

## Check The Ring, Yo

MC Chris

Well, my name is mc chris, I saw that you were alone  
I don't know if you knew this but I rock the microphone  
You look one kind of lonely - I'm so the antidote  
You look seven kinds of juicy like a slice of cantaloupe  
You rock the Sheena Easton 'cause, girlfriend, you got the look  
And no, I am not teasin', you can read me like a book  
Erotic fiction in the kitchen, we'll experiment with foods  
Leftovers on my boner puts me in a mighty mood  
Okay, I'm a little forward, maybe I should try reverse;  
what's your name, what's you game, mind if I rifle through your purse?  
Here's the capper, I'm a rapper, just do a Google search;  
twenty pages, I'm amazin'! What's your addy? I'll send merch!  
That's when I saw the rock, the ice, the diamond!  
It hit me like it's lightning! It's frightening! I'm cryin'  
"I was stylin', profilin', down payment on my Scion  
His name is Brian, he's in Fallujah freedom fightin'  
so don't ask me who's your daddy. I'm someone else's mommy  
You can buy me all my drinks, but you don't get no punani."  
It's so scary, they're all married. This party just got gnarley  
Matahari just got sorry, gotta roll like Katamari!

Ay! Ay! Ay! Check the ring, yo!  
Ay! Ay! Ay! Hit the bling, WHOA!  
Ay! Ay! Ay! Check the ring, yo!  
I thought I was a man 'til I saw the wedding band  
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I thought I was a man 'til I saw the wedding band

Well, my name is mc cringle and, yes, ladies, I'm still single  
I sadly still read comics; yes, I'll vomit if I mingle  
Caught the curves of Cutey Buttons, lookin' hotter than an oven  
Hold up, girl; now back that ass up like your name was Lizzie Grubman  
Don't make push come to shovin', all I wants a little lovin'  
Surely somethin', I ain't frontin'. Aww, come on, Cuddle Muffin  
Nah, I ain't no scrub and don't proliferate with pigeons  
Been tested for disease, even tested for emissions  
She removed her party gloves and then said, "I'm sorry, love."  
I'm embarrassed, she's got carrots while in Paris from some thug  
"Oh, he's here and he's a fan, very deft at dashing plans."  
Goddamn these wedding bands, they're on every single hand!  
Well, I wish you both the best, congrats, good luck  
I'll send a present in the post with a note that says "you suck."  
Sorry that I've been so angered by endangered naked digits  
Life never caters to my wishes; eff these hater bitches

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Life, it never goes my way, I know

Maybe I'm alone 'cause I call these bitches hoes  
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