt... but we'll worry about that later.
Let me show you the crib, the pool, and the elevator.
Ben Grim is my trainer, Ben Sherman is my tailor,
diamond encrusted inhaler just in case I get the vapors.
Like Mead, I'm makin' paper but I aint spiral bound
as in downward, ain't a coward when I'm schoolin' these clowns.
Leave 'em foolish and droolin' like they come down with the downs.
Swan divin' like i'm Scrooge into a pool full of pounds.

Black plastic; yeah, know you gotta have it.
Blaze in the back, my motorcade stops traffic.
Black plastic, debts gettin' drastic.
Don't care, don't dare me to blast, kid!
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You've seen the heliport, let's go check out my rides.
This is a Lamborgini Porsche, it's a one of kind.
It's like the batmobile with a McDonald's inside.
Sit in the comfort of your garage, inhale a burger and fries.
As for clothes, man, you knows I be pimpin' them coats.
Dolce and Gabbana, Prada - yeah, I guess that's dope
but, yo, I bought the vatican, I cold own the pope,
make him lock and pop with a pope remote.
Ben and Jerry's in the kitchen and I mean the two guys.
They're makin me a sundae called the mc Surprise.
I feed it to my dogs 'cause I'm watchin' my size,
then I tell them hippies bolt because I'm fuckin' tonight!
Yeah, I got a harem; welcome to the Virgin Zone.
Snuck 'em out of Muslim Heaven like I'm Indiana Jones.
Like the Himalayan Hulk, you may think I'm all alone,
but I got a bag a bitches and they're beggin to bone!

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Roller coaster in the back yard... SHO' NUFF!
Five drops and a cave part... SHO' NUFF!
People starvin' in my home town... SHO' NUFF!
Fuck 'em, I got gold now!
("Show-off!")

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