

Buckle Up

MC Chris

Well my name is mc
I'm a badass mother
If I'm at Dunkin' Donuts
Then I'm ordering a cruller

Better vacate the premises
I'm your new nemesis
Evidentially evil
I might even take residence

When I hear hip-hop
I stop thinkin' violent illz
So much dope
My life totally looks like Silent Hill

(Hatchet-loving fools)
Ain't that fucking (rule)
More like Color Me Badd
I'm done with this fad

Got rhymes so many
I need additional storage
Hip-hop's on my cock
Like Goldilocks on porridge

Everything I drop
Gets picked up by the maid
Everything you drop
Sits on the floor for days

It's official, bitches
Mc chris give you the [?]
I'm the best rapper
Obama sent a certificate

Key to the city
I just saw every single titty size
Give these bitter bitches
Something uplifting to criticize

Mc chris will not be denied
He might just be the best rapper alive, yup
Mc chris, he fights for what's right
(His rhyme powered ride), let us all buckle up, yup

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